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MEMOIRS

OF

BARON BUNSEN.

VOL. II.

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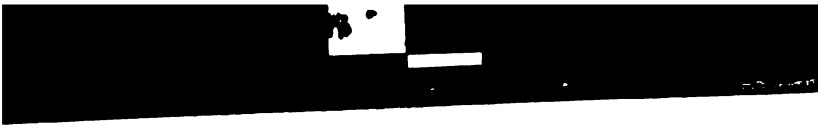

Henry Adlard Sc.

Bunsen

JULY, 1860.

PORTRAIT BY ROSTING PAINTED AT BONN.

MEMOIRS

OF

Christian Karl [illegible]

BARON BUNSEN

LATE MINISTER PLENIPOTENTIARY AND ENVOY EXTRAORDINARY
OF HIS MAJESTY FREDERIC WILLIAM IV. AT THE
COURT OF ST. JAMES.

DRAWN CHIEFLY FROM FAMILY PAPERS BY HIS WIDOW

FRANCES BARONESS BUNSEN.

SECOND EDITION, ABRIDGED AND CORRECTED.

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THE concluding days of the year 1841 were marked by the journey of Bunsen's family to rejoin him. They were received by Bunsen on the 6th January, at the Tower Stairs, and conducted to a place of abode almost appalling in its palace-like effect. That Bunsen should have engaged the beautiful mansion of Lord Stuart de Rothesay was well-judged, as the character of the house tacitly assumed for its occupant the position which he instinctively felt to be indispensable, under present circumstances, even

though his predecessors had taken up their abode in very inferior situations.

In giving a picture of Bunsen's life in the beginning of his residence in England, much scruple is felt in introducing matter irrelevant to Bunsen's inner life, and to the more serious views, and objects, and interests of his outward existence: but it was one of his own maxims, that without the knowledge and consideration of the surrounding scene and its bounding horizon a just view cannot be taken either of a man's state of mind or of his course of action. Unfortunately, during the entire period of Bunsen's residence in London his own letters are comparatively scarce, because he was rarely parted from her to whom he failed not to furnish a journal of thought and of action when at a distance. Besides which, politics having become in England the predominant occupation of Bunsen, and being necessarily excluded from these Memoirs (except where contemporary mention casually occurs in any of the passages extracted), there is not more but less to be reported of these maturer years than of those of his first period of private and public life.

Extracts from Contemporary Letters.

19*th January*, 1842.—Yesterday morning, the 18th, Bunsen embarked on board the Firebrand to meet and fetch the King; but the vessel did not depart by the morning tide—I hope it did by the evening. George arrived in time to see his father, who has taken him with him.

Extracts from Contemporary Letters.

On Saturday, the 22nd, I drove to Greenwich, having a card of invitation to witness the King's landing, at the Admiral's house (as well as Neukomm, who was with me), through Lord Haddington. Before the King arrived, I had much pleasure in seeing Lady Stopford and her daughter, pleasing like all Stopfords that I know, and in being recognised by Lady Bloomfield, the only person not a stranger to me except Lord and Lady Haddington and Lord Westmorcland. The King's landing and reception were delightful to behold,—the sudden appearance of the much-watched-for steamer, the rapid lowering of the flag with the Black Eagle, and as rapid hoisting on the light boat in which the King and his attendants were conveyed to the stairs leading from the water's edge to the terrace, to which we all descended to see the entrance, in quick procession, of the King and Prince Albert, by a lane formed through the solid mass of life assembled to behold and applaud. He entered and greeted the Admiral graciously, but declined coming up to the drawing-room (where refreshments were prepared), as he was in haste to proceed to Windsor Castle with Prince Albert. However, being informed that the Princess Sophia of Gloucester was among the assembled ladies, he declared that he could not depart without speaking to her—but would not commit the disrespect of appearing before a lady of the Royal Family in his morning coat; and in spite of the assurances of Prince Albert that change of dress was totally unnecessary, the King's valet received orders to take out the evening coat, and, thus attired, the King came upstairs, and in his short but cordial greeting to the Princess, gave the party further opportunity of seeing him, before he proceeded, attended by the whole suite including Bunsen, who was invited to Windsor Castle for the whole time of the King's stay. . . . On Wednesday, the 26th, Bunsen wrote to give the earliest notice that a formal invitation would be sent to me for Friday, 28th, to stay at

Windsor Castle till Saturday morning—on which Saturday the King would be pleased to take luncheon in this house (4, Carlton Terrace)—when such persons would be invited as would not otherwise be seen by the King at all, or not as much as he might wish. On Thursday, Bunsen was at home for an hour or two, in the course of which time visits took place from the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of London, whom I was glad to see, but wished gone, wanting instructions, as I did, as to the invitations I was to write and send. On the Friday, I was at work till it was time to drive to the railway, taking up Bunsen by the way at Sir Robert Peel's, whither he had attended the King, who had accepted a luncheon there. We were quartered in the York Tower, the apartment most complete and comfortable,* the rooms all grouped together. Proceeding along the corridor as soon as dressed, we soon met Lord Delawarr and the Duchess of Buccleuch, and were directed where to go, that is, to walk to the end of the corridor (a fairy scene, lights, pictures, busts, and moving figures of courtiers unknown), and then through one splendid room after another, till we reached the magnificent ballroom, where guests were assembled to await the Queen's appearance. Among these guests stood the King himself, punctual to half-past seven. Soon after came Prince Albert, to whom Lord Delawarr named me: he said, 'You were long in Rome. I have been in your house at Rome.' We had not stood long, when two gentlemen, walking in, and then turning, with profound bows towards the open door, showed that the Queen was approaching. She came near at once where I stood; the Duchess of Buccleuch named me, and she said with a gracious, beaming smile, 'I am

* These indications of the truly royal hospitality of Windsor Castle have been inserted in contradistinction to the well-known recollections of the correspondent, relating to the order of things in the provisional royal residence called the Queen's Lodge, in the time of King George III. and Queen Charlotte, in the years 1784 to 1787.

pleased to see you;' then, after a few moments' speaking to the King, she took his arm and moved on, 'God save the Queen' having begun to sound at the same moment from the Waterloo Gallery, where the Royal dinner has always taken place since the King has been here. Lord Haddington led me to dinner. The scene was such as fairy tales describe, in magnificence. Nothing was wanting but a little more youth and beauty among the ladies to make the spectacle complete: only Miss Cavendish (now Countess Cawdor) I thought pretty.

As we expected the King in Carlton Terrace, we could not remain for the ten o'clock breakfast of the ladies in waiting, but obtained all we wanted in our own rooms, and reached London by the eight o'clock train. Great was the fatigue, and greater the anxiety of getting all things ready, and as far as possible right. In the impossibility of knowing whether all turned out well or not (for those in the heat and heart of the engagement know little but what happens close to themselves) I will hope the best; and at least I am sure the object was attained of the King's seeing, as he desired, many who otherwise could not have had access to him. After the luncheon the King came up to the drawing-room, and there was pleased to notice those younger children of mine who had not before been in his presence, besides two sons grown up, and by degrees the guests; among others (not to name many Germans), Carlyle the historian, Dr. Arnold from Rugby, and Archdeacon Hare, were brought up to him by Bunsen. Moscheles having been commissioned by the King to purchase for him a pianoforte of Erard's, it had been brought to this house for him to hear, and Moscheles was invited to display its powers. A short movement was played by Moscheles and Neukomm on pianoforte and organ, and we wished the King could have heard more of that; but the time was short at best for all that had to be brought into it, and was in part occupied by an audience granted to two Dutch statesmen, who came unexpectedly.

On Monday, January 31, I was at Stafford House, where the King accepted an invitation to dinner from the Duke and Duchess, whose manner of receiving me was in harmony with their letters, and that is saying all. After the Duchess had granted me more words and moments, at first entrance, than I should have deemed it possible for her to spare, she presented me to the Duchess of Gloucester, by whom I was greeted as 'the daughter of her old friend;' then to Lady Elizabeth, whom I found charming even beyond the idea that I had formed of her, as everything really good always is. I was taken to dinner by Lord John Russell, whom I found a very agreeable neighbour, in no common way: he is one of the persons with whom it is possible to get directly out of the emptiness of phrases. The appearance of the house was wonderfully beautiful, the staircase in particular, where a band played all the evening, concluding with a composition of Prince Radziwill's, never before performed in England, as a mark of attention to the King. The Duke of Sussex invited me to the luncheon he was to give on the following day to the King. The way to Kensington Palace was lined by school-children with flags, and a vast crowd of people. I was received first by the Duke of Sussex himself, and he took me into the library to the Duchess of Gloucester and Princess Sophia, who greeted me most kindly, and made me sit between them; when afterwards they rose to speak to somebody else, I took the opportunity of gliding away and placing myself at a modest distance. Lord Lansdowne came up to speak to me, and persons without end—there is nothing like standing within the Bude-light of royalty to make one conspicuous, and sharpen perceptions and recollections! At table I sat down between Humboldt and Lord Palmerston, whom I found very ready to converse. The Duke's speech to the King was, I hear, accurately given in the 'Morning Post.' The King, on being asked by the Duke for the toast, gave—'To the greatest, most illustrious, and most amiable lady—great by her vast dominions, her

ancient descent, and most of all by the qualities of her heart and mind—to the health of Queen Victoria!' This was the sense—the words may not be accurate. The moment the dinner was over a vast silver ewer made its appearance, which the Duke of Sussex took, and, rising, presented it to the King, who dipped his napkin in the rose-water, starting up with a demonstration of horror at being so served, and, most dexterously taking the ewer from the Duke, offered it to him in return, after which it was carried round to each guest. The whole was an animated fête, admirably arranged —the Duke's colossal Highlander adding originality, if not charm, to the whole, by perambulating the dinner-table at the close with his deafening bagpipe.

On Wednesday, February 2, the King's visit to Lambeth was perhaps the most suitable and most agreeable to him of any that he has yet made. The magnificent building, the historical recollections, the perfection of style, well understood, the company so properly chosen—bishops and clergy, and few besides, no ladies but one near relation of Mrs. Howley and Mrs. Blomfield: everything pleased the King, and he enjoyed himself, and sat after luncheon was over, some time, talking to the Archbishop. He took leave of Lord Ashley most kindly, saying he must come and visit him at Berlin. At six I got home, and at ten dressed for the Duchess of Cambridge's, where the King had dined, and whither he returned after midnight, having enjoyed in the meantime the 'Merry Wives of Windsor,' and a most heart-cheering reception.

Extracts from Contemporary Letters.

London: Monday, 14th February, 1842.

The complication of Bunsen's illness, following directly on the King's departure, has only increased the difficulty of mastering contending elements, and of spending time according to any plan, determination, or inclination. He is all at once better, sooner than I expected, from the degree

of fever and cough: the difficulty will be to prevent his being again harassed and over-excited, for the late indisposition had no other cause.

Bunsen to Miss Davenport Bromley.

London (4, Carlton Terrace): 15th February, 1842.

Imagine that Neukomm has contrived to find *ten* most excellent professional performers, Moscheles at their head, who executed here the other evening the whole music of the Passion Week—and so much to their own delight as well as ours, that they have offered to repeat the performance on March 4. It was so like *Rome*, and like *home!* Since that day I begin to feel at home in our beautiful house.

Extracts from Contemporary Letters.

22nd February, 1842.

Were it possible to overcome and manage the incongruous mass that presses down one's very soul, how many are the persons and things, the best and most interesting, to be found in London! But one has but one life, and the day and hour cannot be made to carry double and treble. My internal ejaculation is daily—*how long?*—when shall I get out, and get the children out of a place in which I feel not that we ever can *live* what can be called life? And first and foremost, when can I get Bunsen out? . . .

We are to go to Lord Bexley's, Foot's Cray Place, in Kent, on Easter Tuesday; this was the third invitation, and I am glad Bunsen has accepted it, because rest and country air are much needed by him.

Bunsen to Kestner.

[Translation.] London, Downing Street: 13th March, 1842.

I write these lines in the antechamber, while I am waiting, and can thus reply to your dear letter most literally by return of post. You have heartily scolded me, but still with

affection, and, according to appearances, you were in the right. Your former letter arrived just when the King was here—but with yours came legions of other papers, and when three weeks ago I began (after a short illness brought on by over-exertion) to arrange them, I had first, about a hundred letters to the King to reply to, according to his directions, which I completed only the day before yesterday—and then, your letter could not be found! neither by myself nor my wife. So, in the quiet of to-morrow (Sunday), a new hunt shall be made.

Thus stands the case—I could not answer what I had not read—I could not read what was mislaid: and for the mislaying there were 'circonstances atténuantes,' which I beg you, like the French jury, to take into account, and absolve me from the extreme penalty. For you have really brought a regular accusation against me. Believe me, that I never forget, even when I do not write and may seem not to exert myself: but where nothing can be done, *che vuol che gli dica?*

I should like to give you an idea of our life. I have again in this place, as I had in Rome, the most remarkable situation, and acknowledged the finest, for my dwelling-place: on the spot where Carlton House, the residence of George IV., formerly stood, which was pulled down, 'not to interfere with a great plan of embellishment:' and thence the name of Carlton House Terrace. . . . The distances therefore to the Ministers cost me little time, but the waiting for an interview, even when appointment has been made, costs much. Matters of business are innumerable here—visits and note-writing are a real distress: and, in one word, the labour to be accomplished is enormous. . . .

You will imagine that general relations to society are favourable, when one has started with one's King! It was a joy indeed to my German heart to see him receive the homage of a free nation with such royal grace and dignity, and his own original supremacy of intelligence. Queen

Victoria is most engaging—Prince Albert, amiable and full of tact as ever. Friend Neukomm leaves us to go to France —the same high-minded, attaching philosopher and man as ever.

The last week in May, and the first in June formed a period of respite from the tumult of London life, and Bunsen with his family breathed once again freely on the cliffs of Ramsgate, although Bunsen himself could spare but a small part of that fortnight, the arrival of a courier from Berlin having soon called him away from the sunshine, the sea-breezes, and the green meadows.

Bunsen to Archdeacon Julius Hare. (*On the death of Dr. Arnold.*)

London: Sunday morning, 19th June, 1842.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—My heart has been with you, as I am sure yours has been with me. I returned last night from Rugby. O, what is the death of a great and good man! What distraction (humanly) and yet what consolation! Read the enclosed—I add nothing. All who saw him during the last month were struck by something more than usually heavenly-minded and awfully unearthly. . . . He has left the new volume of Sermons just filled; and it appears that it contains some of the finest he ever preached. His third volume of 'Rome' is completed to the fortieth chapter. Another colossal *torso* of Roman History! . . . But there is a still more sacred trust. He wrote in 1838 a book on the Church, to prove, in his way, the general priesthood of all Christians, as the doctrine of the Gospel and of the Fathers, and the groundwork of the Church. The whole may form a volume of no more than 150 pages; but it is pure gold. It has formed the groundwork of long debates, as it in part originated in serious conversation and correspondence between us, in many a hallowed hour.

Bunsen on Arnold, 1842.* (*Translated by Anna Gurney*, 1852.)

I.

The fight of faith undaunted
Thou to the end hast fought,
Whilst foretaste harsh of evil
Thine own experience brought;
Thou saw'st the doom impending
That might not pass away,
Hast mark'd the sun rise lurid
Before the carnage day.

II.

Then grew on thee the longing
That lays the storm of life,
In love, in pious trusting,
Thy heart reposed from strife:
How gladly then, our champion,
Didst thou the angel greet,
Sent, to thy home to guide thee,
Thine habitation meet!

III.

And now, the surging tumult
Is still'd beside thy grave,
Whilst thou, a brilliant beacon,
Yet tow'rest o'er the wave:
From seeds in youthful bosoms,
By thee profusely sown,
The germs of holy purpose
And noble deed have grown.

* For the original German lines, see Appendix.

IV.

Apart from earth's wild turmoil
Thou calmly tak'st thy rest,
The worst of sorrows spared thee,
Vouchsafed of joys the best:
The mystery of ages
Unveilèd to thy sight,
Each sequence clear before thee
In God's unchanging light.

V.

And we would still be waging
The warfare thou hast waged,
With hope and love and fealty
On Virtue's part engaged:
Eternity before us,
Eternal truth our end,—
For this, our life's brief moment
How freely would we spend!

The correspondence of Bunsen with his Royal master, should it ever reach the light, would record the main subjects of interest in this year as well as in many before and after. From 1842 date the beginnings of many friendly connections, which grew and strengthened as time wore on; among which that with Florence Nightingale claims the first notice. Bunsen and his family met, and from the first valued her, on a few occasions, when nothing occurred peculiarly to rouse and reveal the soul which subsisted in her, in the fulness of its energy, or the powers which only waited for an opportunity to be developed; but her calm dignity of deportment, self-conscious without either shyness or presumption, and the few words indicating deep reflection, just views, and clear per-

ceptions of life and its obligations, and the trifling acts showing forgetfulness of self and devotedness to others, were of sufficient force to bring conviction to the observer, even before it had been proved by all outward experience, that she was possessed of all that moral greatness which her subsequent course of action, suffering, and of influential power, has displayed. The date cannot easily be ascertained when she first began to ask the opinion of Bunsen on the question which occupied her mind, 'What can an individual do, towards lifting the load of suffering from the helpless and the miserable?'—but a correspondence which yet exists (though not with Bunsen personally) shows that she had already thought and observed much with regard to one of those needs of humanity with which her name has since been connected. The excellent Dr. Sieveking (now physician to their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales) had spent much of his time, gratuitously, in attending to, and investigating the condition of, poor-houses and hospitals; and in the full consciousness of one of the awful evils which almost nullifies the benefit of hospitals, the vice and incompetence of the usual attendants on the sick, and, on the other hand, of the large amount of unemployed power among the female inmates of workhouses—he was anxious that ladies might be induced to combine for the purpose of giving help on both sides, by the transference of willing and capable females from the idleness of poor-houses to a sphere of well-remunerated usefulness. His reflections were submitted to Florence Nightingale, the result of whose considerations upon them

was, that from her acquaintance with the inmates of poorhouses, not a single individual among them, however willing to obey a call to another condition, would be found competent to fulfil the arduous duties of the hospital *without a regular training*; and for such training a place and persons themselves instructed were indispensable. It was owing to Bunsen's suggestion, that, long after this date, Florence Nightingale went to Kaiserswerth, not only to study the system, but to serve through a practical apprenticeship in each and every subdivision of the labours there performed, previous to her arduous study at Paris among the 'petites Sœurs de Charité.'

The letters of Bunsen have often borne testimony to the benefit and the relief he experienced from a work of the highest art, such as the successful performance of a piece of Shakespeare, in clearing the mind of care and restoring elasticity to the overstrained powers; and he often had opportunity, during the managership of Mr. Macready, of enjoying that recreation and adding his meed of applause to the completeness of the entire arrangements, as well as the excellence of individual representation—for instance, in the case of Macready's Brutus (as, in later years, of Lear), in which he felt that the conceptions of Shakespeare were made more perceptible than the mere dead letter could render them. More than once did he enjoy Handel's 'Acis and Galatea,' then brought out in the full perfection of the combined fine arts, as each could be brought to bear on the performance.

With the opera stage Bunsen had no patience, and though he visited it in London, in attendance on the

Prince of Prussia, even Jenny Lind (although he entirely felt her power of grace as well as voice) failed to reconcile him to that form of dramatic representation against which he peculiarly protested, as being the betrayal of a good cause and the caricature of a kind of composition which he acknowledged to be founded in reason, and desired to see revived by a real master of combined verse and harmony. The ballet he considered a thing of unmixed evil, and its highest and most applauded efforts as the exaggeration of ungracefulness; nor could he refrain from comments in sorrow and anger on the power of fashion, which draws the modest and the pure into the multitude of spectators of a different class. Often did he wonder, in this respect, at the contradictions in English life:—no difference perceived in the tendency and effect of styles of art—conceived in conditions of mind and with intentions and purposes the most various:—the tinkling strains, addressed to the sensual side of human consciousness, being allowed to find their way into houses where 'whatsoever things are pure and lovely' are striven after, and every approach to evil and corruption in other directions strenuously avoided; the inmates of which would in no case enter a theatre, and yet will suffer in the decoration of their apartments objects utterly unsuited to their habitual tone of mind and tenour of life.

Bunsen urged upon Mr. Macready the practicability of bringing out 'Judas Maccabeus' and other oratorios of Handel with scenic decoration, and when he found him not disinclined to adopt the idea, but

only apprehensive that the public would consider such representation as desecration, Bunsen managed to gain the sanction of Bishop Blomfield, who raised no objection to the plan, on the ground that the Maccabean history formed part of the Apocryphal books; and there actually was a probability of this plan being executed, had not Mr. Macready soon after resigned the managership of the theatre.

When the annual lull came over the rough waves of London life, Bunsen found his comparative leisure absorbed, not only by the unceasing succession of public business, which he still had to encounter alone (the younger Baron Canitz, then Counsellor of Legation, having obtained a renewal of leave of absence), but by the preparation of the second edition of his 'Hymn and Prayer Book,' first published in 1831, when, the entire edition having been immediately sold, a reprint was earnestly asked for by the publisher, Perthes, of Gotha. The account which has been given of events and avocations since that date may render the non-compliance of Bunsen with the friendly demand intelligible, without reconciling the minds of his friends, and those of the cause, to the result of the delay, which in a great measure defeated the end Bunsen had proposed to himself, and to which he devoted the freshest period of his life and faculties. The first edition met with so much favour, that had a second edition in a more popular form and of diminished size followed upon it, the matter might have pervaded the public mind, instead of being confined to the knowledge of a few; and Germans might have accepted the evidence brought

forward to prove their neglect of one of the principal glories of their nation—the possession of the finest devotional poetry in existence. But the purpose of republication, which Bunsen unceasingly entertained, was not effected, because he contemplated a larger amount of alteration than others deemed necessary, and therefore put off the commencement of revision, in the hope of being enabled to look forward to a time when he might devote to the new edition his own undivided attention. This was, in the summer of 1842, as far from practicable as it ever had been; and Bunsen was obliged to confine himself to the general arrangement and supervision, leaving a great amount of detail to the numerous, intelligent, and indefatigable assistants, who were his household guests and inmates during nearly two summer months. It must be confessed that the omission of many much-cherished portions of the first edition, and the retaining and insertion of much that must be termed ultra-dogmatical in the second, was not done in the spirit of Bunsen—a spirit thoroughly coinciding with that of the 'Union,' for which his late Royal master had earnestly laboured, and in which the members of the Lutheran and Calvinistic Confessions might consent to worship and communicate together. The work in its present form was straightway sent to the so-called *Rauhe Haus*, near Hamburg, to be printed (at the press which formed part of the various establishments of the admirable reformatory institution of Wichern) without the name of Bunsen, although his authorship was no secret. But though Bunsen's '*Gesang und Gebetbuch*' was formally introduced only

at Jerusalem, in Rome, in a congregation at Liverpool, at the German Hospital at Dalston, and in some colonies of Australia, yet the whole of that immense impression has in process of years been exhausted. Meanwhile the hope shall be indulged, that much of what he desired to bring home to the hearts of his countrymen may yet be, however silently, percolating the mass of the German-speaking populations, which are spread abroad among the nations. The work never met with any official notice or recommendation: and the desire of Bunsen, earnestly expressed, was well understood, that no support of authority was in any way to promote its circulation. The King generously assigned 1500 thalers towards the expenses of printing, or, in other words, presented to Bunsen copies to the amount of that sum.

The presence of Lepsius in London, as the guest of Bunsen (for the sake of a complete examination of the Egyptian monuments in the British Museum, previous to the expedition to the East, which he was about to undertake on Bunsen's recommendation by the command and at the expense of the Prussian government), furnished to Bunsen the much desired opportunity for prosecuting his favourite study, and for carrying on the complicated system of enquiry resulting in his work on Egypt. He accomplished this in the manner most delightful to him, in the way of a daily conference with one whose zeal in the common pursuit equalled his own, thus procuring for himself that complete refreshment which became a necessity after the long course of unremitting official

work; so that he needed, as little as he desired, to absent himself during the (so called) dull season, from his delightful London residence, which entirely satisfied all his requirements.

If, however, his own health as yet stood the test of town air, that was not the case with his children, and it had gradually become clear that, used as they had been to a purer atmosphere, the confining them to that of London was out of the question. When, therefore, his wife departed in the last week of July to take the family (for the sake of two among the number) to the baths of Aix in Savoy, Bunsen combined a search after places in the country with a long-desired and promised visit to his beloved friend, Julius Hare, at Herstmonceaux, in Sussex, finding the desired object where least expected.

Bunsen to his Wife.

[Translation.] London: Sunday morning, 28th August, 1842.

Once more I have a quiet day and hour in which to write to you. Yesterday at one o'clock Abeken departed, to hasten over the sea; the book he carried with him, our common work (sixty quarto pages of mine, and an equal number of his), was not finished till Wednesday evening, the 24th, being the last labour of the remarkable year of life just closed on that day. As last year, so was August 25 this year one of the busiest and most important of my life. I had six political reports to write, among which one was perhaps the most weighty I ever wrote, with twelve others of inferior rank, one accompanied by forty samples to serve for comparison of quality and price between English and German manufactures—a remarkable juxtaposition, for the possibility of which I am indebted to Sir John Guest. Thus did the newly-beginning year of life again

bring together, distinctly and strangely, the two poles of the orb of existence in which I am placed; a thread of connection extending from Zion in politics to the glove and stocking interest! Finishing seemed impossible, but yet it was accomplished. Among the *twelve* was a report on the Casa Tarpea (Archæological Institute, hospital, &c., on the Capitol) superintended by Braun; a detailed statement of the needs and requirements of the undertaking was made out by Abeken, and accompanied by three separate letters from myself to the King—the proposal and petition signifying payment of all the debts of the house, and an appointment from January 1, 1843, of a regular 'House-father and House-mother' (as we call the steward and matron), in the persons of the organist Schulz and his bride elect, who would live *for* and *in* the daily and hourly management of all household concerns. This plan (which I fully believe the King will graciously accept) implies a peculiarly personal gratification (*Angebinde*) to myself—as the confidential reply of Schulz, the organist, to Abeken's private hint of the project, was that 'the execution of such a design would make the happiness of two hearts.' You will imagine how this providential dispensation of blessing comes home to me personally! May I ever keep it in thankful memory! At half-past six all was done; and at seven we sat down to a remarkable parting-meal:—Abeken to Berlin,—Lepsius with Weidenbusch to Africa,—Sydow, Kuhlo, Stip, Maurice, and Prentiss,—the latter departing next day to America, an admirable man, who has shown me much attachment. Having in cheerfulness eaten and drank, we removed upstairs for singing, as a finale, the 'German Fatherland' and the 'Song of Blucher,' until the hour, a quarter before twelve, converted mirth into the solemnity of farewell. From twelve to one o'clock I wrote the three letters yet wanting for Abeken (to the King, to the Minister von Thile, &c.), and let him depart, with heartiest wishes for every blessing.

I am thankful for all that has been realised, and for all that might be added to the picture—Zion and much besides—which could not enter my mind three years ago. To God be the glory! I will also thank Him for my being fixed in the land of the mighty Unicorn, in the wave-encircled dwelling of the highly-favoured nation. Early on Saturday I began the revision of the Psalm Book, and read with Kuhlo in the Hebrew Psalms cxxxi. to cl. . . Here have I written a long letter, without saying that I have received your consent, and have engaged Herstmonceaux! Yet, what joy did your letter cause me, and how I thank God, that you do not *merely agree*, but that you feel as I felt when I first perceived the possibility! It seems a dream, so fabulously desirable is the whole. So by October 25 you will have house and garden at your disposal, sea-air outside your windows, one of the finest ruins of the middle ages within a walk, and Hare for our pastor!

Bunsen to Mrs. Waddington.

London: 6th September, 1842.

. . . *London*: 10*th October*.—I must thank you with a line for your kind and maternal reply to my letter,—I cannot say how thankful I am that you feel satisfied we are right in going to Herstmonceaux. . . . It will do your heart good to read Hare's letter, which I enclose: as well as one from that excellent man, Dr. Pritchard,—to whom I hope I may have been of use, in causing (through Lord Ashley) the mind of the Lord Chancellor to be directed towards him, with reference to a place of importance.

In a letter of 23*rd September*.—Dr. Pritchard has been named one of the two physicians who are to inspect all the lunatic asylums in England.

Extract from a Letter of Bunsen's of September 1842.
(*Uncertain to whom addressed.*)

[Translation.]

. . . . One thing I must beg of you: cast not away the yoke of Christ,—it is not only 'an easy yoke,' but of force to raise you above all the sufferings of earth:—from it can no one withdraw unpunished, for the false freedom of the age is spiritual death. I do not utter this by way of instruction, but as a profession of faith: by the help of which, all other things become equal or indifferent.

Bunsen to his Wife.

[Translation.]

Carlton Terrace: Tuesday, 20th September, 1842; 8 a.m.

. . . I begin my day's work,—after a walk on the terrace with the sun rising, and the lamps expiring around, under the clearest sky,—with a line intended to greet your arrival on the Belgian coast. You will come, alas! into the midst of the equinoctial gales, but the Lord can conduct you and yours as safely through the waves on the 24th as on the 1st of September. You will find us well (please God),—your two boys, myself, and the friends. The beauty and charm of London in August and September belong to the blessings generally unknown and unacknowledged. A delicious repose, and yet all the advantages of a well-arranged social existence, as in the whirling time called 'the season.'

The days spent at Norwich (Monday we travelled thither through the night, and Saturday we came back in the day) were rich in interest. I had taken the liberty of quartering my two sons at Keswick Hall, with Mr. and Mrs. Hudson Gurney (as I wrote to you, I had made *his* acquaintance, and received an invitation for myself to his country residence)—they were cordially received, and treated (as we say in Germany) 'as the apple of the eye.' I too was not

ill off at the Bishop's Palace. Lord Northampton, Lady Williams, Miss Trotter, Mrs. Baring, and many other guests were there. The mode of life of the Stanleys is dignified and rational. The music was very fine—'the Creation,'—Spohr's 'Fall of Babylon' (a musical drama, called oratorio)—and 'Samson.' The text of the latter had been modified by Mr. Edward Taylor, so as to coincide with and comprehend that of Milton almost entirely, incorporating the newly-introduced portions by interspersing other Handelian passages, selected from his forgotten works, whether operas, or small and little-noticed oratorios. According to Mr. Taylor, Handel had adopted a movement from Palestrina, and worked out a passage of 'Samson' upon that guiding-thread; this suggested and gave occasion for the introduction of a hymn, founded upon an inexpressibly fine conception of Palestrina's. Nobody was aware of this, and all declared it to be the most striking part; the Bishop caused it to be repeated, and the whole assembly (above 2,000 in number) rose and remained standing, as during devotional pieces. After this piece, the greatest effect was produced by a short chorus, which no one had heard before: and that was, equally from the *Septime*, borrowed from Carissimo.

Abeken writes from Berlin that all are satisfied to whom he was allowed to communicate the MS. My proposal as to the Law of Divorce is vehemently contended against in the Cabinet Council: and it is believed that this will give occasion for the King's calling me to Berlin, when I should be '*obliged* to come.' *Je n'en vois pas la nécessité*—that is, I see not any possibility of my aiding the good cause—the only gain would be to remove from the King's mind all the deceptions which he makes to himself about my position at Berlin, and the yet greater entanglement into which he would bring me by such a summons. They have in writing my unchangeable opinion on the subject. Nitzsch, at Berlin, is entirely agreed in the contents of the MS.—

which was as little expected by, as it has been agreeable to, the King and to Eichhorn.

Bunsen to his Wife. (*Addressed to Herstmonceaux Place.*)

[Translation.] Drayton Manor: Tuesday, 20th December, 1842.

I had intended to send you a journal of 'Three Days at Drayton Manor'—about this delicious and important stay with that truly great man. I should have remained here till Friday—were it not for the Committee I had summoned. You shall at least have this line to thank you for your dear letter, and to say that I shall return, D.V., on Christmas Eve, expecting the carriage to meet me at Lewes.

Alas! dear Lady Denbigh! she called at our door the last day of her life—her birthday. She died, after her infant was born, in convulsions caused by pressure on the brain.

It is grievous not to be able to supply from memory, out of Bunsen's abundant communications by word of mouth, the want of the intended '*journal.*' Many superior men were among the guests, and the conversation was incomparably interesting. It was Bunsen's desire and aim to elicit from Sir Robert Peel such sentences on matters touching the weal or woe of nations, as he had the peculiar gift of uttering, when the right question had been asked, in a few words of weighty import. He said, in reference to the King of Prussia, 'I hope he will be ready to concede to the wishes of his subjects—it is well to make concessions while they yet can be made:—many Sovereigns have had cause to lament having let the hour of concession go by—which returns not.' Bunsen observed upon Sir Robert Peel's rare power of condensing

enquiry into a question, the answer to which, if duly made, would be voluminous.

The party were among the listeners to a sermon of the Rev. Hugh Stowell, preached in Tamworth Church. All joined in astonishment and admiration, whether matter or manner were considered: but neither Sir Robert Peel nor his guests, with the exception of Bunsen, could bring themselves to believe that the sermon could be extempore, as they considered that a composition, so faultless and yet so forcible, could not have originated but in an hour of quiet and seclusion, when it must have been carefully written down and committed to memory. Bunsen was better acquainted than the rest of the party with the effect of such practice, it being nearly universal in Germany, where congregations do not allow of the reading of a manuscript in the pulpit. He felt the manner of Stowell to be throughout contradictory of such a supposition,—arguing (but in vain) to convince the parliamentary orators that could they but attribute to the preachers of Christian truth as entire a possession of their subject, as great a warmth of feeling, and as thorough a conviction, as they knew by experience to be the stimulus of eloquence in their own case, they would have no difficulty in crediting the spontaneity of '*d'alta facundia inesauribil vena.*' Sir Robert Peel insisted that the position of the man who was called upon to treat subjects, the highest and holiest—not only to set forth the truth, but persuade others to accept it —was very different from that of one speaking on worldly interests;—'if in Parliament one chances to

use the wrong word, or an insufficient expression, one may correct it,—if one has formed a sentence awkwardly, one may correct it in progress of speaking;—but how should a man be thus at his ease, and not hesitate when treating of sacred and spiritual things?' Nothing more can be given as an authentic record of the conversation in question: but they who knew the mind of Bunsen will believe that his reply will have marked to the honoured objector that his attributing greater anxiety of mind to the preacher could only apply to him on the supposition of his having but a limited freedom of utterance, and of a possible consciousness of the boundaries drawn by forms of belief or theological circumscription;—a condition which would necessitate premeditation and the weighing of words. But the preacher whose intellect is fraught with the knowledge, as his heart with the fervour and reality, of religion, may fearlessly draw from the depth of his own heart, believing that the Spirit which 'gave utterance' will guide that utterance.

The great statesman and Bunsen felt a mutual attraction towards each other, and the fact of their so rarely meeting only proves the incompleteness of this our human existence, in which even the most active and well-ordered course of life will be found on retrospection to resemble a web, the threads of which we have been unable to carry on to the end according to the design proposed. It is highly probable that on the occasion of this visit at Drayton, some word of Bunsen's, or certainly his wonderful earnestness of manner, must have struck the mind of Sir Robert Peel, and sunk deep into his heart, to emerge again

at the hour of death; for in 1850, when the sufferer was almost past speaking, he is reported to have demanded three times that Bunsen should be summoned to his bedside. As the meeting was prevented by the rapid approach of the last moment the feeling which dictated this most affecting call must remain a mystery.

It was at this time that when an allusion was made to hardness of hearing, Sir R. Peel mentioned his own unceasing inconvenience, not to say suffering, from a sound in his ears like that of boiling water —which began in consequence of the report of a fowling-piece, going off unawares close to his head very early in his life; and from which he had no respite. When Bunsen commented on the peculiar hardship attending such an infirmity in the case of the parliamentary debater, bound not to lose or misconceive a word, Sir Robert Peel admitted the effort of keeping up unbroken attention to be severe.

In the calm and solemn brightness of Christmas days, in family intercourse, with the precious addition of the society of Archdeacon Hare and of the widow of the Rev. Augustus Hare, the year 1842 closed to Bunsen and his family, in their beloved refuge at Herstmonceaux.

Bunsen to his Wife. (*At Herstmonceaux.*)

[Translation.] London: Sunday morning, 12th March, 1843.

To me the case stands clear before the mind's eye that you will outlive me, and be called upon to guide the dear children further in life; this thought is firm in my mind these many years, although not from the very beginning. The Lord order the event according to His holy will! But

I will this day make my will; a short one, for, God be thanked! I have little to dispose of, and what I have is yours; of that I shall speak no more. But what I have to say to you, in consciousness of our indestructible bond of love, is that your letter has caused me to look deeply and sorrowfully into my own heart. . . The wheel of life whirls round, and we with it, expecting that the motion will some day slacken, and that then life may be ordered anew, and omissions may be made good. But real wisdom consists in seizing the flying moment, and in pressing upon it the seal of the eternal and enduring; that is the great course of moral endeavour under which life receives its due form, like the block of marble under the hand of the sculptor. The eternal and enduring here on earth consists in the morally-artistic use of time. This is but another form of expression for justification by faith. The amount of what is done, formed, accomplished, matters little so long as it is done in faith in that which is Unseen and only True. In this way, sanctification is the highest expression for the creative completeness of the Spirit's impress. Rightly understood, all these considerations lead us back to the consciousness that of ourselves we can do nothing good, and that *self* and *reference to self*, *me* and *mine*, are the spoiling of all, inasmuch as the proper and peculiar work of God is attributed to one's self; faultiness, therefore sin, cleaves to all that we do: but in Him, who is without fault, it will be pardoned in us. We must ever be brought back to the conviction that nothing but evil comes of our self-righteousness, thus only may we be kept in the reality of faith. All urging and hastening helps not: the time of quiet comes not, except we have it within us. The word of the Lord must be spoken over the waves of life, that they may be stayed: but then they are stayed indeed. Help me to pray, beloved, that this spirit of unselfishness (*Entselbstung*) and of tranquillity be granted to me, that I may perceive what belongs to my peace; what I can be to

you, and especially what I can do for our beloved children, and therewith cause them to feel the love that I bear to them in my heart's depth. Our life in its present torn condition has many disadvantages, but that is not to be dwelt upon; for it has on the other hand great advantages. So it is also with our frequent separation; it is a cause of pain and trial, which implies its being good and wholesome for us. . . I will not to-day write on other subjects, but bless you in spirit, as being your gratefully faithful—C.

Bunsen to One of his Sons.

[Translation.] London: 3rd July, 1843.

The day before yesterday appeared a work which will mark an epoch in the Church history of England.*

9th July.—In order to seize the connection clearly between the sermon and the commentary, place before your mind the simple question of the Reformation—Is the Godhead—*latens deitas*—in the consecrated wafer, which by the consecration is made the present body?—or is the bread and wine simply *nothing*, either before or after the prayer of consecration, except *in* and *with* the soul and body of the believing receiver—in which connection it may be termed the symbolical or substantial body, according to the school that affixes the term?

Whosoever maintains the former is a Romanist, a servant of the Mass, and is under the obligation to take all consequences.

But that is asserted everywhere in the sermon,—just because without this assumption it is unintelligible. And why is this assumption at the bottom of the whole? Because, instead of the living God and the Eternal Word—whose utterances are spirit and life—Dr. Pusey invests the priesthood, called by him the Church, with a magic power to give or to retain the blessing; therefore to create the body and to offer the sacrifice. This can be said in a

* The well-known sermon by Dr. Pusey.

thousand different ways; it was also clearly expressed by Luther, when he wrote the principles of defence to be maintained in the expected Council: 'The Mass is the Dragon's tail;' and it was God's judgment upon the unhappy Romanic humanity, that the Council in question confirmed that expression of its prophetic opponent; for the words of one of its Decrees are: 'Missa est sacrificium propitiatorium pro vivis et defunctis:'—the precise inversion of the death of Christ is the propitiation for all mankind.

Bunsen to his Wife.

[Translation.] London: Saturday, 3rd February, 1844.

This has been an eventful day. The King has sent for me to come to Berlin 'for some months, to talk over with him many subjects;' so Bülow writes, and desires my answer to fix how soon I can contemplate availing myself of this leave of absence.

I shall write that I wish 'to await here the decision to be obtained at Constantinople by Sir Stratford Canning (about Jerusalem), and to sign the treaty with Venezuela, unless His Majesty commands my immediate departure.'

I do not think he designs to place me in the Ministry. I do not believe the King *can* do it. I am still very unpopular. He might follow another old plan, that of dividing the Ministry, and giving me the department of *Public Instruction*, the only thing I could not refuse.

This is a sad stroke through all calculations, and the separation from you is more sad to me than ever it was. But still, there is that in me which would either rush into the cannon's mouth, or fight in peace the battles of our country or the Church, rather than sit still at a time of crisis like the present. And I feel my blood as youthful as it was twenty years ago when that chord is touched; hoping, by the mercy of God, to act with more calmness and less of self and of self-confidence.

To Archdeacon Julius Hare.

London: Tuesday, 12th March, 1844.

. . . In the sad days of parting (the King's most gracious, but wholly unexpected, order having arrived for my going to Berlin) I must address a few lines to you, whose image has been continually before my mind since I left dear, ever dear Herstmonceaux. [After particulars of his writings, and referring the inscription upon Arnold's tomb wholly to Hare's correction and decision, he continues:—] Let me thank you once more for the days of happiness which your friendship, unwearied kindness, and ever ready help and advice, procured me at Herstmonceaux. I look back to those days as to one of the happiest portions of my life, and I cannot help hoping that Providence will bring us once more near together, to exchange thoughts and feelings. . . .

Bunsen to his Wife.

[Translation.]

Brussels: Friday, 15th March, 1844, half-past two.

Twenty-four hours and a half after you and all my friends had vanished from my sight, I landed well and cheerful at Antwerp. Never have I had more prosperous seafaring expeditions than since I have been Envoy to the favourite of Neptune, the Queen of Great Britain! The cause is self-evident. I had begun by making myself at home in the state cabin, by using the upper hammock as a standing desk upon which I placed my book, supported on each side by book bags. When the rain had ceased I walked on deck: the sea was smooth, but the N.E. wind most penetrating.

To the Same.

[Translation.] Cologne: Monday, 18th March, 1844.
(Soft breath of Spring), eight o'clock, A.M.

Already I have plunged into the open sea of the life of my people, and into the arms of old friends. I left Brussels

early on Saturday, and arrived at seven o'clock in the evening at Cologne, where Helmentag fetched me from the station. We talked until after two in the morning. On Sunday Zwirner's assistant showed us everything in the cathedral; for the first time I saw the apsis completed, according to the original plan. Helmentag suggested to me to visit the Archbishop, and one of the principal patricians of Cologne, the President von Grote. I enquired whether he believed the attention would be taken in good part? He was sure that there need be no doubt; and offered to ascertain the suitable time. Then we proceeded to the Protestant church, full to the very street door; the preacher, a true servant of the Gospel. Then I flew by railway to Bonn, and by one o'clock was on my pilgrimage to the monument of Niebuhr, which I beheld with unspeakable emotion. Then I went to Hollweg, with him to Brandis, with the latter to Arndt and Nitzsch, whence Hollweg again fetched me, and he with Brandis accompanied me back to Cologne: on my arrival there, I was met by Helmentag with the intelligence that my announced visit would be very agreeable to the Archbishop. I drove to the palace, where I had not set foot since the eventful day of September 17, 1837; and had a conversation of an hour and a quarter with the coadjutor Archbishop, who met me in the most friendly manner, and after the first half hour treated me even confidentially. Having returned to Helmentag I met the President von Grote, at supper, and we sat in friendly talk together till midnight. Now, in half an hour I shall be on the way to Düsseldorf, passing by the side of a hospital building, where a fine Roman mosaic has been excavated, 500 square feet, with the images of the seven sages and their Grecian names. The kind President promises to show them to me. We two had never seen one another before, and we have parted as friends. The Archbishop requested me to express to the King his deep respect—that will please the dear King!

Bunsen to his Wife.

[Translation.] Düsseldorf: Tuesday, 19th March, 1844.

. . . The excellent Count G. looks at the condition of things as I do, if not more gloomily still. With the noblest intentions and the highest gifts, *mistakes* continually take place; and the public mind (which is unjustly embittered) seizes upon them. Whatever is done is sure to be misinterpreted—everything that takes place is disapproved, either because it is really faulty, or because it is not *that* which is demanded, the desideratum being a Representative Assembly (*Reichstände*). That the King should have accepted the protectorate of the 'Gustav-Adolph Verein' has been matter of great irritation among the Roman Catholics, who intend to have an association for the benefit of poor Catholic communities (as the other is for Protestants), which they will call the *Tilly* Society (!) They will not accomplish this. The minister has despatched a letter to the Catholic bishops defending and explaining the acceptance of the protectorate, to obviate groundless suppositions; which step is vehemently blamed—it is said, '*Qui s'excuse, s'accuse.*' If things look ill here, it is worse in the old provinces, as I am assured.

One word about Kaiserswerth, which is an admirable institution, superior to what I expected. Not before next year (the autumn of 1845) will Fliedner be able to send us four or five deaconesses (for the German Hospital in London).

A short notice must be given of the institution of a Hospital for Germans in London, here mentioned, though there is no paper in Bunsen's own handwriting to notify his discovery of the great need of such an establishment, or of his own sedulous labour to bring it into reality. Such statements were no doubt made in his communications to the King, who granted

munificent assistance as soon as it was applied for, the application not having been made until Bunsen could represent the undertaking as both existing and in a state of forwardness, according to his principle and invariable practice with regard to claims on the Royal beneficence.

The existing need of medical and surgical aid for the very large German population of London was not owing to any objection or difficulty being made to the admission of German patients into the London hospitals, but merely because the hospital room is (or was, at least) insufficient in that monster city, even for the wants of its own denizens; and because even if that had not been the case, the hardship to a sufferer and the embarrassment to a medical adviser, owing to the want of a language in common, called loudly for a remedy. A subscription was made, to which not only the more affluent among the German mercantile class contributed, but to which a great number of English merchants and manufacturers (employers of the German working men) gave efficient help; and the English subscriptions grew year by year more liberal, as the German establishment became known as a benefit to the whole neighbourhood,—advice and medicine being given gratis to any and every poor applicant, wounds and injuries from accidents receiving immediate relief, without respect of persons—a help the more prized and acknowledged, as no English hospital is to be found within a circuit of several miles around Dalston—a cheerful, sunny village, one of the many about to be swallowed up by the ever-advancing growth of London. Further

details of the German Hospital (the arrangements and management of which have been much approved and admired) are not necessary here, where its mention only finds a place as one of the many subjects of interest which occupied Bunsen's time during the whole of his residence in London. . . .

Bunsen to his Wife.

[Translation.] Berlin, Hotel de Russie:
Monday morning, 24th March, 1844.

Here I am, safely arrived, and received by the King graciously, and the ministers kindly. So much by way of a preface. . . .

The King, I find, has adopted the ministerial proposal, to banish decided improprieties from the practice of Divorce Courts, and from the list of the *fourteen* allowable motives for divorce which now exist:—the introduction of a Law of Divorce founded on gospel principles being for the present given up, on account of the violent excitement to which it would give occasion.

To the Same.

[Translation.] Berlin: 27th March, 1844.

. . . . The King received me the day before yesterday in his closet, from six o'clock to eight. Imagine! on coming from the Queen's apartment into the Gothic hall where I awaited him, he at once led me up to a portrait of himself, saying, 'Here is the return for the head of Christ;* it has been long finishing,—I hope you will be pleased with it.' You can hardly imagine what a splendid gift the King has made me. It is an enamel, or miniature, a foot and a half in diameter, on porcelain, of the finest finish; the frame of

* A head of Christ with the crown of thorns, a much-admired piece of sculpture by a Belgian artist, Kessels, had been offered by Bunsen to the King, and graciously accepted, before he came to the throne. A portrait was asked for in return.

gilt bronze, expressly designed, and in great measure by the King's own hand, is the result of three years' artistical labour. The elder Schadow said to me, 'That is indeed a royal present!—you will be much envied, and intrigued against.' I answered, 'That was the case already; such matters could not be made worse.' . . .

To the Same.

[Translation.] Berlin: 10th April, 1844.

. . . . The audience granted by the Prince of Prussia was very important. The Prince spoke with me more than an hour, and in the first place about England, then on the *great* question—the Constitution. I told him all that I had said to the King of facts that I had witnessed. Upon his question, what my opinion was? I requested time for consideration, as I had come hither to learn and to hear; but so much I could perceive and openly declare, that it would be impossible longer to govern with Provincial Assemblies *alone*;—it was as if the solar system should be furnished with centrifugal powers only. The Prince stated to me his own position relative to the great question, *and to the King*, with a clearness, precision, self-command, and openness which delighted me. He is quite his father; throughout, a noble-minded Prince of Brandenburg—of that house which has created Prussia.

This audience has created much surprise, and all those who as yet had avoided taking cognisance of my existence, are now full of attention and consideration. . . .

To the Same.

[Translation.] Berlin: 21st April, 1844.

Yesterday evening, Tieck's 'Puss in Boots' was performed admirably, in the concert-hall. The King had invited 300 persons, chiefly belonging to the learned professions. Although the execution was successful beyond expectation, yet one could not help feeling that the mockery

of the public is spun out too much; besides which, the fairy-tale loses its attraction by the method of treatment. The merely negative can never furnish a thorough artistic enjoyment. I enclose the playbill, on which I have marked the names which are given by the wits of Berlin to each of the performers—they say the piece has long been performed at court—and in the distribution of parts, that of '*Souffleur*' (prompter) is assigned to me. Never mind! . . .

To the Same.

[Translation.] Berlin: Wednesday, 24th April, 1844.

. . . . Last Monday evening I gave my lecture before the Royal Commission,* which lasted an hour, and the comments made upon it two hours and a half; it ended with a declaration of entire agreement from all the ten. Indeed, several members had already pronounced opinions on most points to the same effect, which they had withdrawn in consequence of an express declaration of disapproval on the part of the King. I expressed, more especially to Herr von Rochow, my great pleasure in this happy coincidence of opinion. It was determined that the printed scheme should be worked out afresh, to be laid before the King, and that I should revise it. . . .

The King never having read the Greek tragedies in the original, or in a German translation, had only taken in an idea of them through the systematising phrases of his tutor Ancillon, and thus was enraptured, as with a new and splendid discovery, when Tieck, in one of his evenings of poetical reading at the palace, chose for his subject the 'Antigone' of Sophocles, as translated by Böckh. The delight which the King experienced, he knew not how to give vent to more royally than by expressing a desire to see the tragedy

* On the question of granting a constitution in Prussia.

completely performed. Its success, on the Berlin stage, with the splendid compositions of Mendelssohn, was considerable, and yet not such as to silence the opposition of a critical and gainsaying public, which, instead of beholding in the performance the gratification of artistic taste on the part of the King, was resolved to believe in a design to regulate or school the general taste by authority. At a later period, the 'Œdipus at Colonos' (the choruses by Taubert) was performed with good effect; and by the desire of the King, under Bunsen's direction, the great works of Æschylus (the 'Agamemnon,' the 'Eumenides,' the 'Choephoroi') were compressed by Professor Franz into one piece, called the 'Oresteia.' It was hoped that Mendelssohn would have undertaken the arrangement and musical composition of the choruses, but after much consideration, for reasons indicated in the second volume of his published correspondence, he was obliged to leave the royal wish unfulfilled.

Bunsen to his Wife.

[Translation.] Palace of Sans Souci, Potsdam:
Whit Sunday, 1844, twelve o'clock.

Here, as at Berlin, all is in the greatest excitement—the courier announcing the Emperor's arrival having come but two minutes before him. The Emperor had accomplished the 250 German miles in 106 hours, including the *four hours* that he passed before the gate of Berlin (in order not to rouse the Meyendorfs out of their sleep), changed his dress, drove to the Greek Russian Church, which was decorated with fresh flowers and branches for the festival, and all present on their knees, the mass having begun. The Emperor by a sign commanded stillness, and knelt close to the entrance,

remaining thus (in his tight uniform) for half an hour, and then proceeded to his proper seat, before the singing of the 'Te Deum ;' after that, to the railway, and on to Sans Souci. He is going by Holland to England, where he will remain eight or ten days, and so you will see him. A grand presence ! The journey hither, and to England, may become matter of universal history. All is in the hands of God, and this is the festival of the greatest of miracles !

He is, every inch of him, an Emperor. What courage, to go for his pleasure into the midst of five hundred Poles, who have all sworn to kill him ! The King accompanied him back to Berlin, from whence, early to-morrow, he will proceed to London by the Hague, and arrive in thirty-six hours ; sooner probably than this letter can reach you. That would have been a surprise, if I had brought it myself ! 'Meglio così—anzi, molto meglio!'

Bunsen to his Wife.

[Translation.]

Sans Souci : Whit Monday, 1844, twelve o'clock.

. . . . No confidential intercourse has taken place *here* between the King and the Emperor—of that I am convinced: it was scarcely possible ; and, besides, they are upon no confidential footing. Were that the case I should now be on the way to London. The Emperor himself brought the matter near to me—' J'avais cru vous trouver à Londres. Quand y serez-vous de retour ?' ' J'attends les ordres du Roi, Sire.' ' Je peux donc me charger de vos commissions pour Londres ?' A low bow on my part. End of the conversation ; the Emperor moved on ; the King came near ; Humboldt remarked, as in joke, ' You ought to travel after the Emperor, and return with him.' ' Yes, indeed,' said the King, ' that is true !' ' But he would not arrive in time,' observed Humboldt. ' It might be possible, by Hamburg.' ' Rather by Ostend,' rejoined the King. I was silent, for I saw it was not the King's intention, and could perceive no

use in such a journey to and fro; on the contrary, it would give rise to erroneous suppositions, as though there were a great political plan between the two courts, into which I was to help to induce England to enter; but that is not the case —the Emperor has indicated no such design. Of course I should go, had the King given the least sign of a wish to that effect. I believe he would like it as little as myself. Ideas or imagination the Emperor has not; but there is an inward dignity in him.

I cannot even comprehend how business can be performed as it is here—I mean really great and necessary business. All seem to be gliding quietly down the stream to the cataracts which are actually before them. The daily life of the court and of the ministers experiences no interruption for a single day, as though we lived in the most commonplace period; and yet every one *says* that we are in a time of crisis! *Non ci capisco niente!* Often am I haunted by the spectre of the court and ministry at Paris in 1788-89; but then, I say again, Prussia is not France, and, above all, Frederic William IV. is not Louis XVI. I have shown throughout my life, that I am not nervous: I can sleep in the storm, and be silent in the fire; but if I sat at the helm, I should have no peace until a resolution had been taken, and I could then set about the work resolved upon. For delay between determination and action is as intolerable as between betrothal and wedding.

To the Same.

[Translation] Tuesday in Whitsun-week.

The day that the Emperor was here at dinner, I sat, as usual, opposite to the King, who addressed me in conversation more even than usual. He began by explaining the sense of Beethoven's 'Overture' to the 'Coriolanus' of Shakespeare, which was performed under the windows of the dining-room, remarking that the composition designated all parts of the action, &c.; his subject led him to speak of

the 'Eumenides,' and I mentioned that I had induced Franz to make a fresh translation, condensing the three parts into one whole in three acts by the omission of unnecessary portions. The Emperor enquired what the matter in question was; and the King related, shortly and humorously, the subject of the tragedy, concluding with—'The thing ends thus: the Furies receive the title of *Excellency*, and a house rent free outside the gates,—and withdraw, on these conditions, well pleased!' All the allusions contained in this jest you must get Thile to explain,—one allusion, among many others, is to a set of grumblers who a few days ago were dismissed and paid off with the title just mentioned and other desirable things. The Emperor must have remained as entirely uninformed as before, and have thought his royal brother-in-law original in his jokes. The rest sat in mute unconsciousness,* with the exception of clever Meyendorf. . . .

To the Same.

[Translation.] Berlin: 6th June, 1844.

. . . . Imagine that we have more than twenty great composers in the style of Palestrina, all Protestant, mostly Prussians—one and all, hitherto, buried in oblivion—in whose works are choruses giving the ancient German choral melodies in four, five, and six parts, like the *Inni* of Palestrina. Of these I shall place many in the 'Choral Book.' But how does my heart yearn after other and weightier reforms! Could the Church of Christ but be freed from the stains fixed upon her by unbelief and false belief, by despotism and anarchy, by aristocratic greediness of gain! It will not be long before I shall be called a Jacobin, as before I was reckoned a Jesuit. Never mind! With God's help, I may yet attain the end. Next week I am to go to the King; this week I requested him to leave free to me. . . .

* That is, unconscious of the analogy between certain passages in the history of the Emperor's family and in that of Agamemnon.

[In English.] Berlin: Thursday morning, 13th June.

I have to tell you an important fact, that I must be in London soon after the middle of July. The commercial discussions are becoming too important to allow of my being longer detained.

The King has my two Memoirs, and I have announced to him my *last word*, which contains the *Key*, and which I have shown to nobody else. . . . .

To the Same. (*At Berlin.*)

[Translation.]

From Sans Souci: Wednesday, 26th June, 1844.

. . . . I am still here, and shall probably also be here to-morrow, and the day after (Friday). I am to have a solemn audience—*the* audience. . . . .

My heart is heavy, yet less so than last Sunday. God alone can here direct me to do the right thing, and He alone can give success! The King is in real earnest. . . . .

Very gratifying and important to Bunsen was the favourable change in the sentiments of his Royal Highness the Prince of Prussia (the present King) towards him. At the date last mentioned, the Prince seemed determined upon a journey to St. Petersburg, but the next letter of Bunsen notifies his having decided upon visiting England, accepting Bunsen for his guide: and the favourable opinion, founded on the personal acquaintance begun in July 1844, ceased not to be evinced by his Royal Highness in innumerable proofs of confidence and kindness, as long as Bunsen lived, and most touchingly after he died.

The medical consultations, with a view to which Bunsen had summoned his wife to bring her invalid daughter to Berlin, ended in the recommendation of

a cold-water treatment, to be undergone at Marienberg, near Boppart, on the Rhine; and Bunsen and his wife departed in different directions from Berlin at the same time—he to be ready in London for the Prince's arrival, and she for a temporary banishment, which prevented her being present to receive his Royal Highness at the dwelling of the Prussian Legation, then No. 4, Carlton Terrace.

To the Same.

[Translation.]

London, Carlton Terrace: 24th July, 1844, Wednesday.

. . . . You have been informed of our prosperous voyage, and you also know that the Prince of Prussia, in all probability, will arrive to-day, when he shall have received the intelligence of Queen Victoria's safety. He will therefore find all things here prepared for his reception. I must consider this as providential.

I have found the public mind with reference to Prussia much changed; it is fancied that Prussia and England are no longer cordial in their relations to each other. I shall therefore go to-morrow to the Agricultural Dinner at Southampton, and make a little speech to my friends, the English farmers. . . . .

Bunsen to his Wife.

[Translation.] London: 7th August, 1844.

. . . . I am just returned from Windsor Castle, where all is prepared for the friendly and dignified reception of the Prince. Prince Albert very happy in the birth of a second son, the Queen as well or better than ever. . . . . I shall to-morrow write and try to induce the King to cause the oldest obelisk in the world—that of Sesortosen (under whom Joseph was vizier)—to be sent to him from the Fayoum. . . . .

To the Same.

[Translation.] Badminton (residence of the Duke of Beaufort): Friday, 30th August, 1844.

. . . . At length, on the twelfth day of the journey, a day of rest in this truly royal country-seat! We have seen Edinburgh (the magnificent) and Glasgow (on 24th August, the day on which Knox founded the Kirk of Scotland), the Lakes, and Liverpool (before this tour we had been at Portsmouth and at Oxford), the splendid seat of Chatsworth (more than royal), Stowe, Warwick Castle (where I thought of you as well as at Edinburgh), Lowther Castle, Belvoir. To-morrow to the Queen; on the 4th (September) to London; the Prince will embark on Saturday evening the 7th.

This journey was a refreshment, and a *great event*. The Prince of Prussia has taken an affection for England—admires her greatness, which he perceives to be a consequence of her political and religious institutions.

The old relation between the Prince and myself, of 1822, has been restored; he it was that broke the ice, and began to speak upon all the weighty points, even *the* question of questions. He listened to my expression of opinion with composure, entered into all subjects, sometimes assenting;—that same Prince, who could not endure the King's listening to me, even during the past month! To God alone be praise! I am always alone with the Prince in the carriage, with Captain Meynell, who, not understanding German, is no check upon our conversation.

From the King I have had an admirable letter to-day—here it is:—

'*Erdmannsdorf, 20th August*, 1844.—DEAREST BUNSEN,—I have received your four parcels with the many splendid letters, and read them all with the greatest interest last night, until after one A.M.

'On the subject of the attempt on my life you speak as a friend and as a Christian; for which, God reward you!

He will turn, as it seems, the curse, in the purpose of man, to abundant, heavenly blessing. So be it!

'I should consider my preservation as a miracle, worthy to be placed by the side of those recorded in Scripture, were not I myself the object of it. The ball, fired at the distance of less than a foot, tore through all my clothing; but I experienced not the slightest sensation, and it rolled off from the breast-bone, powerless into the carriage! Be silent, and adore! is my motto.

'The Obelisk will be lost to me. But may the Arazzi be mine! I will give the sum out of my pocket, and into the bargain the twenty guineas for the cameo of my great-uncle. Pray settle all at once. God be with you!—F.W.

'To William all that is cordial and affectionate! Talk over with him all things as much as possible—politics, church matters, the arts, Jerusalem in particular. I have begged him, on his part, to discuss everything unreservedly with you—that will be most useful and very necessary.'

Bunsen to his Wife.

[Translation.]

Carlton Terrace: Thursday morning, 5th September, 1844.

. . . . I am this day to receive the Raphael-tapestry, and forward the pieces to the King, I hope before the equinoctial storms. On the journey with the Prince of Prussia I had occasion to see and know fine specimens of human nature, besides Wellington, Peel, and Aberdeen, with whom I have really *lived*, and conversed much and confidentially:—Lady Adeliza Manners, daughter of the Duke of Rutland (who translated Tholuck's sermons), I saw at Belvoir Castle; and Lady Westmoreland, with whom I first became acquainted on this occasion. This flight through the country will save me half a year of future travelling, both time and expense, for I have seen much that I had need to see, and should long since have seen. One *friend* too have I gained—Stockmar. He will accompany me next Sunday to Oakhill.

To the Same.

[Translation.] London: Monday, 9th September. 1844.

The Prince has departed, and the end has passed off as happily as the beginning and the middle of the time. The Prince has heaped all possible kindness upon me, and, as he is true and sincere, I can thoroughly rejoice therein. He has not only allowed me to lay before him all important papers, but has discussed them with me.

Numerous additions might have been made to this scanty report of the important and prosperous journey of his Royal Highness to and through England, in particulars related by Bunsen of conversations with the distinguished men whom he presented to the Prince, always endeavouring to lead to topics on which they might be moved to utter opinions, which he then reported in German to his Royal Highness. The Duke of Wellington readily replied to questions on military subjects, and his answers (as was always the case with every word that fell from him) would all have been well worth recording; but only one is remembered—when asked about military regulations: —'I know of none more important than closely to attend to the comfort of the soldier: let him be well clothed, sheltered, and fed. How should he fight, poor fellow! if he has, besides risking his life, to struggle with unnecessary hardships? Also, he must not, if it can be helped, be exposed to the balls before he is fairly in action. One ought to look sharp after the young officers, and be very indulgent to the soldier.'

Bunsen to Archdeacon Julius Hare.

[Translation.] Board of Trade: 4th September, 1844.

I reply to your invaluable letter not till the third day, and from this place!—that must show you that I have had as much impediment to writing as I have had desire to write. May God's richest blessing be upon the great and important change in prospect! I call it down, with truly confident belief that it will be granted to you. I feel as though a long-desired personal benefit had been conferred upon myself, when I see that happiness conferred upon you which I have so often desired for you. I am convinced that your heart's impulse has guided you rightly, having felt myself drawn from the very beginning of my acquaintance towards that rare being who has won your heart, and given you hers. . . In blessing to be blessed, is the secret of earthly happiness, and an earnest of heaven—and that will be the lot of both of you dear and precious spirits, in a measure as full and ample as I desire for you! . . . .

I have passed through four laborious and unquiet weeks, but, God be thanked! not in vain. My being together with the Prussian heir presumptive, a Prince whom in his very early years I had known and loved, but whom events had alienated from me, has been the occasion of important conversations, in the result of which I have all reason to rejoice.

To the Same.

4, Carlton Terrace: 5th November, 1844 (Gunpowder Treason).

It is too great a happiness to have the privilege of accompanying you to the place where so blessed a tie will be closed for life. I shall meet you with F. at the station, in time for the two o'clock train. Your arrangement seems to me excellent, and I hope to join in the Holy Communion with a blessing on that day, together with you and yours.

I think it certainly wise not only *not to enjoin* it (which I should consider wrong) but even not to *press* it—for it must, as human nature is, soon sink (as it is in all Roman Catholic countries) into a mere formality, like that of *hearing* a Mass. I should therefore think it wrong to go further than your Church has done, when it enjoins the newly married couple to attend the Holy Communion *soon afterwards*; this, I suppose, is meant at an early occasion with the congregation to which they belong; *coram ecclesiâ*, in the proper sense. And this I think the more to be the right view of the case, as the original contract of marriage, *coram ecclesiâ*, meant nothing else. But this need not prevent individuals from receiving the sacrament with their nearest and dearest friends, if they feel it right so to do. It is the same with the Communion every Sunday. As a general custom, I should deprecate it, the history of the Church showing what the consequences are of suffering it to become a custom or rule. But who will doubt that many persons find it a comfort and a blessing? and the opposite view, in the Roman Catholic Church, where the popular habit (in Rome and Italy) is the *one* paschal communion, is, as Calvin so truly says, 'an invention of Satan.' . . . .

The article in the 'Times' on Arnold was very malicious and insidious. Not venturing to ignore his book, and not daring to trample him under foot, the Tractarians do after the method of their brethren the Jesuits,—they praise the schoolmaster, declaring him to have been the greatest that ever lived, but, *of course*, nobody ever failed so signally as a controversialist. 'A splendid boy he was indeed,' as Moseley says in the insidious review in the 'Christian Remembrancer.' 'Luther was a great popular writer' (*Volksschriftsteller*), says King Louis of Bavaria, 'only no theologian.'

To the Same.

Oakhill: 27th November, 1844.

I have received, from a highly respected quarter, a very strong recommendation of a young man of twenty-two years of age, much thought of by Schelling. He has made himself known by a new edition of the 'Hitôpadêsa' from the Sanscrit, and is a *general* scholar, altogether distinguished. He desires to live some years in England. . . He is the son of the celebrated poet and philologer Wilhelm Müller (author of the *Griechen-Lieder* and *Römische Ritornellen*), of high moral character, and, as far as I know, of serious convictions.*

My dear friend, what a turmoil is this in your Church! As yet is the storm only beginning to whistle: but the idols of the Tractarians must be blown to the four winds. Were but your sermon published about 'Unity and Uniformity!' I have often told you I was sure there was an anti-Tractarian fermentation in the bulk of the nation, which would burst out one of these days. The Tractarians wanted to impose on the Church (i.e. the Christian people and their ministers) formularies and rites, not because they were well inclined towards them, but in *spite* of their not liking them. Why?—in order to *test* the authority of the Church (i.e. the clergy), and in order to bring about

* This is the first indication of an important event in the life of Bunsen—the acquaintance (which at once became warm friendship) with Dr. Max Müller, now Professor of Philology at Oxford; and his approach is hailed as the rising of a beneficent luminary on the horizon. The kindred mind, their sympathy of heart, the unity in highest aspirations, a congeniality in principles, a fellowship in the pursuit of favourite objects, which attracted and bound Bunsen to his young friend, rendered this connection one of the happiest of his life. Bunsen had always made advances to meet men of the younger generation, who sought his influence and were willing to accept what he was always ready to give; and those who met his encouraging approach in the consciousness of close alliance in spirit, may congratulate themselves on having exercised a soothing power over his latter years.

that sham sanctification which in the blindness of their hearts they oppose to justification by faith. It is quite natural that under such circumstances forms should be rejected *as forms*, with the Rubrics (out of which you can make anything) and without them. But this is still but a very preliminary step: the deep-seated forces in opposition must in their turn come up in sight, and then people will see that there is no power but in Christ, the living Son of God, and in the faith which grasps the Divine grace,—in which, as our atmosphere, we live, with that awful *free-will* by which we can choose to die rather than to live, by refusing to inhale it. Arnold's words will become every year more prophetical.

Bunsen to One of his Sons.

[Translation.] London: 11th December, 1844.

. . . The criticism of the historical school endangers not faith, but, on the contrary, is calculated to strengthen and confirm it. We do not in the least give up prophecy, but consider it as specifically different from divination and subtle combination: we place prophecy in its true light, by proving it to be based in every instance on historical facts.

Prophecy is essentially *not* the foretelling of an external event as *such*, that is, with indication of name and time: it is rather the perception of the divine and eternal element in the palpable facts of the present. There is no single instance of actual foretelling of the future with its details (names of persons and specification of years)—and wherefore? that would be dealing with mere externals, and at the same time an encroachment on the freedom of God and man. Equally certain is it that not all prophecies are fulfilled: the prayers and the sins of men must retain their power: and both are frequently expressly taken into account. Whoever thus believes in the Prophets believes in them essentially as the Apostles did, and the Fathers of the Church,

Augustine and Luther at their head; only the language is not the same—our mode of expression is a more exalted one, but can confer salvation as little as any other.

I know nothing more grand than the succession of the Prophets, contemplated in this spirit. Throughout all good and evil fortune, hemmed in by all individual and national trammels and limitations,—ever to have kept the kingdom of God, the reign of the True, the Right, the Good, in view, and to have interpreted all things by that standard!—all this forms a spectacle without example in history,—and, without taking into account the support of Divine grace, incomprehensible.

CHAPTER XII.

CONTINUED RESIDENCE IN LONDON.

'CHURCH OF THE FUTURE'—THE QUEEN'S VISIT TO GERMANY—BRÜHL—STOLZENFELS—VISIT TO CORBACH—DEATH OF MRS. FRY—THE OREGON QUESTION—JOSEPH JOHN GURNEY—EVANGELICAL ALLIANCE—CASSIOBURY—WINDSOR—TRENTHAM—THE PRUSSIAN CONSTITUTION—FELIX MENDELSSOHN—PHILOLOGIGAL STUDIES—THE QUEEN'S VISIT TO CAMBRIDGE—AUDIENCE OF THE QUEEN—DR. HAMPDEN—WOBURN ABBEY—ALTHORP—LADY LOUISA STUART—THE NEAPOLITAN REVOLUTION.

THE following letter was addressed by Bunsen to one of his sons, then on a visit to Corbach, his own birthplace, in the Principality of Waldeck. After giving directions for the erection of a monument to his parents in the cemetery of his town, he proceeds:—

[Translation.] London: 11th March, 1845.

Be sure to see my friend, Syndic Wolrad Schumacher, at Arolsen; he was the best-beloved of my youth in the school-years, and I have never ceased to be attached to him with all the peculiar tenderness of youthful feelings. Make a point of visiting Louise Cramer, with whom I was confirmed — an old maid, living in poverty. Remember me to Frederica Wigand, a Bunsen by birth, my cousin and playfellow, now a widow and a grandmother. Visit the *schoolmasters*. I should like to contribute to the Strube Fund.* Tell Curtze that I shall send my works for the school library. Greet the thatched roof under which your father was born, and where he lived for seventeen years; the

* A foundation towards assisting needy scholars at the Corbach Latin Schools, in commemoration of Dr. Strube, for a long time one of its most meritorious masters.

Eisenberg, on which he often sat in waking dreams; and pray in the church of the old town, for yourself and us, and for the cherishing light and warmth needed by the whole country!

To the Syndic Sieveking, in Hamburg.

[Translation.] London: Thursday, 10th April, 1845.

. . . The first part (of 'The Church of the Future') was added after the entire work had been written. I felt the need of clearly stating beforehand the idea which the work was intended to unfold, in its deepest roots and in its most extensive ramifications, shortly and yet fully. I am quite aware that I have thereby rushed into a new danger, but I could not do otherwise. I chiefly apprehend having given the ill-disposed a pretext for considering me a semi-Pelagian, a contemner of the sacraments, or denier of *the Son*, a perverter of the doctrine of justification, and therefore a crypto-Catholic theosophist, heretic, and enthusiast, deserving of all condemnation. I have written it because I felt compelled in conscience to do so. Again, however, I think that many a German reader will understand me all the better, for (as Reck says) 'a thorough German cannot convey the soup to his mouth without the spoon of metaphysics!' . . .

Bunsen to Mrs. Fry.

4, Carlton Terrace: 17th May, 1845.

. . . I can assure you I never passed a more quiet, and truly satisfactory evening in London than the last, in the Queen's house, in the midst of the excitement of the season. I think this is a circumstance for which one ought to be thankful. It has much reminded me of hours that I have spent at Berlin and Sans Souci with the King and the Queen and the Princess William; and, I am thankful to add, with the Princess of Prussia, mother of the future King. It is a striking and consoling and instructive proof, that

what is called the world, the great world, is not necessarily worldly in itself, but only by that inward worldliness which, as rebellion against the spirit, creeps into the cottage as well as into the palace, and against which no outward form is any protection. Forms and rules may prevent the outbreak of wrong, but cannot regenerate right, and may quench the spirit, and poison inward truth. . . .

Bunsen to Kestner. (*In Rome.*)

[Translation.]

Oakhill (near London): Monday, 30th June, 1845.

My dear old heart's friend, this day closes the twenty-eighth year of the happiest married life; and this day it was given me to write to the beloved bride-elect of my dear Ernest the first letter, as to a daughter; and now do I approach my desk again to announce to you this family event. You were always fond of my Ernest. Elizabeth Gurney is the same that he saw five years ago at Berlin, with her father and aunt, when the latter, Mrs. Fry, visited Germany.

In my letters to Mr. Gladstone, I have maintained the lawfulness and the apostolic character of the German Protestant Church. You will find the style changed in this work, bolder and more free; I hope also easier to understand. It is my endeavour to write as I speak; and I try to exercise both writing and speaking as an art. Frances writes to my dictation: she enters quite into my ideas, which is a great enjoyment to me.

To act as a statesman at the helm, in the fatherland, I consider not to be in the least my calling: what I believe to be my calling is to be mounted high before the mast, to observe what land, what breakers, what signs of coming storm, there may be, and then to announce them to the wise and practical steersman. It is the same to me whether my own nation shall know in my lifetime or after my death how faithfully I have taken to heart its weal and woe, be it in

Church or State, and borne it on my heart as my nearest interest as long as life lasted. I give up the point of making myself understood in the present generation. Here, I consider myself to be upon the right spot: I seek to preserve peace and unity, and to remove dissatisfaction, wherever it is possible. And then I learn daily in this country much from life itself. Therein consists English greatness; in art and science we have still the advantage. The true poetry and philosophy of England is in life, and not in the abstract consciousness of that same life. I was never a better German than since I have lived in England. Of Rome I think as of another planet, with all the longing of recollection, without the faintest wish ever again to breathe its atmosphere.

In August Bunsen was summoned by the King to Stolzenfels, on the occasion of the visit of Her Majesty Queen Victoria and Prince Albert to Germany.

Bunsen to his Wife.

[Translation.]

Aachen: Monday morning, 10th August, 1845.

. . . After a fine passage, a night's rest, and an agreeable evening with the dear Arnims, I arrived happily at the old friend's house (Brandis' at Bonn), and, not having found other orders, I proceeded at three o'clock to Brühl, where the King was expected, and whither he came at four, to go on after an hour's rest on the way to Aachen, to meet Queen Victoria at the frontier. I hastened to join the King on leaving the train, which stops, as you know, just before the Palace. The King called to me from the carriage, saying, 'Well, Bunsen, have you received my letter?' On my replying in the negative, he said, 'What a pity!' Hardly had we entered the Palace, when he embraced me in presence of the whole group of attendants, and said, 'My letter was intended to have met you on your entrance into Cologne, to take you by surprise, and give

you the first greeting as *Wirklicher Geheimer Rath* (Privy Councillor of the First Class); they believed you would have arrived with the Queen, and so, I now greet you here.' The Prince of Prussia congratulated me, and the whole Court echoed the 'Excellency.'

I drove on with the King (the Queen remaining in the Palace of Brühl) through Cologne to Aachen, where the King alighted at the house of the President von Wedel, and held a great reception; an hour afterwards to supper, which proved dinner to me, and was very welcome. Then appeared a procession of torches, with singing, and acclamations animated and general. To-day at ten o'clock the King proceeds to the frontier. . . .

The Prince of Prussia sends kind congratulations to Ernest; the King wishes all joy to him and you and me; and he commented (in the railway-carriage) in his animated manner upon the desirable circumstances of such a connection,—'to have Mrs. Fry for an aunt, and the excellent grand Samuel Gurney for a father-in-law!' He added, 'The first free hour we have, we will write a letter to Mrs. Fry; I shall give you my thoughts in German, and you shall put them at once into English.'

I had of course got into one of the carriages of the suite, when the King, who was in the central carriage reserved for him, with the Prince of Prussia and the Ministers of State and General Thile, called to me to get in, saying, 'Bunsen will fill the whole carriage with English comfortableness, which does me good.'. . . .

Humboldt is here, greatly depressed by the tragical failure of Bülow's health, at the moment when he might have had a brilliant close to his political life. Canitz and Radowitz are to arrive to-morrow. I believe the King's object is to bring us three together; we have never yet had such an opportunity. I was to have been lodged in the same house with Bülow in the village of Brühl, but am now to have Arnim for my companion.

. . . . When I am once more at home, I shall remain with you. I cannot perform the charioteer-duty together with those who desire to put on the drag, in the apprehension that they are rushing down a steep, when *I* want to put on *leaders* to proceed up the ascent, slowly but safely! Fill up for yourself the details of this image; with all my pondering, I can find no better.

To the Same.

[Translation.] Schloss Stolzenfels:
Friday afternoon, 15th August, 1845.

. . . . Prince Metternich informs me, 'that he has occupied himself for three weeks almost exclusively with me and my pursuits: the great work on Egypt has attracted his most particular attention; this book, and "Cosmos," and a few similar great productions, give him comfort in the midst of the follies of the day.' I expressed to him the hope that I might succeed in rendering the two remaining volumes more worthy the attention of such a statesman: and that I desired to dedicate my life to researches connected with the ancient world. . . . .

To the Same.

[Translation.] At 'Brandis-ruhe,' Bonn:
Tuesday morning, 19th August, 1845.

. . . . After tea and after eight o'clock, the King sent me word that I must come to Sans Souci; there he would be on the 28th, and there he should have leisure; and the same he repeated by word of mouth early yesterday morning as he went off towards Frankfort.

. . . . My stay (at Berlin) will certainly not be a long one; the King's heart is like that of a brother towards me, but our ways diverge. *The die is cast*, and he reads in my countenance that I deplore the throw. He too fulfils his fate, and we with him.

I return ten years older, but unbroken in spirit of life,

and in the faith, which God has given me, and which may He preserve to me! My heart longs after the invisible world and its eternal centre—after the secrets of the human mind, their products and results; but in humble conviction that no mortal can attain to the knowledge, otherwise than as in a mirror or image. *Latria, patria, atria,** Church, State, wedlock; to those will I bear witness, if God will grant me life and strength as hitherto; and whatever the turn of fate may be, thus will I walk on through the path of life, to its end, by your side! with upward gaze towards Him. For that do I constantly pray, best beloved! . . .

To the Same.

[Translation.] Corbach: 25th August, 1845.

An unhoped-for day of rest has been granted me, in the place of my birth, on my birthday. I came with the 'Snail-post' (*Schnell-post*) from Elberfeld yesterday, and arrived, at two on Sunday morning, at Arolsen, whence, after some pleasant sleep, I proceeded at seven o'clock, accompanied by my ever-beloved friend of boyhood, Schumacher, towards Corbach, entering the old town of my fathers, with my sister Helen and her husband (who had driven to meet me), at nine. I had only reckoned upon staying over Sunday; but my birthday anniversary just following, I thought that to remain was indicated—if any day is a man's own, besides his deathday, it surely is his birthday! This morning my first walk was to the graves of my dear parents. I had visited the spot after church with my sister and Siebert: this time I went alone, and the half-hour spent there will, I hope, not have been without its due impression upon me. This day will be passed in the company of my sister (besides necessary letter writing), in visits, and in a pilgrimage to the Eisenberg, a hill from whence I have often, alone or with Schumacher (but the first time of all with my father),

* The ancient motto of the Port family (of Ilam, Staffordshire), to which Bunsen's mother-in-law belonged.

watched the sun rising on a Sunday morning. I have had a welcome from the Burgomaster, and a deputation from the Gymnasium, the speaker being the Rector Weigel, whom I reckoned among my teachers. To-morrow I drive to Cassel with my sister—I am to arrive at one, and go on directly to Göttingen, where Lücke and Reck expect me. On Thursday to Halle; on Saturday, 30th, in good time at Berlin. When I have had the audience in Sans Souci, I depart forthwith.

To the Same.

[Translation.] Brunswick: Thursday, 28th August, 1845.

MY DEAREST,— . . . You have had my report as far as the pilgrimage to the Eisenberg, the Sinai of my boyish years. We went through the flourishing plain (Dr. Curtze, the headmaster of the school, and Duncker, accompanying us) to the height crowned with wood, where, at the very top, are the ruins of the old castle of the Counts of Waldeck. Somewhat lower are the fine remains of an ancient forest, and a square mound artificially flattened and planted with oaks (the rest is beech), surrounded by a ditch, outside of which is a broad level which once a year serves the gay world of Corbach for a summer dancing-floor under the shade of trees and in full view of the town and of the surrounding hills. This place is called the *Prince's seat*, also the *King's seat*—and no one knows why or wherefore. Thence did I behold my original native soil spread before me—no longer as formerly, in the glow of the dawn, in the first rays of the sun, but in the calm light of declining day; and the eye glided past the tower of Waldeck over a number of villages and small towns to the height of Cassel, the unknown object of childish gaze and conjecture. My entire life lay before me between aspiration and striving, from 1805 to 1845—forty years (a number not mythical, as in the patriarchal labyrinth), full of connected recollections. It was hard to break from the scene, and retrace my way

in the last rays of the sun through the corn-lands standing thick with golden sheaves!

For the evening a surprise had been contrived for me. In Waldeck, as elsewhere, singing associations have been formed—the vocal Round Table being the method by which the voice of *Vetter Michel** breathes forth his deceived hopes, and keeps up his courage, although not his confidence, for the future. I had observed at eight o'clock an unusual movement and a low hum round the house, and at nine the whole society appeared with lanterns and music-books—at their head Herr von Hadeln, a much respected magistrate, one of the men of 1813, who had shed his blood at Ligny and Waterloo. They sang German songs, and last of all, the 'German Fatherland.' Then came a deputation, and Herr von Hadeln made me a short and hearty speech—alluding to the German hospitals in Rome and in London. (He is a man of small income, of which more than half is given to the poor.) I answered, also from my heart, and begged the whole company to come in. There I saw many a good countenance, and shook hands with one and all, reminding them of our proverb, 'God forsakes no Waldecker'—and of its connection with that other, still wider saying, 'God forsakes no German.'

With Herr von Hadeln I conversed till late at night: he has both head and heart in the right place, and therefore both ache!

After a short rest I drove at five o'clock in the morning towards Cassel, breakfasting with Schumacher at Arolsen by the way. Everywhere do I find the same condition of mind: the same highly developed intelligence, the same honest striving in the greater part of the nation—in too many exasperation, depression in all. From the Rhine to the Spree, one feeling, one speech!—the officials being not less excited than the rest.

* *Vetter Michel* serves to designate the German people as *John Bull* does in England.

Near Magdeburg I met Humboldt, with whom I drove as far as Köthen, learning much that was remarkable. He perfectly understands and approves my intention of leaving immediately.

(*Finished at Berlin.*) All friends absent, except Pertz, Lachmann, and the faithful Röstell. I am to see Böckh to-day. As soon as the King arrives I am to be announced for audience of leave.

The weather is heavenly; the harvest on the whole good; the heat *Italian.*

Monday, 1st September.—The King did not arrive till this morning early, and goes on Friday morning to Stettin to meet the Empress. I have had a long audience of the Prince of Prussia. I have taken a place to-day on the steamer from Hamburg, for Thursday morning, the 4th. *Deo gratias!* All right!

Contemporary Notice.

21st October, 1845.

Alas for the loss of dear Mrs. Fry! She fell down insensible, on Sunday the 12th, and expired early the next morning, was heard to utter words in prayer once, but otherwise she gave no sign of consciousness. It is believed that the dropsy which was gaining ground upon her and threatened lingering pain, suddenly affected the brain, and thus terminated at once a life which had been a continual preparation for death. The consciousness of an irreparable privation is blended with much thankfulness for her having been spared lengthened suffering and gradual decay, and having had much comfort to brighten her last half year, in seeing her youngest son happily married, and having rejoiced hardly less in the marriage of Ernest with her niece Elizabeth Gurney. All had been arranged for our seeing her at Ramsgate on the 1st of October, but a Ministerial Conference was fixed by Lord Aberdeen for the 2nd, and thus we could not go; and a succession of

appointments on public business ever since has never left Bunsen the necessary interval of three days; thus it could not be, and we regret in vain. She had a great pleasure in the King's having written to her with his own hand last month. Her funeral took place yesterday, and we could not attend, because Bunsen was confined to his bed.

Contemporary Notice in a Letter to a Son.

Oakhill: Saturday, 25th October, 1845.

Your father's illness has passed off entirely [he had caught cold at Windsor], and he is better than before the attack, in full activity of labour, and enjoying the critical emendation of the text of Ignatius, and the proofs elicited of systematic falsification for the sake of procuring something like divine honours for the hierarchy. I suppose you have been told before of the Syriac MS. purchased lately for the British Museum from an Egyptian convent and published by Dr. Cureton, which contains the original text of the Epistles of Ignatius—long suspected of having been interpolated without any possibility of proof. Your father will publish the corrected text with a German translation, accompanied by a commentary, in a series of letters of his own addressed to Neander.

Contemporary Notice to a Son on the Continent.

Northrepps (Norfolk): 14th November, 1845.

By a beautiful drive through Enfield and Cheshunt, we reached the railway at Broxbourne, and proceeded to Norwich and Earlham, experiencing the kindest reception from Mr. and Mrs. Joseph John Gurney. Earlham is the image of a home of peace, intelligence, activity in all good, and refinement in happiness; gladly should we have stayed longer, but your father had only a few days to spare, and we had so many kind friends to see that we were bound to hurry on. The simple Bible reading with which the day

begins in Mr. Gurney's house, short and earnest, accompanied by deeply thought comments, will, I trust, not easily be forgotten. He took us to see Norwich, and Mr. Hudson Gurney at Keswick, one day, and the next accompanied us half way to this place. . . . We are received and cherished in this good county of Norfolk with a fulness of kindness and of considerate attention to all possible wants and wishes far beyond what I can describe. You will believe that we were struck with admiration of Anna Gurney! The victory of the mind over suffering never surely was more complete; for the countenance does not retain a trace of the conflict, beaming, as it does, with fulness of benevolence and intelligence. Her linguistic talent is a matter of wonder, rising in proportion as it is examined into by those who are competent. . . . .

The Oregon question is become a tale of other times, and it may be beyond the power of readers at the present time to conceive with what force it throbbed through all minds devoted to that which concerns the weal or woe of nations. Bunsen was much occupied in speaking, writing, and seeking a way out of the complication of claims and interests in this matter, until, by the wisdom and moderation of the Governments on each side of the Atlantic, the chaos was subdued into order, and the beautiful and promising colony of British Columbia was the unexpected result. The two honoured brothers, Joseph and Samuel Gurney, were urgent with the members of the Society of Friends in the United States to exert their influence in the cause of peace; and when arbitration was contemplated as the only means of preventing war, the idea was for a time entertained (and by Lord Aberdeen not discouraged) of suggesting a reference

to the respected chief magistrate of Hamburg, the Syndic Sieveking, in case there should be a difficulty in the choice of a crowned head.

Bunsen to Archdeacon Hare.

Oakhill: Monday evening, 8th December, 1845.

At last Ignatius is getting ready! Of my *seven* epistles to Neander (the *three* have grown into *seven*, as the seven of Ignatius have shrunk into three) only *one* remains to be written, for which the preparations are made. It will be a snug volume in quarto of about thirty sheets, and I hope it will please you. But *me* it cannot please, until I have laid it before you, and improved it by your remarks, and enriched it by help of your books. Next week I could free myself from town. Can you receive me?

To the Same.

Oakhill, 31st December, 1845.

. . . In these concluding hours of a year which has been full of blessings to me, I feel the want of conversing with you, at least in writing, and of dwelling upon some of the happiest hours which were spent under your hospitable roof. They have been a real refreshment to me, and I hope will be a lasting benefit. I delight to reflect upon all the affection, and charity, and piety, and thought, which I there beheld, and pray that your happiness may be long preserved. I thank you for all the affection you bear to me; of which I had a new proof on my arrival here, where I found your and your dear wife's corrections of my letter to Gladstone, which make me say exactly what I wished, but had failed to express exactly.

Contemporary Notice.

Oakhill: 12th January, 1846.

Inscriptions in the arrow-headed (cuneiform) character, a short time since considered hopelessly sealed, have been

read, and wonderfully confirm statements of Herodotus with reference to Darius Hystaspes. With what renewed interest we shall behold the ancient Persian bas-reliefs in the British Museum! But, apropos of these, I must mention that Bunsen saw three days ago, at Sir Robert Peel's, just unpacked, two specimens of the sculptures of Nineveh, presented to him by Sir Stratford Canning, to whom they had been sent by the consul at Mosul. A male and female head of exquisite execution, and without a particle of barbarism except the conventional mode of representing the eye in full front, while the faces are in profile. The French Government are expending large sums for the removal of masses of sculpture from the same tract.

Bunsen to a Son and Daughter-in-law, staying at Rome.

Oakhill: 16th April, 1846.

How often in spirit do I fly over to my beloved Rome, and to the house of the dear friend* who has received you with such affection—to the Capitol, to the chapel and the hospital!

We have passed the quiet and holy week in such quiet as could be had in London. Our dear child went through her preparation for Confirmation by the venerable Steinkopf, in deep seriousness and concentration of mind; and on Palm Sunday, in the name of herself and her companions, pronounced composedly her profession of faith. On Easter Sunday we partook with her of the Holy Communion. It was on Easter Monday that I peculiarly thought of you in the beloved chapel on the Capitol. Through all this course of serious thought, I had a very anxious affair to fight out, relating to the noble-minded Gobat, named by the King as the Bishop of Jerusalem, which has drawn upon him much

* Kestner, the Hanoverian Minister Resident, who had found an apartment for the travellers under the same roof with himself, and in every way cherished them.

envy; and, moreover, I have had something to complete in my MS. of the two volumes of 'Ignatius,' which are to be sent off to the press to-morrow.

Bunsen to One of his Sons.

[Translation.] London: Thursday morning, 30th April, 1846. (32 years after the taking of Paris.)

. . . The more I reflect upon the present time and the future, upon my own generation and yours, and upon the laceration and dismemberment of intellectual and popular life among Germans, the more do I groan in spirit over human folly. *Wherefore* labour to be possessed of the key of all knowledge, only to open therewith syllables and letters and trifles of antiquity? or else, whether consciously or unconsciously, to prove that nothing is likely to be discovered which could remunerate the labour of opening or forcing the lock? Who has a right to break down, unless he possesses will and the power to build up again? No man has a calling to deal with History, who is not clear in his own mind as to Religion, the social system, and that of the State; and how should he become so without having studied theology and law? Between reality of knowledge and pretension to it, careful discrimination is essential, which, however, is not difficult to a German philologer, who might as easily interpret the Bible and the Pandects, as Theocritus and Eustathius, and far more easily than the Ramayana and Menu; but first of all, he must have learnt to interpret Homer, Plato, and Thucydides.

Take hold of the thing with spirit, my beloved son, and drive out of your head all useless self-contemplation; in its place let your mind dwell on *reality*, the God-created object of intellectual contemplation. Leave alphabets and stones to others, from whom you may learn their just interpretation, and plunge into the history of the revelation of God in humanity, the centre of which is the Bible, and its outward inclosure the Pandects. The antiquated magic

spells, by which historical revelation was to be conjured up, are broken, or at least powerless; not certainly because their object has ceased to exist, but because spells more potent have become visible on the mental horizon, in consequence of the more rapid revolution of the intellectual universe. In like manner is the Roman law system verging to its decline, to make room for a more perfect edifice.

Religion is to the Christian, in the nearest sense (*not* as with the Jew, the Hindoo, the Arabian), that which enters into his flesh and blood; just because it is the religion of *humanity*, and not a part of nationality. In other words one might say: *therefore* shall Christianity pervade both *nation* and *state*,—the ὅσιον shall unfold out of the ἱερόν; not as with the Jews, by direct revelation and tradition, but as by the *Ionian mind*, popularly worked out from the God-given essentially human feeling. That is what I should call a regenerate nationality! But there are, alas! mere shadows of Christianity in the world! such is the Book of Common Prayer to the Englishman, and the General Assembly to the Scotchman.

It is said that a Jesuit pupil has this advantage over the disciple of Deism, that revelation is of real worth to him. That is distorting the fact. Neither of them, neither the believer in authority nor the believer in an abstract God, take into consideration historical revelation. But inasmuch as inward subjective religion is a moral conviction, and therefore a belief in reason and self-responsibility, the follower of Kant has an incomparably firmer hold on the truth of life than the scholar of Loyola. If the latter be actually *believing*, then he is a converted Christian; and of *such* I am not here speaking. But the person or the people, proceeding from that school, as natural men (not as born again in the Spirit of God), are the first to sink into unbelief of Christianity, and that all the more easily if they are of intelligent mind and refined cultivation; for as all was to them *authority*, not *inward consciousness*, nor *revelation*, evidenced

and of Spain since 1780.

I am resolved to encounter the school of Tübi
full extent of their exertions; in order to tear a
veil of romance in which they have enwrapped th
the two first centuries with their web of self-del

Bunsen to his Wife. (*At Wildbad.*)

[Translation.] Carlton Terrace: Monday, 13th

You will have heard of the two great days-
secration of Gobat on Sunday, the 5th, with t
of Calcutta's memorable sermon; and the di
(extemporised) on Monday, the 6th, with all th
and after-dinner songs from the 'Messiah.' Th
Gobat left us on Thursday for Antwerp; the d
we had got through all business matters sati
Friday and Saturday were very lazy days.
evening I felt the spirit of composition and thoug
had sadly left me, to be returning, and next n
rose soon after five and worked at Letter VI. (to
successfully. After five in the afternoon I wal
Meyer and Reumont to Kensington. To bed b
this morning I went on where I had left off.
read the whole letter

The Bishop and Elders of the Moravian Brethren, on June 25, in their meeting at Berthelsdorf, have decreed to present to me through Latrobe a copy of the new edition of Zinzendorf's poems. I prize the gift higher than ten academical honours or orders.

To the Same.

[Translation.] London: 23rd July, 1846.

. . . . My life here is full of important and varied interest. With the new Ministry I am on a very good footing. Palmerston is like an old friend: *he* in the palace like a brother. The Queen's half brother, Prince Leiningen, has also shown me much confidence: there is a new and popular spirit arising among these mediatised peers of the empire—a proof of the resistless impulse of the German nation towards unity and freedom. The Synod shows an excellent temper, good intentions, just appreciation of time and measure. Theiner has declared against the so-called 'friends of light' and Ronge. . . .

To the Syndic Sieveking, in Hamburg.

[Translation.] London: 8th September, 1846.

. . . . I hail, with you, the emigration of our countrymen to North America (the land of the Anglo-Saxons and of our own kindred), towards the Pacific Ocean and the Gulf of Mexico. I have daily the map before me, and contemplate the Rio Bravo del Norte, of which I take possession from Santa Fè and San Felipe, and then the two Californias* and the fine desert land between North California and

* Whenever the *curiosities* of Bunsen's diplomatic life in London see the light of publicity, his plan of accepting the offer made by the rulers of Mexico in 1842, to *purchase California for the King of Prussia* will be reckoned among the most original. Humboldt dissuaded His Majesty, and the matter was dropped. The Prussian Envoy at Washington, Baron Rönne, on the other hand, warmly applauded the project. 'The

the Rio del Norte as the connecting tract; and then I draw a line southwards, if possible to the 25th degree (instead of the 42nd), as my boundary on the Pacific, and I feel the joy of the human race that God should have granted to it the length and breadth of the earth.

'Canada is not worth keeping long,' is becoming here more and more the general feeling.

Contemporary Notice.

Saturday: 29th August, 1846.

We had reason to be very thankful on Bunsen's birthday for all attendant circumstances—it was a very cheerful day. Archdeacon Hare and his wife dined with us, and a charade was represented very cleverly in the evening, contrived between Lepsius and Henry, and worked at by all in the course of that afternoon *only*, for the preceding evening the plan had not been decided upon, and all the morning of the 25th, from ten till after two, was passed at one of the meetings in Exeter Hall. They acted the word 'grandfather' (*Grossvater*), in allusion to the birth a few days since of the first grandchild. This was symbolised by Herodotus, the Father of History, the nine books of whose work are designated by the names of the Nine Muses, personated by nine veiled figures; on each veil the name of the Muse was pinned. When the names had been duly observed, the veils dropped, and disclosed figures (in graceful drapery) portraying the various works of their own father—Frances, very picturesque in Grecian folds, formed

time has come,' he said in a letter to Bunsen, 'when we ought to take a grand and independent attitude. For this we must be united, and we must possess a fleet and colonies. Your idea of purchasing California is excellent. I never ventured to express such far-stretching desires. But I pointed out in 1837 already, when reporting upon the condition of German emigrants here, that Mexico would perhaps resolve upon ceding a portion of California. Your plan of purchasing the whole is better in every respect.'

by a red shawl, with a 'Basilica' on her head, like a mural crown, and another in her hand; Emilia was robed as *Roma* with the Seven Hills as a diadem (alluding to the work on 'Roman topography'); Mary, as the 'Church of the Future,' with a transparent veil and a mirror in her hand; Theodora, with a lyre, veiled, held the 'Hymn Book;' *Lepsia* (as we call Madame Lepsius) was 'Jerusalem,' in mourning robes and a mural crown; Lepsius himself, as an Egyptian statue, stiffly wrapped, with a high cap, represented the work on Egypt; Meyer bore aloft the work on 'Ignatius,' *hiding* behind the rest, to indicate its *not being yet come out*; Henry bore the 'Roman Liturgy' (that used in the Chapel of Palazzo Caffarelli); and Reumont, dressed as a Cabinet courier, carried a load of despatches.

The Princess of Prussia arrived yesterday (28th), and we are to dine with her at the Queen Dowager's to-morrow.

Bunsen to Baron Stockmar.

[Translation.] 4, Carlton Terrace: 7th October, 1846.

. . . . I have been reading in the 'Pictorial History of England' (Macfarlane's), which Arnold considered the best for the eighteenth century, the Anglo-European relation of the period from 1688 to 1720. So ho! So ho!. King William for ever! My admiration for him rises the more I become acquainted with the immeasurable wickedness of the English nobility, the deep corruption of Parliament and all officials, the indolence and selfishness of the entire nation at that time. Pray read William's secret letters on the Spanish concerns and the French alliance, vol. iv. part 1, pp. 88 to 110. They were written for this year 1846. I shall not rest until I have penetrated to the very bottom of the thing before I open my mouth again.

Contemporary Notice.

14th May, 1846.

At the annual dinner of the Literary Fund last night, at which Bunsen took the chair, the Bishop of Lincoln (Dr. Kaye), in proposing Bunsen's health, made, of course, a great eulogy upon him, and wound up by observing that it might be presumption in him to dwell upon this or that point, but that he must be allowed to bear testimony to his being 'one of the ablest divines of the day,' which is a sharp stroke against the Puseyites, who are very angry with Bunsen for his letter to Gladstone, and for having caused the appointment of Gobat as Bishop of Jerusalem. They accuse him of heresy on account of the work on Egypt, in the last number of the 'English Review:' for which condemnation he must be consoled by the favourable tone of the 'Edinburgh Review,' of the 'Journal des Savans,' the 'Prospective Review,' and others, and above all by a good conscience. It is unusual for a foreigner to have been invited to preside at an English anniversary dinner like that of yesterday evening. Bunsen would have felt bound to decline the distinction, if he had not regarded it as a compliment to his King and country, and to the diplomatic body in general.

Extract from a Letter of 24th June, 1846.

I am ever thinking of the words of Peel, in September, 1841—'Let the King remember that Necker's having slighted Mirabeau brought on the French Revolution.'

Bunsen to his Wife.

[Translation.]

Windsor Castle: Monday (early), 9th November, 1846.

. . . I have excellent news to give you! Prince Albert informed me yesterday evening of his intention of appointing Meyer as his librarian and private secretary, in the

place of Dr. Pretorius, who does not return, owing to his wife's ill health. Thus has Providence helped our excellent friend, for which we have reason to be truly thankful. I have suggested that Meyer should have a leave of absence occasionally, that he may in Ireland and Scotland study the remains of Celtic antiquity, as he has done already in the matter of the Welsh manuscripts.

Bunsen to Baron Stockmar.

[Translation.] 4, Carlton Terrace: 11th November, 1846.

It is the more welcome to me to have matter of business to communicate to you which obliges me to write; for the 'fair days in Aranjuez' still exercise their influence, and the habit of exchange of ideas draws me in spirit often back to the proud towers of Windsor.

The bomb has burst over Cracow. Not even the idea of giving to it the character of a free imperial city (which according to the despatch was offered for consideration) has been reckoned possible.

A certain Montesquieu said once, that the principle of a certain form of government was 'la peur.' We have made such progress in principle that 'la peur de la peur' is become the principle of modern rulers.

To the Syndic Sieveking at Hamburg.

[Translation.] London: 24th November, 1846.

. . . I must lament with you over a new source of grief, although you know it too well. What a calamity, what a misery, is this Cracow business, this nefarious breach of treaties, this political madness in two out of the three Powers! Three months I wrote a warning officially; on the 15th October, confidentially, I reiterated the warning, in the most solemn manner. All in vain!—Oh! how can weakness be warped to aid in purposes which will bring about evil more than malice itself! . . . .

The enclosure explains the wishes of the society. An

attempt to collect the wandering sheep of Germany out of this London abyss is the matter in question: and we have need of itinerant messengers of faith. The City Mission employs 200 such among the natives in London, who are fully occupied; but they mostly belong to the class of Scripture-readers or colporteurs. What we more especially need would be one of the brethren trained by Wichern. He would, of course, receive a competent salary, &c. Wintzer conducts the Young Men's Association, which he and Kind (now gone back to Switzerland) together founded. The Association flourishes: but Wintzer has not leisure for exploring the *east end*, where by far the greater number of German mechanics are employed.

Bunsen to Mrs. Waddington.

Windsor Castle: the last day of the year 1846.

. . . I have passed some happy and important days again in this beautiful palace, often turning my eyes towards the spot below the castle where you used to live. . . .

When at Trentham, I saw the fine portrait of that great and good man Sir Bevil Granville in armour, with his long and beautiful hair; the Duke showed it to me, and reminded me of the link between the two families, himself being *seventh* and my wife being *sixth* in descent from the common ancestor.

To return to Windsor Castle—(whence I just perceive the dawn of this last day of the year, looking towards the Long Walk), the Queen is a wife and a mother as happy as the happiest in her dominions, and no one can be more careful of her charges. She often speaks to me of the great task before her and the Prince, in the education of the Royal children, and particularly of the Prince of Wales and the Princess Royal. She brought them all into the corridor the day before yesterday, to shake hands with me. . . . I hope and trust I shall remain here; my position is all I could ever desire, and better than ever; and at home I sincerely

believe that I could accomplish nothing worth the sacrifice of happiness and life. But I hope I place all, with singleness of purpose and sincerity of heart, in the hands of the Almighty, ready to live and to die for the King and the fatherland, whenever and wherever it may be required!

Bunsen to Mr. Samuel Gurney.

Carlton Terrace: 6th January, 1847.

. . . I revered and loved Joseph John Gurney as an elder brother. There was in him a union of Christian temper and deep piety with rare intelligence and fine acquirements. For many years I had loved and valued that combination of qualities; but the days spent in his house, last November twelvemonth, and the transactions and conversations which were the consequence of our intercourse at that time, treating of the question of peace with the United States, brought us so much more closely together, that I have had the greatest longing ever since to enjoy his elevating and cheerful presence another time with greater leisure. This wish has not been granted by Almighty wisdom; but *he* is enjoying the happiness of those who behold God, before whose countenance he walked through the dark vale of life, and whose word and spirit were his guide in his writings, in his preaching, in his conversation, in his actions. We shall never see his like again on earth; we must look up to Him in whom all redeemed spirits live and are united together! Your brother's memory will live also on earth, in his family, in the Society of Friends, among thousands of Christians of all tongues and creeds. He found the key which opens all the secrets of faith, and he spoke the language which opens all hearts—*love*. And there was with him a living witness of the Spirit, a certain majesty of Christian gentleness and truth, which struck even persons who were not in the habit of seeing him. I shall not easily forget, how Sir Robert Peel and Lord Aberdeen spoke to me of the impression he had made upon them, when presenting the peace-petition

which had such a blessed effect. I should desire the privilege of being present at the funeral, but that I am ordered, on account of a relapse into influenza, to keep to the house.

Bunsen to Baron Stockmar.

[Translation.] London: 8th February, 1847.

The Constitution is made: as I said, it has appeared on the anniversary of the late King's summons to his people, February 3, 1813.

It is much better than the original design.

The foundation is laid for a House of Peers.

The right of petition is not infringed upon: and that is the new point gained, which was not promised by Frederick William III.

So far, so good. Pray come soon to your faithful,

BUNSEN.

To the Syndic Sieveking, at Hamburg.

[Translation.] London: 16th March, 1847.

Again I close my post-work to-day with a few lines to you, for my refreshment and invigoration.

I have not yet replied to your declaration, 'that for the alliance of England you would give up the German Navigation Act.' *That would I not.* Either England will abrogate her own, and then we are not affected; or she will maintain it, and then ours is the only possible means of bringing about moderation and fairness. The wish of the Government is to do away with the antiquated ordinance; but first there must be a new Parliament, and the friends of Government will be rigorously catechised on the hustings. John Bull is an egotist; we must not take it ill of him (for others are equally so, only not so openly), but we must not allow him to indulge in this egotism! I tell him so plainly, with a shake of the hand, but seriously and decisively; and he does not take it ill of me, but remains on the best terms.

The prohibition of the 'Weser-Zeitung' ought to be re-

moved; but I cannot write again to Berlin on the subject—the security in which they remain there is appalling to me. I have surely told you already, that Peel wrote to me an admirable letter of twenty-two pages in quarto on the subject of the Constitution, in answer to a letter of mine with questions.* He is of opinion that the Government *may* be able to maintain the Constitution, if only sincere in desiring its due development, and prepared in mind for that development. That is here the general conservative opinion; the French assertion, 'que ce sera une constituante ou la révolution,' finds no more response than the Orleanistic animosity in the 'Débats.' . . .

Bunsen to Baron Stockmar.

[Translation.] Thursday in Passion Week, 1847.

It would be very popular, and indeed meritorious, if the Prince would undertake to bring Shakespeare again on the stage, where he hardly ever appears now. In Drury Lane, where once Garrick and Mrs. Siddons reanimated his creations, elephants and horses are now performing! Macready would be the man. The aristocracy has never done anything for Shakespeare, which would have been so easy. If the Queen would be present at a Shakespearian performance, the entire aristocracy would flock thither the first day, followed by John Bull on the second.

The 'Times' have placed couriers between the east and west railway (Hanover and Cologne) and ordered special trains, to receive the King's speech before all other papers. I told the sub-editor that the King would never read a speech, but speak it as the Spirit should move him at the moment. He fancied that I might perhaps already have the speech in my pocket, or at least should receive it on the day of the opening of the Chamber. On Thursday, for the second edition, he expects to receive it.

* This letter has been sought for in vain. It must have been transmitted to the King.

Bunsen to his Wife.

Herstmonceaux Rectory: 9th April, 1847.

I have been thinking much of you here, where every step brings back to me the memory of past days and years, happy times, happy above all through you! I feel that I am growing old, for when this afternoon I walked by the side of our former house and the Castle (both in equal desolation now) I was overcome by my feelings, and could scarcely repress my tears. I was therefore doubly happy to have a letter from you to-day. Now for the various messages! The first is from the assembled primroses, daffodils, and violets which I met on my way—all greeting you tenderly; they looked so happy on their stems that I had not the courage to gather one for you. The second from Mrs. Augustus Hare, to let you know that she is coming to London to-morrow. The third message is from Lady Herschel, who wishes that tickets could be secured for her to hear the third rehearsal of 'Elijah.' She is very amiable, and her eldest daughter a musical genius. I hope you have seen Mendelssohn, and given him my love.

Now I must dress—it is fifteen minutes past the dinner hour.—Your own, BUNSEN.

We have Egyptianised the whole day!

Bunsen, with his wife and the whole family, accompanied by Prince Löwenstein, Prussian Secretary of Legation, who was the 'best man' on the occasion, went to Stoke Park on April 14, in order to be present at the marriage of his eldest son, Henry, to Mary Louisa Harford-Battersby, which was celebrated on April 15, by Dr. Monk, Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol, previous to Henry Bunsen's institution to the vicarage of Lilleshall in Shropshire, to which he had been presented by the Duke of Sutherland.

Bunsen to Mrs. Waddington.

Carlton Terrace: 23rd April, 1847.

MY DEAR MOTHER,—I appear before you this day with my first English book, the first translation of a book of mine into English. When I was writing it, I often wished you might one day read it, and now that it is before the world I have somewhat of the feeling of aversion by appearing in disguise before one by whom I should wish to be seen as I am, eye to eye. The translation is faithful, without being slavish; I have myself rewritten some passages in English, and yet when I read it I feel it is not I who speak. Some parts sound harsher, some tamer; almost all seem to me less clear and not flowing. The worst English is my own letter to Gladstone; there is no style in it, but I wrote it one morning, and sent it off almost before the ink was dry. Such as it is, the work contains some thoughts and hints, which will give matter for people to consider. Some of my historical statements will be attacked, and I shall reply to such attacks by my volume on Ignatius. I find only a part of the seven epistles attributed to him to be genuine, the rest interpolated or absolutely forged. But before the work on Ignatius (now printing) reaches England, I intend to appear before the English public with an *Introduction* to my work on Egypt, entirely written by myself, instead of that prefixed to the German edition. Three translations were attempted of that, but I was obliged to declare against all, and to tell my own tale. I well remember what you once told me (and I was struck by the acuteness of the remark), that you could not help smiling, in reading what I had written in French, at my assuming a French character. Indeed, it is very true, that one identifies oneself to a certain degree with the nation whose language one is writing; and in writing French I am conscious of taking certain airs and *allures* which I should forego if writing German. But in English I have more

courage—I shall leave out all that is metaphysical, but expatiate more on what I can make tangible to my dear and worthy friend, John Bull, or rather to his ladies, for he himself has given up reading books, and even sets his ladies to write what he would have written. Therefore, my dear mother, bear patiently with all Germanisms in this book, and you shall soon see me quite a steady, sober, arguing Englishman, in opening Egypt to the English public. In reading this translation you must retranslate into German—which you know by intuition, through Madame de Staël. . . .

Contemporary Notice.

1st May, 1847.

On Thursday afternoon, 29th April, we had the pleasure of a visit from Mendelssohn, who, having no evening to spare, came to luncheon, and afterwards gave us some magnificent music: he not only played himself, but kindly accompanied Ernest in singing, whose voice sounded better than ever.

Thursday, 6th May.—We walked to Sir Robert Inglis's to breakfast, in so warm a sunshine that I could hardly bear the shawl which the morning before I had found not warm enough. A large party of men, mixed, as is the good custom there; Lord Arundel and the Bishop of London, Lord Glenelg and Lord Charles Russell, Mr. Lyons and Mr. Stafford O'Brien, Mr. Richard Cavendish and Mr. Foster. . . . Afterwards we saw Lord Ellesmere's pictures, with Mendelssohn—to whom Lord Ellesmere offered, through Bunsen, to show them himself. Yesterday Mendelssohn again played to us in the afternoon, and we had a small number of persons, who considered themselves very happy to share the enjoyment. . . . Mendelssohn accompanied Ernest in his own composition, 'Auf Flügeln des Gesanges,' —and it was observed that he took the measure much slower than it is usually performed. He did not stay long, and departed in much emotion.

This was a last meeting with that being of rare gifts and rare moral excellence, whose whole nature seemed pervaded by a sense of beauty and loveliness to which he could give utterance as few have ever been able to do. The tidings of his sudden death, in the month of November following, were a severe blow to Bunsen. He was much beloved by him, and his progress had been watched over and rejoiced in by Bunsen almost as though he had belonged to him by ties of blood.

It may not seem irrelevant to the mention of Mendelssohn to add a 'contemporary notice' from the recollections of a son present on that last and memorable occasion. The last song accompanied by Mendelssohn was selected by himself from his Oratorio of 'St. Paul,' saying, 'We will have this for a close!' It was the grand composition to the words, 'Be thou faithful unto death' (*Sei getreu bis in den Tod*)—and having played the last note, he started up and precipitately left the room and the house, exclaiming to those who followed him, 'I cannot take leave! God bless you all!' It is not known what cause produced this unusual sense of the solemnity of parting; but whether or not he may have been possessed with some foreboding, he was certainly about to be met on his return home by the tidings of his beloved sister's sudden death,—the gifted Fanny Mendelssohn Bartholdy, wife of Professor Hensel—a loss most peculiarly afflicting to him.

It was on this last occasion of Mendelssohn's presence in London, that he was requested to conduct the execution of the Oratorio of 'St. Paul,' when the

Queen and Prince Albert had promised their presence at Exeter Hall. It is well remembered how striking was the effect of his reception by the orchestra, filled with musicians unusual in amount of numbers and of talent, who, as he entered, struck up the air of triumph, 'See the Conquering Hero comes!'—after which, on Her Majesty's entrance, 'God save the Queen' was given with thrilling effect. The Oratorio had (and has) but the one imperfection (shared with the 'Elijah') of over-tasking human powers of taking in the abundance of musical meaning—half the piece would be quite enough for thorough enjoyment.

Later, in the last month of this year, the 'Elijah' was finely performed at Exeter Hall, the whole orchestra and most of the audience being in mourning for the death of Mendelssohn. On this occasion the rare powers of Jenny Lind called forth the full effect of the soprano passages, so grand in the last act.

Bunsen to One of his Sons.

[Translation.] London: Sunday, 9th May, 1847.

. . . . For me, God ordained from earliest childhood a rigorous training, through poverty and distress; I was compelled to fight my way through the world, bearing nothing with me but my own inward consciousness, and the firm determination to live for my ideal aim, disregarding all else as insignificant.

Bunsen to Mr. Graff, the Missionary.

4, Carlton Terrace: 3rd June, 1847.

. . . . Although I hope soon to have the pleasure of seeing you again, I cannot refrain from expressing my thanks for the papers entrusted to me, and my gratification at their contents.

Your observations on languages show that you have applied true philosophy to the most original and primitive province of the human mind. Your memoir on the connection of such linguistic-philological studies with the labour of a missionary, treats of a most important subject, which has occupied my mind for many years, and a clear understanding of which seems to me the indispensable condition of further progress in our missionary work. We have been long enough behind the Romanists in this respect, and we seem to have lost sight of the great and divine type held out to us, in this respect too, by the outpouring of the Spirit. For the first fruit of that Spirit was the sanctification of the native tongues, hitherto only used for the purposes of common life, into hallowed organs for praising the 'great things of God.' . . .

Bunsen to a Son.

London: 1st July, 1847.
(30th anniversary of the wedding-day—Rome and Frascati.)

I write to you to-day, because I cannot help it; having in fact more to do than the day can bear.

First, I must give vent to some thoughts, occasioned by your last letter. You are reading —— by way of study, and Thiers for refreshment. You will, however, find in —— not a single idea fruitful or capable of being so; for the man has none, although a good politician: and in Thiers you will find nothing but the newest appearance of historical sophistry, and the most deceptive form of deep-seated immorality. Why not take Niebuhr's lectures upon ancient history, as a subject for study; and then, the same again as refreshment? There you may decipher the great man in every line. Thiers will do for you to read when you are fifty years of age, and an invalid. But it is good also to recognise in the time of Napoleon its proper calling and purpose.

Bunsen to his Wife.

Osborne House: Monday, 19th July, 1847.

Here I am, *well and quiet*, just as if taken away from a seething cauldron, or awakened from a bad dream. The journey and the passage over the beautiful sea, and then a good walk which your good Queen took us, did me a vast deal of good. We arrived at Portsmouth in *two hours*, saw the Victory (Lord Nelson's ship), going thither in a boat; then got on the Fairy, and passed the splendid fleet quite near, greeted by all ships with the royal salute, the men drawn up, and the band playing alternately the English and Prussian national melodies. Prince Albert was awaiting Prince Waldemar on the shore, and conveyed us all in a sort of char-à-banc. We drove between rows of laurel and myrtle, as in Italy, and on arriving found that the Queen herself had come towards us on the lawn, but had not been perceived by the party! for which omission I was made responsible as being the only one wearing spectacles! Now, my dearest, forgive me all my fretting, and impatience, and crossness, and all other things unamiable of the latter days. Something may be laid to the account of indisposition; but the greater part of it I must take seriously to myself, and so I hope I do. The night's result, when I awoke, was this—and you know all good thoughts come overnight,—I shall write (I think) to the King, stating that I need *one year's leave of absence*. So did Esterhazy—so did Björnstierna—regularly. . . . I *must* and *will* go away from London; but I will take advice as to the manner. I have steered my life's bark hitherto alone with my God, in all the great emergencies of my course; and thus I will do to my end, whenever the price of my life is at stake. I never weighed secondary considerations, and always found I was right. This is my night's thought. We shall see how it will bear the scrutiny of the day. But I will not withhold it from you.

Bunsen to a Son.

[Translation.] Osborne House: 22nd July, 1847, five a.m.

The news of Sieveking's death struck me unawares, in spite of mournful anticipation, on my return, the evening of the 7th, from the Cambridge Installation solemnity. To Cambridge I had gone with an ever-strengthening feeling of oppression owing to the present course of life. During many months already have I been aware that it was crushing and disturbing me mentally, at the same time threatening me with ruin in outward circumstances.

The attempt to carry on the life of Herstmonceaux and Oakhill—the life of Tusculum and the Hubel—has proved in London on trial altogether unsuccessful. Advancing age, accumulation of intellectual labour, increase of official, but yet more of social claims—all these together render the combination of diplomatic duties with the serene and productive service of the Muses *impossible*;—but without this I cannot live.

I am losing the power of tension which made it possible for me to work incessantly from five in the morning, and turn to account every moment gained from interruption. At the same time the aim of my varied researches stands clearer and truer before my eyes than ever. This is, therefore, a Tantalus-existence, such as can only end in death, bodily or mental.

Thus I felt and thought, when, on the 5th, obeying the Queen's summons, I went to Cambridge with your incomparable mother, after having shortly before passed a few days at Oxford, and had spoken there in the Ethnological Section of the British Association, to my own satisfaction, and with considerable approbation. Both in my public and my private capacity, those three days were a time of great distinction to me.

In the solemnity at Cambridge there was much that was heart-stirring and grand;—the expression of homage from

a free nation to their Queen; the glorious weather; the beauty of the Colleges and Halls; the number of celebrated and agreeable men, not only from England itself, but also from many parts of Europe; lastly, a spirit of unity among the thousands collected both in the open air and in the University buildings. Yet, with all that, I was oppressed by the feeling of the want of intellectual life. I felt that what is more especially vital in myself is here little understood; that I and those around me are tending towards different aims; and that in the long run we may find ourselves on widely diverging lines. The immeasurable humbug in many, if not in all, the customs and ceremonies of the University, in so far as it affects the life of the spirit, vexed, disturbed, tormented me. For Englishmen there is in all a meaning, as a part of their political existence, connecting the present with splendid recollections of the past;—but what is it to a German?

Thus I returned home; with the prospect of another fortnight's waiting upon the kind-hearted Prince Waldemar. The first letter I opened on my return home told me of the death of Sieveking. That evening passed amid manifold reflections.

When I awoke next morning a means of escape presented itself before me, which I had not before perceived. . . .

On that morning, Bonn appeared before me; and after contemplating that image for half-an-hour, I declared to your mother (who was up and dressing) my determination to give up London and diplomatic life, and retire to Bonn. Without a moment's hesitation she replied, 'That would be ideally desirable.' But other difficulties remained. On Saturday evening, the 7th, therefore, I found myself again between the four dark prison-walls!

That evening and Sunday morning belong to the darkest times of my life. When I rose in the morning I found that you dear mother had placed close by my bedside the Hymn Book, open at Paul Gerhard's hymn—'Commit thy ways

unto the Lord,' which I thoroughly felt all through. I went to Steinkopf's church, and came out much tranquillised. A quarter of an hour afterwards, I was obliged to be at the railway station, to accompany Prince Waldemar hither.

With a heated head and overclouded spirit I accomplished the journey. The spectacle of the sea refreshed me. The noble fleet at Spithead saluted the royal flag of Prussia with far-echoing thunder; the musical bands of the five vessels of the line, as we glided past, played alternately 'God save the Queen' and the 'Landesvater' (which I had introduced in England in 1842), and the whole did me good. Seeing Prince Albert and the Queen in their beautiful tranquillity, in the isle of the south, overlooking the sea, rejoiced me. I am heartily devoted to them both, and they showed me all their accustomed kindness.

I considered my plan yesterday, calmly and clearly, and I write it to you as it now stands before me. Now enter thoroughly into what I am about to write, make the condition of things entirely clear to yourself, and then read on.

[The particulars follow of a plan, never executed, of a removal from London to Bonn.]

Bunsen to One of his Sons.

[Translation.] London: 7th November, 1847.

It is Sunday, and your birthday is in itself ever a festival to me; so in spirit I must pass half an hour with you.

This present anniversary is a day of trial to you; may God grant you the blessed influences of His Spirit, that you may be enabled to be thankful even for that! Or, to express the same wish philosophically, may the Spirit which organised the eternal moral order of the universe which is the reality and perfection of reason, become so powerful in you that your proper self may not be prostrated by sorrow and discouragement! Every fatality is as the

marble to the sculptor—he cannot out of any and every block form a Zeus or a Mercury, but a divine image he may certainly achieve; and for that purpose it was given to him—as a moral problem. . . . .

Contemporary Notice.

20th November, 1847.

We shall have Mr. Brooke (the Rajah of Borneo) to dinner, and many others; Lady Raffles comes to meet him.

22*nd November.*—The review in the 'Quarterly' of Captain Keppel's 'Journal of H.M.S. Dido' is written by Lord Ellesmere. The account is most interesting of all that Mr. Brooke undertook and executed for the benefit of the people of Borneo, following out the notions of Sir Stamford Raffles, formed so many years earlier, and which had not been acted upon by any Government. . . . . An attempt proved unavailing to-day to be present at a meeting relating to the Mission to Borneo; the crowd overflowed from the large Hanover Square Rooms, and it is only to be hoped that the subscriptions may be in proportion to the zeal displayed in listening to and cheering Mr. Brooke.

To Julius Schnorr von Carolsfeld.

[Translation.] London: Sunday, 20th November, 1847.
(Last Sunday in the Church Year.)

. . . The present day brings to mind afresh the solemn intelligence which you communicated to me a year ago, and with it the feeling of the debt I owe you; together with the consciousness of undisturbed affection and friendship faithfully preserved in my heart. Whatever letter I do not answer at the very moment, alas! falls directly into the mass of things heaped up and put by to the hoped-for time of alleviation of my burden of official and social avocations. But we have indeed all mourned with you, and at the same time hailed the grace given to you to re-

ceive the heavy blow as a child of God from the hand of a Father.

This day brings many precious dead to our remembrance; and last of all, my truly-beloved Felix Mendelssohn. Within our family circle we have lost Elizabeth Fry, who by Ernest's marriage had become his aunt. On the other hand, the house-circle has been widened: Ernest's Elizabeth, the beloved of all, has made me grandfather to a fine boy. Henry's dear wife is also a real daughter to us, and Henry is as happy as man can be—with a Christian congregation, in a beautiful county of England, enjoying and spreading around him that fulness of blessing which makes the position of a country clergyman in England unique of its kind. We old ones are in good health, and in our accustomed cheerfulness. I have lately published the newly-discovered ancient Ignatius, with some letters of my own to accompany it; and I have desired the Rauhe Haus to send you a copy. Other things are in hand. The critical state of the Evangelical Church in the fatherland urges me to declarations: I am not satisfied with the manner in which the King's ideas of Church and State have been carried out. *Freedom and Love* have I inscribed upon my banner, against the heads of parties, each and severally.

. . . I cannot give up the wish to receive you in this house, and to see the magnificent cartoons of Raphael with you. The journey is so easy! You would find here many who admire your works. Now forgive your old friend his long negligence in writing, and accept, with all yours, from us all the heartiest greeting!

The following transaction referred to a private letter of the King, addressed to Queen Victoria, which it was his desire that Bunsen should deliver in a private audience to Her Majesty: at the same time Bunsen was informed by a letter from the King

to himself, that the subject of the communication was political, relating to Neufchâtel. Bunsen having requested instructions from Prince Albert received in reply an invitation, in the name of the Queen, to come immediately to Osborne House, in company with Lord Palmerston (to whom Her Majesty's invitation was simultaneously despatched), that the letter might be read without infringement of constitutional rules. This statement will account for the emotion with which Bunsen announces having safely steered between conflicting difficulties.

Bunsen to his Wife.

Osborne House: Sunday, 5th December, 1847.

My Beloved,—God be thanked! All right! Better than could be hoped! I delivered my letter last night, in private audience, to Her Majesty,—not speechless, but without a speech—after eight, before dinner.

I had desired Lord Palmerston to tell me what he wished me to do. As an abstract Whig, he said, 'It was unheard-of, quite unusual, that a foreign Sovereign should write to the Sovereign of England on *politics*.' 'But,' said I, 'you praised the Queen and Prince Albert for their excellent letter on politics to the Queen of Portugal.' 'Yes, but that was between relations.' 'And this between friends. But you are informed of the arrival, and of the contents of the letter, and will learn all that is in it. I shall, in handing over the letter to the Queen, say nothing but a few complimentary phrases, and plead the King's cause in the way the Queen will direct, in your presence, the next day. Will that do?' 'Perfectly,' he replied. And so I did. The Queen read the letter before dinner, and came down ten minutes before nine. After dinner, Prince Albert told me that the Queen and he had had Lord Palmerston with them

before dinner (from six to eight), and that we should to-morrow settle the answer. In the morning, the Prince translated the political part of the letter into English, and then discussed with Lord Palmerston the heads of an answer. Then I was called in to see the letter, and plead the King's cause, for which I was quite prepared. . . .

If the *ground swell* was strong in the mind of Bunsen during this occasion of experiencing the accustomed kindness of the Queen and Prince Albert at Osborne, his return from thence in company with Lord Palmerston was attended by serious commotion of the elements without. In the boat which brought them to the shore Lord Palmerston was requested to take the helm, as it would seem, to enable all hands to help in rowing through the unusually rough sea. Bunsen observed, that he had not been before aware of the necessary connection he now observed between *steering the vessel of the State* and steering a common boat—whereto Lord Palmerston answered, 'Oh! one learns boating at Cambridge, even though one may have learnt nothing better.' They landed in safety, but the train was gone. Lord Palmerston declared that he *must* return to London on pressing business, and *must* have a special train. The railway officials protested that the risk of collision was too great for them to undertake. Lord Palmerston insisted, 'On *my* responsibility, then!' and thus enforced compliance, although every one trembled but himself. The special train shot past station after station, and arrived in London without causing or receiving damage, the Directors refusing all payment from Lord Palmerston, as having trans-

gressed all rules in order to comply with his desire, and considering themselves overpaid by the happy result and their own escape from serious blame.

Contemporary Notice.

22nd December, 1847.

A Puseyite clergyman said to a friend who informed us, 'You know whom we have to thank for Dr. Hampden's appointment? It is all Bunsen's doing; he prevailed upon the Queen to lay her commands upon Lord John.'

The fact is, that Dr. Hampden is as much unknown among us as a person can be, who has been brought before the public. At Oxford Bunsen *saw him once*, among many other people, but had neither conversation nor correspondence with him—in short, no acquaintance, and he had been inclined to think Dr. Arnold too violent in his defence in the 'Edinburgh Review' of 1838. But now he has set about examining his books, and as far as he has proceeded, he has so greatly approved the contents, that he may perhaps end where he was supposed to have begun, by becoming his partisan.

Bunsen to his Wife. (*In Monmouthshire, whither she had been summoned in consequence of her Mother's illness.*)

Woburn Abbey: Wednesday, 29th December, 1847.

The day after to-morrow I may hope to find in Carlton Terrace an account of your dear mother. The Duchess insisted most graciously on my staying till Monday, but as the Prince goes to Windsor on Friday, I could make it clear to her that I must be in town at the end of the year. Certainly one has not known England, if one has not seen this magnificent seat of the Russells; for although less sumptuous in architecture, furniture, and gardens than Chatsworth, and less *mignon* than Trentham, it is the most royal residence that I have seen in this country, as a whole establishment.

The house is in an immense square, the old monastic form, with a portico on each side. There is a tea-room, where the Duchess is to be found from five o'clock to half-past, and where you may refresh yourself on arriving (as I did): it is ornamented with a fine collection of bronzes, a splendid genealogical tree, and the silver spade with which the present Duke turned up the first sod on the track marked for the neighbouring railway, with the wheelbarrow used on the occasion. The agricultural element pervades the greater part of the decorations. . . .

The morning is spent in the magnificent library, a wide gallery divided into four compartments, the middle one occupying two-thirds of the length: there the company meet, or occupy themselves separately. The Duchess sent a golden key, with directions to Stafford O'Brien to conduct me to the gallery of statues, a detached building in the midst of a garden, like the Braccio Nuovo; a beautiful hall, wide and long, with statues antique and modern; the Lante Vase (from the Villa of Hadrian) and the Sarcophagus of Ephesus form the principal ornaments, with a splendid mosaic from Rome, which occupies the centre. At the two extremities are flights of steps, each conducting to an *exedra*, or sort of temple: in the one are the Graces of Canova, which *I did not* worship; but the other, the Temple of Liberty, the sanctuary of the Whigs, interested me much. The present Duke's predecessor had the heads of the friends Fox and Grey modelled, and executed in marble, and he planned the temple; when dying, he disclosed the secret of his intentions to his brother, who executed the idea faithfully. Opposite the entrance is the colossal bust of Charles Fox, with verses on the pedestal written by Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire. On each side there are two busts of smaller dimensions—Lord Grey's is the only very fine head; a certain Fitzpatrick looks like a satire upon a senatorial countenance. I admire and relish the idea, so well suiting the residence of the head of that illustrious family

of Russell, with the martyr and his angelic wife among them. . . .

To the Same.

Woburn Abbey: 31st December, 1847.

My dearest love will receive these lines, whether in this year or the next, with the blessings of thankful love! My heart is always with you, and though I cannot say that I do not miss you hourly, I must in truth declare myself glad to know you are where you ought to be. Your dear letter reached me a minute after I had sent my last, and comforted me by the enclosure in your dear mother's hand; I trust I may find equally good intelligence *to-morrow* at home, whither I shall fight my way through all the kindnesses of the Duchess and the further temptation to stay longer from Lord and Lady John's affectionate manner and agreeable conversation.

Yesterday was a day of satisfaction for the house of Russell, the news having arrived of Dr. Hampden's election. Lord John had been much vexed in the latter days by the unreasonableness of the people he had to deal with—but yesterday at three o'clock, when we were collected in expectation and talking against time, in came little Johnny,* escorted by his aunt-like sister, and stationed himself at the entrance of the library, distinctly proclaiming, like a herald, 'Dr. Hampden,—a Bishop!' We cheered him, and some one asked him whether he liked Dr. H.—'I don't mind (was his answer), for I don't know him.' His father came in afterwards, radiant with satisfaction. After dinner I suggested as a toast 'The Chapter of Hereford,' adding *sotto voce* to Lord John, 'and he who has managed them.' Milnes and Stafford gave 'The Dean,' in opposition, and we were just divided, like the Chapter, two against fifteen. Lord John took all very kindly; he talked politics all the

* Now Viscount Amberley, M.P.

evening, unreservedly, about France, Spain, and Portugal. What I admired in him most is his unvaried simplicity, and the absence not only of all boasting, but even of exultation, with the greatest openness. Lady John copies papers for her husband, and is a very strong Presbyterian and anti-Tractarian. She has invited herself to come to see us at Carlton Terrace when you return, and hear our children play and sing: the fame of which house-music has been spread afar, particularly by Lady de Clifford, who says she always comes out on the terrace when told that music is going on, especially to hear the singing of *the tenor*. . . .

To the Same.

4, Carlton Terrace: 31st December, 1847.

Under other circumstances I certainly should have remained till Monday at Woburn, as I was indeed very much pressed to do. The decision of the Hampden affair made the time yet more interesting. You will see in a few days an excellent letter of Lord John's, an answer to an address of the clergy of Bedfordshire *in favour* of Hampden. He had waited for such an opportunity in order to speak fully his own mind on the subject. Yesterday I went with Lord John to the Gallery of Sculpture and the Temple; then he played at tennis with Stafford O'Brien, and on returning to the house was met by the Duke, with copies of the letter to the clergy and other papers, which he, the Duke, had been revising for him. It is the Duke's glory to help his brother, in whatever way he can. . . .

. . . Nowhere is hospitality practised on so grand a scale, or at least nowhere grander, than at Woburn Abbey; every room is the perfection of all credible and incredible comforts for the guest—all meals in inconceivable perfection of arrangement. The Duchess enacts *visibly* the Queen and Duchess, and *invisibly* (in the intervals, by her directions) the supreme Maîtresse d'Hôtel. The Dowager Duchess assists her with much tact. The day after my arrival a

banquet was given, with a display of all the wonderful silver services, gifts of Louis XV. to Duke John: the other days all was more simple. I have reflected much on the position of a Duke of Bedford or of Sutherland in the nineteenth century, and do not think it could be essentially more than what the present representatives make of it. The charm here is the historical and political standing of the House of Russell. The house is evidently the work of the first Duke, and then of Duke John, who made the Peace of Paris. I find all that was good in it was his merit, against Bute and Egremont; still Lord John justly blames him for having consented to keeping the transaction secret from Frederick the Great.

My plans are these, D.V.,—4th January, to Althorp; 8th, to Castle Ashby; 11th, to Peel: then home, and one or two days at Broadlands, with Palmerston, who returns to town on the 20th, as do the Russells, who want to see Prince Löwenstein at Richmond Lodge before that date. The grief of the House is the abstraction of the Marquis of Tavistock, who writes daily most intelligent papers on political subjects, but will not *live* at Woburn, nor take any part in active life.

On the whole, I would not be the Duke of Bedford for all his income, if I was to lead his life but for one year.

To the Same.

Althorp: Thursday, 6th January, 1848.

I have been very lazy here, and that ever since I had your precious letter! The fact is, I have so much here to *say*, and to *do*, that I scarcely have time to *limp* out for an hour, and then I must rest till dinner time. Be not uneasy about me,—it is nothing but flying rheumatism, one day in one leg, another in the other, with toothache, sometimes to the left, sometimes the right. The library is unique: so is the gallery for family portraits, and originals of illustrious men, Montaigne, Arnauld, also Sacharissa and her husband, who

resided here. Van de Weyer and I *live* in the library. Host and hostess very kind and agreeable. To-morrow George and I go to Lord Northampton's, Tuesday to Peel's, from whence home on the 15th, and not stir a step, unless I must.

Carlton Terrace: Friday, 7th January.—Here I am, my dearest; my last evening and night were so uncomfortable from the pains I mentioned, that I resolved to cut short the proposed visits. Whether or not I go to Peel must depend upon the pain; but what I can say already is, that I feel verycomfortable here, at my desk, in my room, in our dear house, with the good faces around me.

Saturday, 8th January.—I read last night Bancroft, with increasing admiration. What a glorious and interesting history has he *given* to his nation, of the centuries before the Independence. The third volume is a masterpiece; after having displayed all the plans and decrees of the monarchs of Europe from 1741 to 1748, he brings in 'the son of a widow, gaining his livelihood by surveying land in remote and uninhabited districts—George Washington.'

Bunsen to his Wife.

[Translation.] 4, Carlton Terrace: 3rd February, 1848.

This is a grand day for politics! I can hardly keep my pen in order. The King of Naples has proclaimed, on Saturday last, January 29th, for his whole kingdom, the Constitution of Lord William Bentinck, given in 1812 to Sicily. O the Nemesis!

This rather crude, but not democratic, copy of the British Constitution, was given in spite of Caroline (who fled under execrations), and of Ferdinand, who abdicated. Francesco sanctioned it.

Then Napoleon fell, and Castlereagh disowned the work of Bentinck. The Constitution was abolished. Ferdinand promised a *Charte, à la* Louis XVIII; we know the scheme of it,—it was never even finished, far less introduced.

In 1815, the King, instead of all Constitutions, after a preamble, confirmed the 'privileges granted to the Sicilians,' and gave an Edict of Administration, *à la mode de l'Empire.*

In 1820, that reaction produced a revolution, which was put down by force in 1821.

Then a quarter of a century, twenty-six years, absolutist misgovernment, which we have seen!

And now, *up to January* 12, the Sicilians would have been satisfied, as well as the Neapolitans, with reforms *à la* Pio Nono. January 12 was to be the day of decision. All was prepared for the outbreak; no publication appeared; the people set to work; Palermo was bombarded forty-eight hours, but resisted. The King's heart sank, and he yielded. *One* eminent characteristic of this King is his fear—an heir-loom from father and grandfather.

The consequences may be immense—incalculable. *Lega Italiana*—the Pope driven to secularise his government; Sardinia and Tuscany to give a Constitution! I am afraid that the waves set in motion by this event may be too boisterous for the frail Italian vessel. May God lead them to wisdom!

Bust of Bunsen, by Behnes.

CHAPTER XIII.

AGITATION IN EUROPE.

THE REVOLUTION OF THE 24TH FEBRUARY—BARON STOCKMAR AT FRANKFORT—THE RISING AT BERLIN—PRINCE OF PRUSSIA ARRIVES AT CARLTON TERRACE—TOTTERIDGE—LETTER TO MR. REEVE ON GERMAN PROGRESS—EXCURSION TO GERMANY—CONFLICT BETWEEN FRANKFORT AND BERLIN—BUNSEN ADHERES TO THE PRUSSIAN SIDE—STATE OF BERLIN—RETURNS TO ENGLAND—MEMOIR ON EVENTS AT BERLIN.

THIS narrative of the life of Bunsen has now been brought down to the time when the French Revolution of February 24, 1848, changed the aspect of Europe, gave the signal of a general convulsion, and powerfully affected the lives and opinions of all those who were called upon to take any part in the momentous series of events which ensued.

Bunsen's deep interest in them, especially as they concerned the future welfare of Germany, is fully expressed in his correspondence from this date.

Contemporary Notice.

Carlton Terrace: Monday, 28th February, 1848.

. . . We are all awe-struck and melancholy at this terrible state of things in France; and how is such a mob government to go on without war to employ the idle and flagitious hands demanding mischief?

On Saturday evening we were rejoiced to see our friend Max Müller arrive from Paris safe and sound. He had gone there a fortnight before to examine a manuscript, and found himself caught in the midst of a revolution. He went about the streets, and saw all he could, and got away on Thursday night by climbing over three different barricades in the direction of the railway to Havre, which, close to the station, had been broken up, but further on was in a condition to be used. The description he gives of the Pandemonium in the streets, the aspect of the savages, the wanton firing of shots aimed at quiet spectators, sometimes by mere boys (one of whom was heard to boast, 'J'en ai tué trois!'), brings very close to us, as it were, scenes from which we believed ourselves separated by a long course of years. It is said that robbery is not to be apprehended, but destruction is the object.

On Saturday, Bunsen dined with Sir Robert Peel, and went afterwards to Lady Palmerston's. I wanted to be told what people said—what people expected. He answered: 'Everybody is stunned.' . . . It would seem as if the Ministerial difficulties would be much helped by the wars, and rumours of wars;' people will feel that if the money had been spent it must be made up for somewhere, and in contemplation of a French *debordement* the idea of national defences being put in repair will not seem unreasonable.

Bunsen to Usedom.

[Translation.]

London: on the 22nd day after the Second Deluge, 15th March, 1848.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—Your arrival and that of Stockmar in Frankfort, as it were on the same day, has been the fulfilment of two of my unceasingly cherished wishes of two months' standing. Stockmar is one of the first politicians of Germany and of Europe—the disciple of Stein—staff-surgeon to the 5th corps d'armée, and superintendent of the military hospital in Worms—preceptor of Prince Albert—the friend and private adviser of Prince Leopold, afterwards King of the Belgians—finally, the confidential friend both of Lord Melbourne and of Sir Robert Peel:—that is the man who now represents Coburg at Frankfort, to advocate which measure I earnestly advised, and Prince Albert as urgently entreated, Stockmar himself to undertake that position. Pray go to him directly: after an hour's intercourse you will part as friends. So much for the present. I love Stockmar sincerely, and he loves me. I have no secret from him.

Day and night I repeat: Only unity with one accord,—within three weeks at most. . . .

No one in England any longer believes in our future.

Contemporary Notice.

Thursday, 23rd March.

. . . From the papers as much may be known as we know of the awful scenes at Berlin. The result—the breaking up of the Ministry, and the King's awakening consciousness of the realities and necessities of things, in which he could not bring himself to believe, when for years so many and various faithful servants have tried to obtain a hearing for their statements—rouses Bunsen's sanguine nature to hope for the future. The choice of Ministers is on the whole that which it was to be hoped the King would

have made, at the close of the Diet (*Vereinigte Landtag*) last summer,—they being the individuals who commanded the confidence of that popular assembly. But now that they have been set a-going they have an immense work to do, and if they had been at it for the last eight months, the whole insurrection might have been prevented. The shadow of this event came beforehand, in the shape of a report from Paris of the King's having abdicated, which many people believed in London the day before yesterday, and there was almost need of an extra servant to take in all the notes and visitors and enquiries at the door. Several of the notes contained kind offers of hospitality, if the King was coming to England—houses in town and country placed at his disposal. But everybody was answered that the King *had* certainly not deserted his post,—*would* certainly not sneak away; and that has proved to be a fact. I cannot get the awful scene from before my mind's eye, when the slain were carried in solemn procession before the windows of the King's Palace—within the very court-yard; the bearers singing a hymn usual at funerals: calling upon the King, who not only appeared at the window, but came down, uncovering his head at sight of the funeral procession —spoke to the people, was cheered, and, after a pause, all sung the hymn of thanksgiving (for promises received) which you have heard my children sing. People and King are made of different stuff to those of Paris!

Bunsen to Stockmar.

[Translation.] London: Saturday evening, 25th March, 1848.

A solemn seriousness ought now to fill the heart of every German: for without that, without self-conquest and self-control, we fall into the hands of Nemesis.

On the morning of March 27, at eight o'clock, his Royal Highness the Prince of Prussia arrived at No. 4, Carlton Terrace, unannounced, and causing as

much surprise as if, on reading the notice in the papers two days before his having retired from Berlin, the possibility of his directing his course towards England had not occurred to the mind of Bunsen. The Prince was pleased to accept the proposal to make a speedy arrangement of rooms for his residence in the abode of the Prussian Legation. Some members of the family were at once quartered with friends, to make room for part of his Royal Highness's suite; Ernest Bunsen, with his wife and child, having been received under the hospitable roof of Mr. and Mrs. Hudson Gurney, in St. James's Square —therefore, so close at hand, as to enable Ernest to assist his father in daily attendance upon his Royal Highness, and in ordering things, as well as circumstances allowed, to lessen the inconvenience of such a provisional mode of life to the honoured guest. Prince Löwenstein remained the only inmate of the house—being Counsellor of Legation. Extracts from letters, written during the period following this event, will furnish a slight sketch of the external circumstances at a time of great commotion and excitement, almost to distraction, in Bunsen's life;—a time memorable in the annals of Prussia by the close and appreciating study which the heir presumptive to her Crown applied to the working of the British Constitution.

The dignity, the manly cheerfulness, the gracious kindness, the constant regard for others' convenience, which marked from first to last the Prince's demeanour, demand all the testimony that words can give, and the whole of the details remain deeply imprinted

on grateful hearts. It was indeed with zeal, the result of cordial devotedness, that Bunsen and each member of his family made their best efforts in his service; but the manner in which services were acknowledged and accepted as 'kindness,' which were but the fulfilment of bounden duty, will not be forgotten, while life is granted to the writer of these lines.

Contemporary Notice.

Carlton Terrace: Wednesday, 29th March, 1848.

. . . I think all the business of accommodating the Prince has been got well through; and if on the one hand one has trouble, on the other one is saved trouble, for of course no visitors are let in, and thus we can remain quiet. One great business on Monday was making out the list of persons to be sent to, and put off—as we had made invitations for a series of Tuesday evenings. This day the Prince will dine with the Duke of Cambridge; we were to have dined at Lansdowne House, but that was put off on account of the Cambridge House dinner, and at last Bunsen will not attend the Prince thither, for he is not well, having been obliged to stay late in bed these three mornings with a feverish cold; and thus we cannot go to Devonshire House either. The Prince came to breakfast with us all at ten o'clock, and was very amiable. F. had fetched an armchair, and placed it in the centre of one side of the table; but the Prince put it away himself and took another, saying, 'One ought to be humble now, for thrones are shaking;' then I sat on one side of him, and he desired Frances to take her place on the other. He related everything that came to his knowledge of the late awful transactions.

One longs to perceive in what manner a bridge can be constructed for his return home. He expresses much concern and scruple about the trouble he occasions; but now the arrangement has been made possible, it is infinitely preferable that he should be here, where we can watch over

everything and know what is wanted, rather than his having to hire a place of abode; and it is also much fitter for him to stay here than anywhere else. I have had a walk in the park, while Ernest attended on the Prince at his luncheon. The Prince reminds me much of his father the late King, in the expression of truth and kindliness in his face.

. . . We have had our prospect again for the last week—the park and the Abbey becoming visible after three months' fog.

Contemporary Notice.

Carlton Terrace: 4th April, 1848.

Friday, 7th April.—Our great dinner party went off well. I am glad to feel sure that all was successful, and looked as well as we wished it should, to show all respect to our good Prince, who was *censé* to receive the guests himself—the house of the Prussian Legation being, in the first place, *his* residence. The Duke of Cambridge had an inflammation in his foot, and was forbidden by Keate to move, so he was obliged to send an excuse, and I am sure we regretted his unfailing goodnature and animation; but the Duchess was very gracious, and has always much conversation. Before the guests had retired I learnt that my poor son Charles had arrived, having made a desperate effort to break away from Naumburg, without awaiting the end of his rheumatic fever, so stiffened in his limbs as to need being helped like a child. Not till all had departed could I go and welcome him, and was shocked at the sight. He had received most benevolent help from a Danish gentleman, with whom he crossed over the sea, and who saw him safe into the conveyance which brought him from the steamer. This proved to be a well known political writer, against whom Bunsen had been bound in duty to defend his King and the acts of Prussia in no mild manner. No one was ever more incapable than Bunsen of blending personal with political animosity; and assuredly in the case of the political antagonist in question (as a man entirely unknown to him) no such feelings

existed. But it was with one of the many pangs attending this period of political feud that Bunsen had to discover in the kind and helpful fellow-traveller of his invalid son, to whose truly Danish goodnature he paid a heartfelt tribute of gratitude, the keen opponent whom he had keenly met in the battlefield of opinion.*

Contemporary Notice.

Carlton Terrace: 10th April, 1848.

I had a walk before breakfast with T—— round the park this beautiful day, which, God grant, may close unstained with bloodshed! Nothing was to be remarked but a few more policemen, and not so many passers-by as usual. At breakfast, the Prince's aides-de-camp expressed surprise that I should have ventured out. I declared the impossibility on my part of believing that any disturbance would take place. On Saturday evening we had all been at Lady Palmerston's, when Bunsen approached the Duke of Wellington, saying, 'Your Grace will take us all in charge, and London too, on Monday, the 10th?' (This day being that of the expected Chartist disturbance, on the occasion of presenting to Parliament the monster petition.) The Duke answered, 'Yes, we have taken our measures; but not a soldier nor a piece of artillery shall you *see*, unless in actual need. Should the force of law—the mounted or unmounted police—be overpowered or in danger, then the troops shall advance—then is their time. But it is not fair on either side to call them in to do the work of police—the military must not be confounded with the police, nor merged in the police.' These were his words, as well as I can give them at second-hand; and grand are the maxims of political wisdom they imply.

* The Danish gentleman's name was Orla Lehmann.

Extract of a Letter to Bunsen, from Herr von Schön, formerly Prussian Minister of State, dated Königsberg, April 15, 1848.

[Translation.]

Your letter proves that England, however exclaimed against on the Continent as ultra Conservative, is, according to the order of the universe, in continual and steady progress. Hail to the example, for all States!

According to your desire, I send the outline of our land credit system; and, in my opinion, such an institution might well be formed in Ireland, if the principle of our establishment should be sanctioned by Act of Parliament. There is, indeed, as yet no mortgage-system in Ireland; but with respect to the general guarantee, an Act of Parliament might supply that want, by declaring all Irish landed properties to be liable for the mortgage debts of each individual estate. For, with respect to the debts upon individual estates, the Quarter Sessions might take the place of our Mortgage Commissioners, in keeping a register of estates indebted to the land credit system, in which the debt of the estate would be specified, *primo loco*. The English mind would find the chief difficulty in allowing the Land Credit Association to act independently in collecting the interest themselves in the shortest way, without judicial authority; but I suppose there the Sheriff might enter as an intermediate authority. The institution might, in my opinion, be of great use, more especially for Ireland, if managed with prudence.

Contemporary Notice.

Monday morning: 30th April; Totteridge.

How we have enjoyed being here since Saturday afternoon I cannot describe. We were out for hours after returning from church, sitting and sauntering and reading in the charming garden, and in the finest weather. . . . I am glad to have waked early this morning, thus being enabled to write; for as soon as we have breakfasted, I must drive to

town directly, and plunge into the turmoil—going to the Queen's Ball in the evening.

Totteridge: *2nd May.*—Yesterday, after disposing of much business, we were surprised by the appearance of Ernest and his father, Count Pourtalès, and Harry Arnim (nephew of our friends sent over as courier), who came to stay all night, and have left us this morning. Bunsen, having been, alas! quite ill, had excused himself from Lady Douglas's, where the Prince was to dine—and thus took a few hours' leave of absence. I trust he may go on better again. I think him grown a year older during these two months of violent excitement and no quiet. Oh how thankful I am for this Totteridge! Could I but describe the groups of fine trees, the turf and terrace-walks! I should like to know its history. In one room hangs a plan of the estate (now belonging to Dr. Lee, the owner of Hartwell Hall in Buckinghamshire), where it is said to have belonged (about a century ago) to Viscount Bateman. The present meadows formed a park with many deer in it till about twenty years ago.

Bunsen to Henry Reeve, Esq. (On the Draft of a Constitution for the German Confederacy.)

[Translation.]

Saturday morning: 6th May, 1848, half-past seven o'clock.

With heart and mind thus prepared, you have taken the Draft and its great object into consideration; you have conceived both in their relative import to the world's history; you render justice to both,—and yet you have not attained to a belief in our future.

What is with you essentially opposed to this is your rigorously conservative view as to the origin of the present Constitutional movement. You say poetically, 'The truly animating principle comes from above—the shades of Endor rise out of the abyss.'

Let me follow up this idea, in order to convince you that our struggle for freedom has rightly originated—that is

from the Spirit—*descendit cœlo.* Was not its beginning indeed from above, in the minds of the great thinkers, who, from Lessing and Kant down to Schelling and Hegel, have, in conflict with the materialism of the past century and the mechanism of the present, proved both the reality and essentiality of reason, and the independence and freedom of moral consciousness, and have thereby roused the nation to enthusiasm for the ideal of true liberty? And did not poetry and the fine arts take the same way? What is the signification of Göthe in the world's history, if not that he had a clear intuition of those truths, and the art of giving them due utterance? Wherein consists the indestructible charm of Schiller's poetry, but that he has sung as hymns to the supernal, supernatural, those deductions of philosophy?

Now to proceed to the time of our deepest depression, and of our highest elevation,—from 1807 to 1813. That which now *would* and *should* and *must* enter into life, was then generated, in the midst of woe and misery, in blood and in prayer,—but also in belief in that ideal, to the true recognition and realising of which the feeling of an existing fatherland and of popular freedom is indispensable. Truly prophetical (as the truth must always be) are the words of Schenkendorf in 1813, 'Freiheit, die ich meine,' &c., and 'Wie mir deine Freuden winken,' &c. And also Arndt with his grand rhapsody, 'Was ist des Deutschen Vaterland?' and Körner's melodies of death, and Rückert's songs, brilliant and penetrating as steel! All that may sound to the foreigner as mere poetic feeling: but to us, who then pronounced the vows of early youth, it was a most holy and real earnest, the utterance of overflowing hearts. And thus it remained to us; and our children learned from us to repeat the vow; and when we lay twenty-five years long in heavy bondage, when the very freedom of speech was suppressed, then through all suffering the spirit of liberty took refuge in the sanctuary of knowledge;

but, not as was the case with our fathers, to expatiate in untried regions and seek freedom only in contemplation and speculation, but to fetch down the highest blessings of common life, as the poets of the former generation had in a vision beheld them, and as Scharnhorst and Stein and Niebuhr and Wilhelm von Humboldt had grasped them in will and wish. Then was the younger generation instructed by persecuted men, that liberty is ancient and tyranny modern, and that to liberty alone belongs that legitimacy which unsound politicians have used as a weapon for her destruction. Then it was that English empiricism, French abstractions, and the feeble imitation of both in the new Constitutions of Southern Germany, were compared with history and with the true ideal—and a higher standing point was aimed at and gained for all. Thus did the year 1840 find us; but the hopes which that year brought were not finally realised. King and people (as Beckerath finely expressed it in the year 1844) spoke wholly different languages, and lived in different centuries. The path became dark, and when the lightning and storm had ceased, the old state of things had vanished. Since then, seventy-three days have passed, and we are living, and the Draft of a Constitution was accomplished before *seventy* of those days had elapsed.

Descendit cœlo, if ever that could be said of a popular movement named in history—in the humble form which is ever assigned to the Divine, revealed in humanity. Dragged in the mire by knaves, hung round with bells by the weak-minded, schooled by the ignorant, the work of liberty has not been crushed by any class of enemies. As a heavenly birth she is making her way through foaming waves, and, in the power of the Spirit, she has lifted her foot out of the depths, to place it upon the rock of law and right—a position well earned by her forty years' wandering through the desert, amid the raging of nations, the vain fears and imaginations of Princes, the scorn and mistrust

of France and of England, actual insurrection, and latent anarchy.

Descendit cœlo. Our Draft of a Constitution, the first-fruit of German political energy, is not a 'Déclaration des Droits de l'Homme;' it is not one of the numerous transcripts of the parchment Magna Charta upon continental blotting-paper; it is not the aping of the American or even of the Belgian constitution; it is as peculiar as the nation to which it offers a form. A nation! rather, many nations:—no nation, and yet a nation! and, so may it please the Almighty, a great and a free nation! not one of yesterday, but of a thousand years of fame and of suffering. I cannot claim from you the enthusiasm I feel for the work which is the weighty subject-matter of the Draft in question: but I crave belief in it from you, for the very same reason that you, the true disciple of Burke, demand confidence in your own political faith.

I am ready to give up to you the Committee of Fifty, and the seventeen 'men of trust,' and the entire Diet: but though the Fifty, and both assemblies of Seventeen were blown to the winds like the free corps of Herwegh and Hecker, yet the rock around which they collected will remain,—that is, Germany and the German people, even though humbled and torn in pieces for a thousand years, to many a mockery, to all an enigma!

Bunsen to Usedom.

[Translation.] London: 17th May, 1848.

. . . Peel said to me three weeks ago:—'Let not Germany attempt to speak a word in European politics for six weeks—not till you are constituted. You speak in the feeling of a future in which we do not believe.'

Thus, we must with honour, but quickly, close the Schleswig affair:—that is, here on this spot, by means of a protocol, conclude an armistice.

Contemporary Notice.

Carlton Terrace: Wednesday, 31st May, 1848.

. . . As I was rising at six, Bunsen informed me that the courier, who had arrived late the night before, had decided the Prince to start immediately. Therefore I remained over breakfast-time to take leave. The Prince spoke most kindly and touchingly—'thanking for kindness received'—and saying that 'in no other place or country could he have passed so well the period of distress and anxiety which he had gone through, as here, having so much to interest and occupy his mind both in the country and in the nation.' . . . After witnessing the departure of the Prince of Prussia, Bunsen came here [Totteridge] late on Sunday night, the 28th, and on Monday took his share with us of the luxury of sun and air, and rest and quiet, after walking with me in the morning (a rare treat—to go out in the very glory and perfection of the day, and such a day!) to High Wood, to fetch Lady Raffles. We sat on the dry turf, under the shadow of those lofty firs, the pride of Totteridge. On Monday evening, we all returned to town, and to cares and bustle.

Bunsen to Mrs. Waddington.

Carlton Terrace: 1st July, 1848.

My dear Mother,—I should long since have written to give you a sign of life, from the midst of this Second Deluge, if I had not believed you had intelligence sufficient to convince you that we were still above water. But on the morning of this anniversary, I must address a line to her, whose dear, kind image is always before me on the recurrence of that blessed day which made *your* Fanny *mine*, without tearing her away from your heart. Who would not be thankful?—and I hope I feel so more than ever in this fateful year. In the midst of the crushing of thrones, administrations, and favourites in Germany, in the abeyance of all

authority, in the birth-pangs of a nation of forty-five millions, I not only have not been crushed, but I have received proofs of confidence more than ever, not only from successive Governments in my own country, but also from the nation at large. If I am thankful for all this, I am still more so for being conscious of perfect tranquillity of mind (which is God's own gift), in looking to the future for myself and all mine, and for my dear country. It is not the tranquillity of apathy, but of conviction that all will be right in the end, in Germany, because country and nation are sound in heart, —but only in the end.

My beloved King is in the position of one who, not having acted at his own time and opportunity, when present, is now obliged to see the nation act for him. . . . With all the facts that support my hopes, it is too possible that, as long as I live, I may not see the great work of regeneration complete: but at least I have seen its beginning, such as I looked forward to with all the friends of my youth, and with all my honoured elders—Stein, Niebuhr, Gneisenau, and others—thirty-four years ago, when it ought to have been accomplished, and when it could have been done in peace. In this country, the cause I have at heart has to encounter two great enemies: first, a commercial jealousy of one united Germany; and secondly, that apathy which is the offspring of egotism and the parent of ignorance. I have unspeakable satisfaction in saying this openly, when I hear *radotage* about Germany. . . . The English press has done but too much to make the name of England an object of hatred. Fortunately, it must be the interest of both countries to stand well together; and we can dispense with English sympathies. As to myself, although all delusions have been destroyed as to the politics of England, I shall never cease to be attached to it, and never forget the kindness I have received, and am receiving, from so many persons in this country, or cease to be grateful for the practical understanding of life which I owe entirely to my stay in it;

and the blessings, above all, which through my connection with an English family, through your and Fanny's kindness and affection, have become my portion!

And so I end as I began, with the assurance of being your truly grateful and attached son, of thirty-one years' standing. BUNSEN.

To the Same.

Carlton Terrace: 4th July, 1848.

My heart is too much moved by one of the kindest and most loving letters I ever was blessed with, not to yield to the impulse of responding to it immediately, hoping, however, that you will never think of sending me any answer except from time to time the single words, 'My dear son,' 'Your affectionate mother.' How these words penetrate to the inmost of my heart! I was afraid of having worried you with details of opinion, but I wrote what was uppermost in my mind, hoping on that account to be forgiven. How kind in you to take so encouraging an interest in all I have communicated to you! . . .

I send for your kind acceptance a copy of my 'Egypt,' in English, out of which your daughter, when she arrives, will read to you some passages containing thoughts which may interest you. . . .

Bunsen to Stockmar.

[Translation.] London: 15th July, 1848.

Göthe says:—'What man wishes in youth becomes his portion in age.' My case is yet better: what I wished for Prussia will (it is to be hoped) be fulfilled for Germany. You need not be told that the articles of the '*Deutsche Zeitung*' concerning yourself, are written as out of my very heart. May you but feel the courage to accept such a great and high proposal! I hear from various sides that you are the person in view for the German Ministry of Foreign Affairs. You should have seen the look of Lord P. when I

told him the news, as a diplomatic report. 'That would be a happy choice indeed! He is one of the best political heads I have ever met with.'

. . . The Queen and the Prince maintain an admirable position: it is a true pleasure to me to observe how the Prince becomes more and more known for what he is. Belgium is here, too, looked upon as a pattern country, and King Leopold highly honoured.

There is no difficulty to be anticipated here, in the recognition of the German Empire—*when once it shall exist.*

Bunsen to his Wife. (*After receiving a call to Berlin.*)

[Translation.] 25th July, 1848.

. . . Beust writes to Kielmansegge, that the post is to be offered to me, which Kamphausen has refused—that of Minister of Foreign Affairs for the German Empire. Who knows whether there be any truth in this?

Whoever now accepts the post will leap into the abyss of Curtius. It may be a duty so to do; but, oh! not fruitlessly. . . .

Bunsen to his Wife.

[Translation.]

Cologne: Sunday morning, half-past six; 30th July, 1848.

Here I am, sitting with my *three* sons, the glorious bells of the cathedral ringing in the thanksgiving for Germany's *Reichsverweser*, or Administrator of the Empire (the cathedral itself is to be ready for opening on August 14, 1848, the first time since August 14, 1248); all soldiers with the citizens going about in their *gold, black, and red* cockades.

When I alighted here, I saw George with Helmentag. He brought me a message from the old Oracle—'*Accept.* I have declared that I will accept the Premiership, if you take the Ministry of Foreign Affairs.' Thile writes the same. But at Berlin they are not at all desirous I should. . . .

Contemporary Letter.

30th July, 1848.

. . . . After you had departed on Friday evening, Lord Ashley came in, direct from the chair of a meeting about the Ragged Schools. Nine young people, seven boys and two girls, who had distinguished themselves by good conduct, were to embark for Australia next day, and Lord Ashley was going to Deptford to see them off. He believes that serious measures will be taken to help off the young generation of these helpless ones to another soil. The night before, he had been at the meeting which the 270 thieves had entreated him to give them: he and Jackson, the distinguished City Missionary, and the thieves constituted the assembly. The unhappy men were quiet, respectful, and thankful,—communicating particulars of their wretchedness, representing that they would do any work, submit to any labour,—but that, without character as they were, no possibility existed for them of access to the overstocked labour-market. Lord Ashley promised them another meeting, after he should have had an interval in which to consider and consult as to a plan for helping them. The greater part were individually known to Jackson—he had talked to them, read to them; but it was not his suggestion that they should apply to Lord Ashley—they thought of it, and consulted him on the subject. When this communication was finished with reference to the criminal population of London and their miseries, Dr. Sieveking stated that he knew of a sphere of wretchedness yet more affecting—that of industrious, respectable tradespeople and mechanics, people who had never begged, or committed any offence against society, who yet knew not which way to turn for employment and means of subsistence. He had a district in the parish of St. Pancras, where it would seem that much was done for the poor; but the families whom he attended as a physician had more need of nourishment than of medicine: and the distress was not to

be described of seeing want and privation which had not been incurred by any misconduct. . . .

This passage, like many other 'contemporary notices,' is inserted to mark some images in surrounding scenes, through which the track of Bunsen's life was laid, which excited in him intense interest and sympathy, but as to many of which no written words of his own are to be found. With respect to the conditions of misery here indicated, *much was done* in alleviation: and the many prayers which accompanied the efforts of Christian charity, in well-conceived and zealously-effected plans, have been heard and answered—even though 'the poor cease not from the land,' and, wherever man is found, evil of every kind remains to be striven against.

Letter to Archdeacon Hare.

2nd August, 1848.

DEAR FRIEND,—Bunsen charged me, on the morning of his last day at home, to write and express his regret not to have had time to take leave of you, and explain the circumstances attending his departure.

A letter arrived on Tuesday, the 25th July, to signify officially the commands of the King, that Bunsen should come immediately to Berlin, 'for a few days' consultation,'—at the same time letters from more quarters than one, and public report even in newspapers, declared the intention to be to offer him the Ministry of Foreign Affairs for the 'German Empire.' Still, of this nothing has been communicated officially. I shall not attempt to describe the complication of feelings called forth by the suspense of the crisis, nor how I dread his being dragged into the *Maelstrom*. I can only bear witness to his determination not to accept any apparent dignity, unless *the power* essential to usefulness, and suitable

instruments, should be granted with it: and he continued of opinion that he was more likely to be able to serve his country at his post in England than anywhere else. He was expected at Berlin on the 26th, the day when the Archduke John was to be there,—the meeting of course was impossible, as the summons reached him only the day before.

The Queen and Prince Albert desired to have seen him at Osborne House before his departure, and he did not feel at liberty to delay another day. He lost no more time in setting out than could be avoided, but he had promised to be present at the German dinner in celebration of the appointment of the Archduke as *Reichsverweser*, and in honour of German unity, which took place on Thursday, the 27th July. Bunsen embarked on Friday night, the 28th.

The renewal of hostilities in Schleswig will prove Bunsen to be right, in a way he will deeply regret. After he had been authorised to treat through the mediation of England (which his own personal weight with the Ministry *here* was chiefly instrumental in obtaining, for they frowned on the whole concern and were unwilling to have anything to do with it), and when, through that powerful mediation, favourable and *possible* terms were made out, to establish the principle upon which preliminaries of peace might have rested, Bunsen refusing to consent to an armistice till that should be settled,—suddenly did the Government at Berlin, as if forgetting what had been authorised to be transacted in London, arrange an armistice, without settling preliminaries; thus causing the withdrawal of England's mediation.

Bunsen to his Wife.

[Translation.] Berlin: Thursday, 3rd August, 1848.

This day (as the papers mention the Frankfort offer) I have delivered to the Minister von Auerswald my written declaration:—'That, in the present condition of conflict between Berlin and Frankfort, I should never think of sepa-

rating my fate from that of Prussia; whether or not an offer to that effect should ever be made to me.'

I saw the beloved King yesterday, and passed four important hours with him, experiencing all his former undisturbed confidence.

All the rest by word of mouth.

I shall not return by way of Frankfort. All Prussia is in a great state of irritation against Frankfort, as one man. The affair was not well managed from the beginning.

I shall reward myself this evening with Göthe's 'Iphigenia,' and Beethoven's 'Adagio,' in the theatre.

God be with you, and all our precious ones!

Bunsen to Stockmar. (*At Frankfort.*)

[Translation.] Berlin: 4th August, 1848.

G. will have communicated to you the motives which have dictated my resolution; on that subject there will hardly be any difference of opinion between us, for no spring of action can be suffered to enter into contention with honour and duty.

I find a conflict existing, apparently not to be reconciled. I must consider Berlin, in several points, to be in the right. I perceive the impossibility for Prussia to act otherwise than is demanded by the truly spontaneous and natural popular feeling; and how can I then be doubtful what I have to do, having served Prussia thirty years, having interwoven my own interests most closely with its good or ill fortunes, being bound to the King by every tie of gratitude and affection? Still I feel the need of opening my heart entirely to you upon the thing itself.

Now, my deeply-honoured friend, for our meeting again in London! I do not intend to go through Frankfort; it could be of no use, and, besides, I believe that as soon as Bülow shall have come back with the reply, it would be well for me to be in London without loss of time; things

do not stand well with us there since the refusal of the ratification.

Continue to me your affection and friendship, so infinitely precious to me!

Bunsen to his Wife.

[Translation.] Berlin: Monday, 7th August, 1848.

My stay was of pressing necessity, and I cannot be thankful enough for the impression that my presence here has made. That the King's former affection towards me has flowed forth afresh notwithstanding all obstacles, and that his confidence in me has been, if possible, more unlimited than ever—must be mentioned first; but I believe I have also found favour with the Ministers, to all of whom I was a stranger, and to the greater part of them an object of suspicion; and from the public in general no unfavourable voice has reached me.

I believe I have not been useless here, as to several points of our public life; but the place for my remaining in is not Berlin, and still less Frankfort, as yet. The men of weight there have decided upon a course in which I could not go with them even were I not withheld by their opposition to Berlin. . . .

My thoughts upon the condition of things here I shall write down at Totteridge, as soon as I have the longed-for happiness of being with you again, all you beloved beings!

I only add further that everything went off quietly yesterday, when the Clubs and the Trades had arranged a so-called *German* festival procession to the Kreuzberg, with *German* banners and songs of German unity—while 4,000 peasants from Teltow, in the country, with *Prussian* banners and a cross borne before them, advanced towards the same point from the other side—but, happily, the latter were by two hours the earliest, had made their speeches, and sung their songs, and drawn off, before the first mentioned arrived, to go through similar evolutions. All went off quietly.

The street riots here have decidedly no significance further than the evil effect of increasing by practice the lawlessness of the rabble of all sorts, and the boys more particularly. The spirit of agitation rules the town. . . .

12*th August.*—The Frankfort people *are in the wrong*. I set my conscience and common sense against them all, being at the same time their best friend, and convinced that they will repent not having followed my way. Too late, perhaps! but yet I hope the best. . . .

Bunsen to Archdeacon Hare.

4, Carlton Terrace: 9th November, 1848.

My dear Friend,—I have been long silent, but you never will have doubted that my soul is continually with you, as I know, to my inexpressible comfort, that yours is with me. But I suppose, that there was little correspondence in the time of the Deluge, at least between those who were aware it *was* a Deluge. I feel that I have entered into a new period of life. I have given up all private concerns, all studies and researches of my own, and live entirely for the present political emergencies of my country, to stand or to fall by and with it. Εἷς οἰωνὸς ἄριστος (*Il.* xii. 243). Hector's creed is mine. In this spirit I have written a small volume of about fifteen sheets print,—'*Deutschland's Vergangenheit und Zukunft.*' It consists of three parts, as an introduction, two chapters—

Wohin geht Europa? (whither tends Europe?)
Wohin geht Deutschland? (whither tends Germany?)

Then twelve chapters on the past, to prove that the Germans have ever been *one* nation, and that a federal one, and to explain why their constitution was not completed and perfected before. The last part contains a political analysis of the principles according to which the Federal Constitution of the United States may be applied to Germany. Of course I agree with Gagern that the German Empire *cannot* now

include the Austrian provinces, but that the two Empires, Germany proper and Austro-Germany, may be connected by a compact of eternal peace and unity (*Bundesverwandt*).

Bunsen to his Wife. (*At Totteridge.*)

London: 28th November, 1848.

. . . All accounts from Berlin are good, as far as they go; the revulsion strong and general in favour of the King. The Silesian country has offered two millions—cities like Magdeburg (even) have offered to pay their taxes at once, beforehand, for 1849. I enclose an admirable letter from the leader of the moderate Liberals—(Harkort, a Westphalian) addressed to the workpeople. . . .

To the Same.

[Translation.]

London: Saturday morning, early, 9th December, 1848.

God be thanked! the Constitution which the King has given (*octroyée*) is not the old project, but a much-improved one; and has much of that which I desire. I thank you for your letter. To have your approbation and agreement in all that I do is my highest reward, and therefore my pleasure in your expressions has been indescribable.

Now the news—the Emperor of Austria has abdicated in favour of his nephew.

The King has dissolved the Assembly, dismissed Manteuffel, retained Brandenburg as President, and in the other Ministerial posts has placed men of Liberal principles. The Constitution is *octroyée*, to be in future discussed. Prussia saved, and Germany too!

Contemporary Notice, from the Diary of a Daughter.

Totteridge Park: Monday, 11th December, 1848.

My dearest father and Baron Stockmar arrived in the afternoon, when we had almost given them up, and joined

us in walking on the terrace. They talked of the Prussian Constitution, of which my father promised later to give us a full account. I wish I could put down in detail all they said about it; on the whole they were well satisfied, but Stockmar insisted that there was much in the old project which ought not to have slipped into the Constitution. One article led to a discussion upon the abolition of the punishment of death; Stockmar said he was for limiting the application of it as much as possible, but quite against its total abolition even in political crimes, which, as he said, are often more serious in their consequences than any private offence. His reasons for this were, first, that he thought private revenge, for the prevention of which the severity of law was enacted, could not be prevented without it; and, secondly, that on the masses fear of death would exert a preventive influence impossible in the case of any other punishment. A French statesman having been named, whom my father was willing to consider an 'honest man,' even though disapproving his conduct, Stockmar said, 'Much understanding is required to be an honest man in public affairs,—understanding is necessary for a man to know whether he actually is honest or not; a man may wind round and round in a labyrinth of action for twenty-five years, supposing himself to be honest; and not be so at last.'

At the commencement of 1849 Bunsen was again summoned to Berlin, to be consulted on the relations between Prussia and the Germanic Body, in which he took a lively and unceasing interest. There can be no doubt that the 'great work' to which he refers was to induce the King to accept the Imperial Crown of the new German Empire. Bunsen was ardently favourable to this measure, which the King finally refused to adopt.

Bunsen to his Wife.

[Translation.] Hôtel des Princes, Berlin: 12th January, 1849.

I am doing well, having remained in bed till noon, *fasting* upon barley-water. Last night I returned from the Palace at nine o'clock, *voiceless*, after four hours' incessant discussion. The King's reception of me was most kind and hearty. I enclose his letter, which met me at Potsdam. As soon as we were closeted, I said to the King, I was sure he could not believe I had meant what he at first supposed, by the words of my letter. 'A kiss,' said the King; 'it is all right'—and a hearty kiss was my 'yes.'

I reserve all further particulars till my return. I feel almost certain that I shall depart the 19th or 20th for Frankfort, and be with you the first week of February. There is nothing now for me to do here. The 22nd February may change the face of affairs about Easter. In the meantime—*bene vixit, qui bene latuit.*

I met Count Brandenburg, the Prime Minister, at the King's—nothing could be more kind than his reception of me: and all he said was in my way of thinking. I must make quarantine to-day and to-morrow, to recover the shock of this most severe journey. This laying-up is quite a God-send, otherwise I should be talking myself to death. Abeken keeps me *au courant* of what passes. Lepsius, Gelzer, Hollweg, Pertz, Gerhard, are talking to me—which is a great treat. I do not believe I shall write to you again from Berlin,—but Charles will, who is very helpful.

To the Same.

[Translation.]

Frankfort: Hôtel de Russie: Saturday, 26th January, 1849.

. . . . At length I feel my heart to be free to write to you. When I am in grief, I am like a horse, enduring in silence: and that has been my condition until a week ago, when, after two weeks of distress and anxiety, such as I never experienced before, the King *suddenly* conceded all that I had

been up to that moment craving and supplicating for in vain. In three minutes all was concluded, which it had seemed as if months, and even revolutions, might be required to effect. (The details you shall hear when we shall be again united—I hope, at the latest, in a fortnight.) As soon as this victory was accomplished, I resolved for once to take my fate into my own hands: and proposed immediately to go to Frankfort, whither at the same time the official *Declaration* was despatched. The ostensible reason of my going was 'to confer in the matter of the Schleswig-Holstein instructions,'—and then receive at Berlin the definitive instruction. But I was also empowered to speak openly to Gagern what I should deem necessary in order to bring *the great work* to an end, with God's gracious help, and not conceal, what the King had said to his Ministers and friends, 'that in the *main point* he held one and the same opinion with me.'

Wherefore I arrived, after a journey of adventures, on Thursday evening, the 24th, at this place, yet too late to go to Kamphausen, who had invited a numerous party to meet me: yesterday I talked the whole over with him: he looks upon me as his political friend.

Then I went to Gagern,—and we were soon united in opinion as to the main point: to-day all has been arranged in detail. I have said nothing yet of Lord Cowley, who is the first of English diplomatists. He is as German as myself, and is most helpful to Gagern with the best advice. He is penetrated with the conviction, that if we do not succeed in carrying through the work within three weeks, a terrible revolution may ensue, and is even now at the door. He received me at a splendid banquet, after which Banks and I remained with him till late at night.

Now, do you say with me, 'Lord, I am not worthy of the mercies Thou hast shown unto me!' Not that we are yet at the goal! on the contrary, the conflict *begins* now in earnest, and we may all perish in it—but that is in the hands of God. I care no more for the rest of life, if only *that* great object is

attained: such a fatherland is worth any sacrifice. It goes hard with me to break off from here: and yet I suppose my return is necessary for the work of peace. Could I so arrange things as that a written communication were sufficient without first coming myself,—I should remain in Germany until the decision. The 15th February is known to be fixed for the breaking out of a Republican Revolution in Germany with fire and bloodshed. Yet not a hair will fall from our heads without the will of God,—and I fear nothing.

I think, at the latest, I shall go to Berlin on Thursday next, the 31st.*

Two extracts from a Memoir by Bunsen, on the subject of his journey to Berlin and Frankfort in the months of January and February, 1849, and of subsequent events—finished in June of the same year—may be inserted in this place, as an indication of the severe suffering to which his feelings, both as a German and as a devoted friend of his King, were exposed during those days, and, in fact, almost to the end of his days on earth.

First Extract.

[Translation.]

I departed from Frankfort, February 10th, in joyful thankfulness for the success of my negotiations, for all the kindness I had found, and for the consolation and confirmation of belief, which I had obtained as a provision against the awful future, in the heart of the German nation. Never had I been possessed with a clearer intuition of the fact that Germany is *one* country, and that Germans have the destination, the means, the strength, and the courage, to become the first nation of Europe.

* The answer to this letter, dated 1st February, contained an exhortation to Bunsen, rather 'to remain a few weeks longer, to carry through by influence what only influence could accomplish.'

On Sunday morning, 11th February, at half-past seven, I was again at Berlin. I wrote *directly* a report to the King, that I might not later have to write one in greater detail. With respect to the Schleswig affair, I said that the King's peaceable intentions and proposals had met with a willing and cheerful acceptance. As to Germany, I stated five propositions as decided: the hereditary principle; the revision of the Constitution, yet without adjournment; the necessity that Prussia should declare herself, in the spirit of the Circular note of 23rd January, ready to take the lead (without Austria) in the Federal movement, at the same time leaving it to every other member to enter into it or not; lastly, urging that the lever of Frankfort should not be broken. When I now read through the four pages of this letter, and contemplate the course of the last two months, my heavy heart is yet more weighed down.

The King answered me instantaneously and in haste, the same day, that of all that he would do nothing; the course entered upon was a *wrong* done to Austria; he would have nothing to do with such an abominable line of politics, but would leave that to the Ministry (at Frankfort): whenever the *personal* question should be addressed to *him*, then would he reply as one of the Hohenzollerns, and thus live and die as an honest man.

Very soon after I received from the Ministers the commentary to this utterance. As soon as I had left Berlin for Frankfort the King had veered round at once; a secret correspondence was carried on by himself with Olmütz; the necessity of the existence of the Chambers, and of an understanding with them, was no longer taken into account; the King would not give up politics; on the contrary, he would begin now really to direct them, and that alone. I was glad to have already announced to the King my departure for Wednesday. I was received with kindness. The King read to me his letter to Prince Albert, of which I was to be the bearer, in which he said, 'He had never repented in such a

degree of any step as of that which *I* had advised him to take, desiring that he, the Prince, should hear from myself what I had to say on the subject.'

The King communicated to me further the artful letter of the King of Würtemberg, who was now entirely won over by Austria. I was to observe from that how all the world was against Prussia.

On the same evening I wrote to Kamphausen, to whom, with Vincke and Gagern, I had given the right hand of fellowship in faithful adherence to the German cause, entreating that Berlin be considered the centre of gravity in German affairs, and that he and the other Prussian deputies would hasten hither to the opening of the Chambers. I wrote also to Vincke. I took leave of the King after he rose from the dinner table; towards the end he became as affectionate as he used to be formerly, and touched no more on painful points. He dwelt upon the comfort he had in desperate moments experienced in faith and prayer, assuring me that even in the night between the 19th and 20th of March the last year he had been wholly without fear or anxiety for his life.

[The 'great misunderstanding' of the night of the 19th March, 1848, remains a secret. An aide-de-camp (whose name no one knows) brought an order, in the King's name, 'that the troops should withdraw,' instead of which the King had commanded 'that the troops should withdraw towards the palace.' This enigma nobody could or would solve to me; but General N. assured me that at twelve o'clock on that night, the King was resolved to retreat out of the town with the troops, and to invest it;—then began a state of wavering, until all was too late!]

I left the King with tears, silently and with a heavy heart, Wednesday, 14th February. That evening, I was at Lord Westmoreland's dinner-party; having had in the morning an animated scene with Meyendorf, to whom I communicated the main points of the Memorandum. He endeavoured to

intimidate me. 'You know that you have never before spoken of Norway as an example of the form of federation—you have let yourself be talked over to that in Frankfort; but that is a state of war! I am working against you; my position is inimical, &c.' I rejoined, with entire composure, 'I request you to refrain from that high tone, which makes no impression upon me. I could also speak peremptorily, but it were better we should confer tranquilly. You know well, that I used those same words to you, "the relation of Norway to Sweden must form the standard," before my departure from this place to Frankfort; but, moreover, you must know better than I do, that Count Nesselrode, in a despatch to Budberg, expressed approbation of the "*form of Norway.*"' He thereupon softened (whether ashamed or not) into a tone of conciliation, and closed with honeyed words.

Thus passed the last day at Berlin; but the evening brought me yet an hour of refreshment with the Prince and Princess of Prussia. The arrogance of Austria had irritated the Prince.

I saw Pertz; and then hastened, late as it was, to the beloved Lepsius, with whom I met some young and German-minded friends, from two of whom (one from Nürnberg, one from Bamberg) I obtained many useful notes towards my 'Essay on the Constitution.' We drank together to the well-being of Germany, and parted at ten o'clock, when Abeken accompanied me to the railway.

At eleven o'clock in the morning of Saturday, 17th February, I reached Carlton Terrace, after a delightful journey through the moonlight and the early morning-sunshine of spring, from Dover.

I announced myself to Lord Palmerston, one day sooner than I had promised to return; and then drove with my beloved ones to our favourite Totteridge.

As I had quitted Frankfort with the longing desire to be enabled, there in the centre of German life, to live and act,

so did I quit Berlin with a physical repugnance against the thought either of living or dying there. A general consciousness of dissatisfaction had come over me already in 1845, which in 1848 strengthened into disgust, and now were moral indignation, dejection, and grief fixed permanently in my heart. More than ever did I feel myself a foreigner in the chief city of my fatherland, repelled even in the very dwelling-house of my King. The antechamber countenances recalled to my mind the condition of 1806; there was no free spirit, no fresh and unshackled heart, no human sympathies among all those human forms there seated or gliding about. (An enumeration follows.) Lastly, X., ... now the organ of Meyendorf for communication with the King, by means of whom the King was plied every morning with all the bits of intelligence that could be found likely to irritate and displease him,—at one time, the rudeness of the Frankfort orators, at another, the so-called insurrectional plans and utterances of Gagern; again, the complaints of princes, of noblemen, and of the well-disposed, who felt themselves oppressed (no matter where they were), even mixing suggestions relative to the highest politics. Through this channel the Emperor of Russia transmitted menaces to the King, by word of mouth and in writing; and thus were formed within the King's inner Closet notions, plans, convictions, against which the Ministers vainly contended, and secret correspondences, which overruled politics and ruined diplomacy. Already in 1848 I had discovered traces of this system of by-play, and suffered from it; the malicious letter of Lady—— to Frau von Meyendorf came in this manner to the knowledge of the King; but now I had penetrated further behind the scene, and could see and feel the destructive effects of the political agitation ceaselessly carried on. Of the Court in general the only positive characteristic among many negations, was that of enmity to the popular cause. Humboldt's presence was a consolation, as well as here and

there a man of worth in office, known to me from former times. The hatred of the official body, and of the party of nobles, *as such*, which had persecuted me now during full twenty years, came upon me in yet coarser distinctness than ever, as well as their incapacity and the narrowness of their views, which the exasperation of 1848 had but more strongly brought to view. To Count Brandenburg I was drawn by his inartificial kindness, and his manly devotedness to the King; but his entire previous course of action was a censure upon mine, as mine was upon his. The general impression made by countenances all around was that of choking from suppressed rage. A real statesman was nowhere to be seen; and what could such an one have attempted at Charlottenburg, in the present state of things? The King was resolved to direct all politics by himself alone; he would have a Dictatorship by the side of the Constitution, and yet be considered a liberal constitutional Sovereign; whereas he regarded the constitutional system to be one of deceit and falsehood. The faithfulness, the discipline, and the bravery of the army, being the object of his just pride, he reckoned upon being able to unloose the political knot at last by means of the military; for his noble heart was corroded by habitual exasperation from the event of the 19th and 21st March, 1848, which was more and more transferred to Frankfort. Often did more liberal thoughts and feelings emerge from the flood; but the surrounding influences and the secret communications from Olmütz and Munich allowed not of their permanence.

However much I struggled against the thought, I could not be blind to the fact, that the noble King was preparing for himself and the country a dark and difficult future, which seemed inevitable; humanly speaking, no help to be within reach, at least as long as the King remained in Charlottenburg and Berlin. He might have been compliant with a German Ministry of high intelligence, high station, and European reputation; but never with one merely com-

posed of Prussian, Brandenburgian, Pomeranian, and Saxon materials. The idea that subjects, and those such as he felt to be inferior to himself both in abilities and experience, should direct his politics, should in any degree hinder his acting as he pleased, was intolerable to him. What in earlier days, and even still in 1848, had appeared accidental and transitory with him, now assumed a fixed and fateful character; and what was to my feeling the most painful, was that I could not perceive the same high and truly royal consciousness of right as existed formerly; also that his energy in action bore no proportion to his resolute bearing and declaration of will; that there were moments in which he might be said to sink exhausted, rather than to yield to argument! after which giving way his inward wrath was kindled. I felt myself ever bound to him by affection and gratitude, but the bond of souls was torn asunder, the hope that I had founded upon him had been a delusion; a nearer relation to him in the Ministry of the State had become impossible, or must have closed in an absolute breach.

All around I was aware of disesteem, mistrust, hatred, indignation, directed against the King, by which my heart was irritated as much as wounded; he occasionally spoke of abdication, and the idea that the act was, or might become necessary, was in the heart of thousands. And this in the case of a sovereign so rarely gifted, so noble minded, towering so far above his fellows; born to be the beloved of his people, the jewel and ornament of the age!

Thus did I leave Berlin, resolved never willingly to return thither; which feeling has been more and more confirmed. The four months which have since elapsed have only formed one course of mental suffering, anxiety, grief, pain, and vexation, with few glimpses of light; and I must call them the most distressful and afflicting of my life.

Second Extract.

[Translation.]

That which I regretted so deeply in Frankfort, that the measure I had earnestly recommended before my journey thither had not been put in force at the right time—namely, the exclusion of the Austrian members from the debates upon a Constitution which, since the declaration of their government at Kremsier, they could in no wise accept—soon revealed itself as the essential occasion of ruin to the work which had so far proceeded. The Prussian Governments would not advance resolutely and firmly in the direction of the 23rd January; the directions despatched to Kamphausen were good, but received no subsequent support; the twenty-eight Governments acceded, in mere mistrust of Prussia, or were induced later, by the delay of Prussia in declaring herself, to act upon private and individual views. They decided for the second reading, in spite of all opposing considerations: and why? because all confidence in Prussia had vanished, and fear was in every heart. The representations made were not attended to; and Gagern was under the necessity of yielding much to the *Left*, in order to obtain the passing of any proposition. The position of Kamphausen became a difficult one, which difficulty was further aggravated by the appearance of the arrogant and inimical declaration of Austria. Some members determined to carry the question by storm; but the *hereditary imperial* dignity (*Erbkaiserthum*) for Prussia fell through. At length the question of *chief ruler* (*Oberhaupt*) was in all form debated, and but a small majority declared for it, as the Austrian members (all but three or four) voted in the opposition.

Up to this time I had not resumed my correspondence with the King; I could not muster spirit to do so. The Prussian Chambers began well, but afterwards they did not keep up to their first standard. The entrance of Count

Arnim into the Ministry was an indication how entirely the politics of the King guided all. Bülow became the victim of his own consistency; his resignation was, perhaps, unavoidable, but the choice of Count Arnim, the man of Metternich, the man of Cracow, would have seemed impossible, save to those who knew that the King was his own Minister of Foreign Affairs, and only desired a passive instrument, which should be agreeable to Austria.

On the 14th the King wrote to me, that Gagern was determined upon war with Denmark, but *he* (the King) would not make that war; that Welcker intended to have him (the King) proclaimed Emperor, but that *he* would not accept the crown of shame. According to these declarations I was desired to speak and act. I received this letter on the 30th, and the day after had intelligence of the vote for an Emperor (290 assenting, and 248 members withholding their votes), and could not further continue silent, but urged his acceptance, quoting the saying, that 'acceptance is the *end of the beginning*, but rejection *the beginning of the end*.' (This was dated the morning of the 31st March.) The evening of that day I received a letter of the 27th, in which the King suggested 'that I should as soon as possible break off the connection with Frankfort, as I could not act according to opposite instructions.' On the 26th I had received from Berlin the most incredible directions in the Danish matter, by which (but an error of the transcriber was afterwards recognised) I should have been called upon to act as much against my instructions as my convictions, and yet upon my own responsibility. The King's counsel, therefore, came to hand at the right moment, and I wrote back the same evening, that I should the next day lay down my office as German Plenipotentiary; at the same time announcing to the King that he must dismiss me, if the Danish line of politics of Count Arnim was to be adhered to; for I could not sign the protocol which had been laid before me. I

was thoroughly disgusted with my position and all the transactions.

This communication of mine arrived on the evening of the day on which the King had received the Frankfort deputies.

Thus came round the precious season of Passion Week. On Good Friday the King wrote to me that 'I must, for God's sake, justify myself; if I had indeed said what Lord Palmerston attributed to me, that I could receive no commands from Berlin in the Danish negotiation, I must perceive what he would be obliged to do.' This was a severe trial! I replied to the letter (which revealed the utter confusion of the King's perceptions as to the nature of the negotiation, as one carried on by the Central Power), on the 12th April, with a documentary statement of the history of the plenipotentiary office in question.

Two days later I received the King's Easter letter, in which was no mention whatever of the accusation; but the King entered kindly, and with tolerable composure, into the reasons for which he neither *could*, nor *ought* to, act in the matter of the Imperial Crown according to my counsel.

At the same time the Circular of the Ministry upon the subject of the King's decision and reply came to hand; of which I sent a translation to Lord Palmerston, Lord John Russell, and Sir Robert Peel, and transmitted to the King the highly intelligent reply of the latter, in my answer of the 17th of April. He expressed himself as 'fully aware that great objections lay against acceptance; but that refusal might bring yet greater dangers, by the delay to be apprehended in accomplishing a final arrangement. The King, however, had given a strong proof of an unambitious disposition.' I entered no further into the subject of the King's decision, as that could have led to nothing; but argued that nothing further remained, but, in the spirit of the Constitution, to call a Revision-Parliament, together with those Governments which were willing to unite. In

conclusion, I addressed myself to the King's conscience as to his expressions regarding the cause of Schleswig-Holstein, and implored him not to incur blame therein.

Meanwhile the Congress of Princes was opened, under the presidency of Radowitz. I had always insisted that Radowitz would remain faithful to his former professions, and to the sentiments he had expressed on the occasion of the voting for the choice of an Emperor; no one else, however, would believe it; but as for a successful result with the King, I had my doubts as well. Those were sad weeks! Anarchy, civil war, insurrection, on all sides! But excess of distress brought at last a solution, as the Prussian army showed itself to be unbroken, while other thrones were shaken or hurled down. The King's appeal of the 15th May was a ray of light, which I joyfully hailed as such; but the time was gone for words to be effective!

The intelligence of the settlement with Hanover and Saxony arrived on the morning of Whit Sunday (27th May), not altogether unexpected by me; for all things indicated that result. The first sure intelligence I received was on the day of the Queen's Drawing Room, on the 31st, from the Hanoverian Minister; and I mentioned it to the Queen herself, who, however, the next day (1st June, at the concert at Court), expressed herself as still incredulous, and full of distressed anticipations for Germany. At length, on the 2nd June, the document of the Constitution arrived. Stockmar and I recognised in it a sincere acknowledgment of the tendency of the German endeavours, and a pledge of a final and happy solution; but the intrigues of Austria, Bavaria, and of the Archduke John at Frankfort (to gain time for other purposes), continued in activity. I expressed to the King my joyful congratulation, but also my apprehensions and suggestions as to the law of elections, and the transition from dictatorship to constitutional rule: having previously communicated to him a letter, written in his name to Peel, in justification of the King's line of proceeding. I

also wrote to him again, on the 5th June, after the conferences of Gotha, and the betrayal on the part of the Kings of Hanover and Saxony.

An event which in the beginning of March had not been anticipated, the removal of the Prussian Legation from No. 4 to No. 9, Carlton Terrace, took place in the third week of the month, when within two days all our possessions were cleared out of one house into the other, passing over the terrace so as to be as little as possible within public observation: and the family retreated to Totteridge before the night following the last of those days. Seven remarkable years had been past in the beautiful abode of Lord and Lady Stuart de Rothesay: but however much it had been deservedly valued, the gain in acquiring the house of Mr. Alexander was incontestable, both as to space, and amount of light, and also in the better arrangement of rooms. A severe indisposition resulted to Bunsen from exposure to the March winds when superintending upon the terrace part of the work of removal—for the youthful period was now past in which he could show himself proof against shocks to body and mind; and three days' rest in bed sufficed not to remove the cough, with which he felt obliged to go to a dinner-party at Lord Palmerston's, on Wednesday, the 28th, and to the Drawing Room on the 29th (marked in a contemporary letter as the first *rainy* Court-day observed during seven years), to avoid exciting a supposition of keeping out of sight from diplomatic reasons. The present period answered to that of the year before which followed the visit of his Royal Highness the Prince of Prussia, when Bunsen

was also seriously indisposed, in a manner now becoming distressingly frequent. But activity in official correspondence, far from having relaxed, seemed rather to increase in feverish excitement in proportion as the grounds of hope of any happy result diminished more and more.

CHAPTER XIV.

CORRESPONDENCE.

'NEMESIS OF FAITH'—FROUDE—CHRISTOLOGY—OCCASIONAL MEMORANDA—RELATIONS WITH AUSTRIA—OSBORNE HOUSE—PRINCE ALBERT—GREAT EXHIBITION OF 1851—BUNSEN'S SPEECH—THE GORHAM JUDGMENT—DEATH OF SIR R. PEEL—BROADLANDS—DANISH AFFAIRS—EGYPTIAN STUDIES.

Bunsen to Max Müller.

[Translation.] Carlton Terrace: 22nd April, 1849.

YESTERDAY evening, and night, and this morning early, I have been reading Froude's 'Nemesis of Faith,' and am so moved by it that I must write you a few lines. I cannot describe the power of attraction exercised upon me by this deeply-searching, noble spirit: I feel the tragic nature of his position, and long have I foreseen that such tragical combinations await the souls of men in this island-world. Arnold and Carlyle, each in his own way, had seen this long before me. In the general world, no one can understand such a state of mind, except so far as to be enabled to misconstrue it.

In the shortcoming of the English mind in judging of this book, its great alienation from the philosophy of Art is revealed. This book is not comprehended as a work of Art, claiming as such due proportions and relative significance of parts; otherwise many individuals would at least have been moved to a more sparing judgment upon it, and in the first place they would take in the import of the title.

This book shows the fatal result of the renunciation of the Church-system of belief. The subject of the tale simply

experiences moral annihilation; but the object of his affection, whose mind he had been the means of unsettling in her faith, burst through the boundaries which humanity has placed and the moral order of the world imposes: they perish both,—each at odds with self, with God, and with human society: only for him there yet remains room for further development. Then the curtain falls—that is right, according to artistic rule of composition; true and necessary according to the views of those who hold the faith of the Church of England; and, from a theological point of view, no other solution could be expected from the book than that which it has given.

But here the author has disclosed the inward disease, the fearful hollowness, the spiritual death, of the nation's philosophical and theological forms, with resistless eloquence; and, like the Jews of old, they will exclaim, 'That man is a criminal! stone him!'

I wish you could let him know how deeply I feel for him, without ever having seen him; and how I desire to admonish him to accept and endure this fatality, as, in the nature of things, he must surely have anticipated it; and as he has pointed out and defended the freedom of the spirit, so must he now (and I believe he will) show in himself, and make manifest to the world, the courage, active in deed, cheerful in power, of that free spirit.

Bunsen to Lücke.

[Translation.] London: Christmas, 1847.
(Sent off 25th April, 1849.)

With you I long to confer upon Christology. Our points of view cannot, I apprehend, be very far apart. And I am convinced also that the *rigorously rational* line of argument (from Lessing and Kant to Schleiermacher, in what may be considered the essence of his historical belief) claims its place, not in our Universities only, but also in the life of our congregations. If indeed no honest formula

of real concord should be possible between that view and the other, as historically fixed in our Churches, then the world will have but the alternative of becoming either unchristian or Roman Catholic. But the one is as unworthy an anticipation as the other. My own personal endeavours have ever tended, and now more than ever, towards three points:—

1. To bridge over that divergence for the life of the congregation, not by means of formularies constructed by speculative ratiocination by so-called dogmas, but by the living act of worship; in which (subjectively) all religion takes its rise. Upon this point I can render honest account, historically and speculatively; yet I hold back until God shall show me that it is time, and my conscience shall tell me that I have made all parts clear to myself. But I learn daily so much at least as to perceive how little I know.

2. To bring into full acknowledgment the Christian element, first, theoretically, then, in the State, by promoting the development of political freedom.

3. And lastly, in the Church (i. e. congregation, community of believers), by perfecting the diaconate,—Christian socialism, or the system of mutual ministration.

To the faithful and conscious following up, however feebly, of these three points, I find, after forty 'years of learning and of wandering,' now on the verge of my sixtieth year, the *unity of my life*: and I am strengthened by clinging to it in the midst of conflicting currents, the disturbances and interruptions of my outward calling, and the commotions of the inner man, as Antæus by the embrace of his mother earth. This has been my ruling consciousness since 1841, and to this, the closer acquaintance with the Church of England, and with the decidedly erroneous direction which she has taken since 1843, has materially contributed, certainly not less than my critical examination of the original sources of Christianity. The hierarchical tendency now prevailing is untenable.

From these words you will already gather my dissent from the policy of the Eichhorn Ministry; that is, from the present mode of carrying out an originally just idea of our piously-minded King, who however, since 1843, has veered as much to the right hand as I myself to the left. He is influenced by consideration of the destructive energy which he attributes to unbelief in positive Christianity, as taught in the churches, to enact limiting ordinances in the domain of conscience. I have done my utmost by the strongest statement of objections to clear the law of 30th March from the stains which render it a mere 'Edict of Toleration;' and glad should I have been, could I have converted it into a 'law establishing religious and confessional freedom.' But I could not attain my object; and now the mode of execution is wrong too.

The wretched spectacle of a wholly lifeless Church and theological system, as well as a clear consciousness of the necessary and salutary consequences of critical enquiry, has brought me to oppose more strenuously than ever all government of the Church by the State, and to advance by all means in my power a purified faith. In my opinion, the King has fallen into two essential errors, in spite of my faithful and persevering warnings: first, His Majesty did not accept the saving formulary of Ordination, proposed by the General Synod of 1846; far less did he introduce into all provinces the Synodal system. Then, he has renewed, on the contrary, the old system (long since untenable) of consistorial administration, and endeavoured to govern with it. I cannot discern how the King should get clear of the consequences of these errors as long as he lives. To turn again into the right way is, humanly speaking, under given circumstances, impossible. I scarcely need assure you that, for my own part, I have long arrived at the conviction that my calling cannot be in this direction.

My 'Church of the Future' and 'Ignatius' have both been written under an irresistible pressure from within;

but also with self-congratulation on the opportunity given me of rendering any mistake on the part of the King with regard to my views impossible. The Ministry of Public Instruction is also not to be thought of for me, in the present direction of the King's Government. The more, therefore, do I endeavour to fight for the cause on literary ground. 'Marcion,' and 'Hegesippus,' and the 'Tables,' are as good as finished, but 'Egypt' demands two years more, and, until that time is over, I shall think much, but work little, on the domain of Christian doctrine and history.

And, here, Christology claims attention in the first place. I start from this axiom: that Christology, as taught in the Churches, cannot be brought in union with the right interpretation of Scripture, with the historical views, the speculative thought, and the moral consciousness, of the time we live in. Therefore, I am somewhat angered at the *second* edition of Dorner, and do not agree with Nitzsch in his dogmatic writings.

The question I desire to put to you is the following:—Does the doctrine of the Logos, as still understood by Origen, in connection with the theory of identity, as founded by Schelling, but without losing the conception of personality, open a way of reconciliation with the ultimate results of that criticism of which Schleiermacher, in his character as Exegete, is an embodiment?

I placed this very question before Tholuck in August last year, and he admitted to me that he had arrived at the same point; here, alone, he believed, was the solution to be sought for. We must reduce the difference to that between the infinite and the finite, i.e. *infinitum in finito*, the Eternal in time.

At the first attempt to carry through that view, I am encountered by the Gorgon-head of Pelagianism, which Nitzsch held before me in all its terrors when we first conferred upon my theory of self-sacrifice. My axiom, 'Christ

is deified by His unique and unapproached sanctity,' they denounce as heretical. And yet this, and no less, is asserted by Luther's greatest teacher, the godly author of the 'Theologia Germanica.' To me it is quite clear that the entire theological doctrine of Grace, as opposed to free agency, is a theological error and confusion; as incorrect as its opposite, but not a whit more true.

Schleiermacher's celebrated passages in arts. 13 and 93 to 98 are not, to my mind, founded in fact. His reference to John iii. 10, for μονογενής as Christ's own expression, is, to say the least, not quite clear. The above-named passages appeared essential to him for his argument. But that cannot make them true for me from the historical point of view. And speculatively also they are not, I believe, established. I can only agree with Schleiermacher's art. g.g., in so far as the writer separates the necessary basis of belief from the two facts there mentioned.

For this reason, I consider the Schleiermacher school in that respect not of a durable but a transitory nature. Just as little do I perceive help in Hegel, less still in his Tübingen followers. Finally, Schelling's last attempts will not bear examination, full as they are of splendid flashes of discovery, which, however, cannot be denied to Hegel either.

Thus then it might appear as though enlightening enquiry had not yet advanced since the days of Lessing and Kant ('Erziehung des Menschengeschlechts,' and 'Religion innerhalb der Gränzen der reinen Vernunft'); but all that lives in me stubbornly resists such a conclusion, though I am conscious of standing on the basis of those two great men.

The *self-consciousness of Christ* must not be assailed. But the question is (a question which Schleiermacher too suggests but discards), whether that self-consciousness could otherwise declare itself than within the general conditions of humanity, i.e. according to nationality and personality. And a second question is this,—whether, in order to believe

in Him as a Redeemer, we must nevertheless acknowledge that for that self-consciousness it was indispensable to be uttered as of a prototype, i.e. self-beginning (*selbstanfänglich*), for otherwise, Christ cannot be considered as First Cause?

The Father alone is free from the limitations of the temporary and transitory. The Son 'was in the form of a servant,' as long as His appearance on earth lasted. But is it less Divine, to reveal the essential nature of God in the purest, most universally intelligible form of human reality, than in a (supposed) supernatural mode of appearance? That which under the one supposition is attributed to the appearance, the other acknowledges as existing in the eternal cause of the appearance. Why may not both suppositions subsist together? We have not now to deal with scoffers like Voltaire, or with negations like those of the Encyclopædists and Materialists: but with a serious philosophy of the mind, and a critically-founded, positive system; and, in great part, with minds honest and serious, who accept and honour the Scripture. Need we be impeded by the falsely so-called Apostles' Creed, or the pre-eminence therein given to the *mythical deposit* of the deep impression produced by the Divine revelation in Christ, which has become predominant in the Churches? Must this so be, and can it thus remain? Why should not faith in the Divine revelation be true and vigorous when it assumes that man is the highest exponent of that Divine revelation given to us mortals?

It was my intention only to write to you a few words to shadow forth what I desire to discuss with you, by word of mouth, after our thirty years' separation. I hope what I have said will not frighten you from complying with my invitation to come and see us.

(*Conclusion, dated London, 25th April*, 1849.)—I cannot send off my letter written sixteen months ago, without a sign of life and an explanation. I let the letter lie, in the wish thoroughly to prove in my own mind the view therein

stated. The year 1848 drove the vessel of my life into storms and tempests, and I was shaken inwardly as well as outwardly by the violent swaying of the billows: but this present Easter I have granted myself a few days of contemplation, and the result has been to find the system consolidated into a part of myself, and living with my own life.

Christology can never be rightly established, without a due development of the wholly neglected doctrine of the Spirit. For the Spirit of God is the power which reveals and realises God in the community of believers, constituting the mystery of spiritual unity which through successive generations is preserved in the multitude of individual souls.

To the whole period from Origen to Luther I feel an utter stranger. After Origen the Church-system, not the congregational but the hierarchical, was finally established, in opposition to that of Moses, as a new Law, and went on growing and developing itself up to the time of Luther. The new birth, however, is slow and difficult. Christ must and will become living flesh and blood nationally, as He did humanly—as He is becoming in the community of believers. Universal priesthood, instead of the former exclusive order; works of love instead of professions of faith; belief in God within us (i. e. Christ), with such awe and humility as can alone preserve Him to our souls;—that is the Religion and Church of the future. All besides must fall, and is already spiritually annihilated. The Bible remains as the consecrated centre of the world's history, from the standing-point of the individual consciousness of God.

In England everything, except the moral principle in the form of the fear of God, is deathlike. Thought itself is crudely rationalistic; public worship in general lifeless; the vivifying spirit startles like a spectre. The fall may be terrific, like that of ancient Rome;—see my 'Egypt,' vol. i., the chapter on the Learning of the Romans.

With us, the theological reaction will pass away like the political, and the anti-theological revolution like her daughter the Red Republic. We are still the chosen people of God, the Christian Hellenes. I live my intellectual life in my native country.

Occasional Memoranda, in Bunsen's handwriting.

[Translation.] July, 1849.

. . . Meanwhile, English conditions and the politics of Great Britain did not give me much occupation. Ireland alone reminded the English that they had a point of mortality. All that is false, corrupt, decaying, decrepid, overdone in their whole social system, they feel but as something artificial, confused, inconvenient, without such a sense of inherent evil as should rouse them to a thorough change. . . . . To speak with the English on foreign politics, is only worth while on the Roman question. All were agreed that France has cheated not only England, Austria, Naples, the Pope, and the Romans, but also herself. On the subject of Germany the Tories were inimical, the Whigs apathetic, the Radicals alone reasonable. Only with Peel could I speak on the subject quite openly and with confidence.

In the course of the day, I regularly saw Stockmar once, if not twice; we lived in German politics, as to which he, as usual, saw all things in the present in still darker colours than I did myself—both, however, agreeing in our faith in the great future of the fatherland. The greatness of events had banished from the mind of each of us all reserve and misgiving, and each lay open and plain before the other. Our compulsory inactivity was the hardest to bear for both; at length he departed on the 3rd for Germany. In my mind the resolution was more than ever confirmed, to remain at my post as long as duty (i.e. opportunity of being of use) should retain me: but, as soon as an outlet should present itself, to consecrate the yet remaining days and years to enquiry and reflection upon the highest

things. Meanwhile, I determined to live now as much as possible in the country, at Totteridge.

The projected Design of a Union with Austria.

Even after the events of 1848 and my own experience in 1849, it was to me as a thunder-clap in a clear sky to find on Friday, 20th July, in the Cologne paper, the intelligence that Prussia had made to Austria a *proposal of Union*, in 15 Articles—according to which the two empires (Germany and Austria) should have one and the same diplomacy, therefore one line of politics, one political government, and one Federal Court, consisting of four plenipotentiaries, under the presidency of Austria, to decide upon peace and war. Only one thing seemed incredible, that Austria should not at once have accepted the proposal. But this may be thus explained: first, by the boundless arrogance of Schwarzenberg; secondly, by his consciousness of what Austria intends, as soon as Hungary shall be subdued—that is, to renounce all the mummery of Constitutionalism—which has without doubt long been agreed upon in confidential conference with Russia; besides which, the design is in itself impracticable. Austria, with her own complications of States and of policy, can represent no German interests in foreign affairs; it might as well be decidedly pronounced, that 'Austria should direct the politics and diplomacy of both empires, as she long has done.'

An hour later, at one o'clock, in a conference with Palmerston, I represented to him the thing as credible, saying, 'That is the result of your policy—you would not have a German Federal State, and thus you drive us to throw ourselves into the arms of Austria, therefore into those of Russia; an empire of seventy millions will, at least, suffice to command consideration for us, and the rest will come of itself. To myself, of course, this turn of things is very painful, for if the project of a Union does not succeed, there will be endless confusion and internal conflicts; while,

if it succeeds, you and France will turn your enmity against us as the world's chief anarchy; in either case, Germany loses her proper national course of politics—that of a solely defensive Federal State, for which her nature, language, and history have long been preparing her. But the re-establishment of the old connection of States is impossible; and, equally so, the subsistence of the several German States in single independence: wherefore nothing remains to us (as the world has conspired against the German Federal State) but fusion with Austria. See what will come of this! Officially I know nothing, but I believe in the thing as announced by the newspapers. We may be obliged to guarantee to Austria all her possessions, inclusive of Lombardy and Venice, and of course of Hungary.' Palmerston endeavoured first to treat the matter as absurd and impossible, but I would not allow him thus to dismiss it, and at last he said, 'Well, the tendency towards a German Union was laudable, only it appeared merely good as a plaything; *could* it be realised, it would be beneficial, and it would entirely suit the policy of this country. But the plan to erect such a monster of an empire is another thing. That would be a public nuisance. And what a policy for Germany to guarantee to Austria the possession of Italy! It would produce a hostile position of England and France against it,—it would be a renewal of the Holy Alliance, only in a more practical and formidable form. That is impossible.' I requested that he would keep in mind what I had told him.

That same Friday afternoon, 20th July, I took opportunity, when Drouyn de l'Huys paid me his visit on assuming his post, to state to him *academicamente* the whole matter. He apprehended quickly all that I detailed, and gave me in return his concise and correct French formulary at once:—

'Le rétablissement de l'ancienne confédération est impossible: les États ne sauraient se maintenir dans leur isole-

ment. Le projet de Francfort, tel qu'il a été repris et remodelé à Berlin, donne à l'Allemagne la consistence nécessaire, sans lui donner une force ou tendance aggressive: elle tient la balance vis-à-vis de l'Autriche et de la Russie. Si ce projet ne se réalise pas, à cause de la jalousie et de l'amour propre dynastique, il y aura ou la république ou l'asservissement sous l'Autriche. La république remuerait l'Europe: la monarchie de 70 millions reproduirait les inconvénients de celle de Charles V et du Traité de la Sainte Alliance.'

He said further, that when he first became minister, they had confined themselves to a close observation of the German movement; but they were disturbed and brought to anxious consideration by the aggressive demeanour of Germany in every corner,—in Schleswig and in Limburg speeches had been heard treating of the recovery of Alsatia and of the Baltic provinces. A German Federal State, as I had described it, would cause no serious danger to France, and would therefore bring about no inimical feeling. He abominated the thought of the union of all Germany with Austria.

For refreshment after this long day's work, I visited, at six o'clock, my truly esteemed colleague Bancroft, who agreed in my view of things, and communicated to me the President's instructions on the subject. The American diplomacy outruns the English by far. Already, on the 22nd March, Squier, as secret negotiator, was on his way towards Leon, from whence to proceed to Nicaragua, to protest against the giving up of toll.

Osborne House.

The melancholy intelligence and gloomy prospects, under which I left London on the 25th July, were but too well confirmed by what I learnt at Osborne House, and by the letters which followed me thither. On the 26th, I had just time, after reading what the post had brought, to

despatch a letter written by Prince Albert to the Prince of Prussia, together with a letter of my own to his Royal Highness. Prince Albert had encouraged me to send his letter by the common post; he had no objection to its being known, wherever the packet might by the way be opened, how he condemned the acts and the persons by whom Germany was betrayed, as he had written his opinion to the Prince of Prussia. And why should it not be a matter of indifference to me, that whether on this or that side of the sea, my convictions should be read? It is long since my ships have all been burnt, and that I have given counsel to friend and foe, without consideration of consequences to myself! I shall maintain my post here as long as I can, as a fortress of freedom; but I shall not withhold a word of warning, in order to keep off the attacks that menace me, nor shall I go forth to meet them.

All that I long after is beyond these trammels;—leisure for reflection on the Divine which subsists in things human; and for writing, if God enables me to do so. I live as one lamed; the pinions that might have furthered my progress are bound, yet not broken.

Sir James Stephen is to become Professor of Modern History at Cambridge. He intends to lecture upon French History, and therewith to connect the general history of European civilisation. I observed to Prince Albert, that Stephen probably came to this determination from the desire to make Guizot's work on the civilisation of France and of Europe a foundation for his lectures; but that purpose was ill judged, for the great epochs in art and science in the modern world belong to the Italians and the Germans, and not to the French. Yet much may be said for Guizot's opinion, that the French have exercised so powerful an influence over the world; they form the medium between the practical English and the theoretical German. They have always best understood how to coin the gold of intelligence and bring it into circulation. But their influence is diminishing.

The important thing would be, that Stephen should make of the Professorship of History a life-calling; that he should *live* at Cambridge, and unceasingly labour to influence the cultivation of mind in the youth of the University, by a well carried out course of historical instruction, not only by aphoristic, dilettante lectures—although even such will constitute a step in advance. Stephen is said to be evangelical in principle, but not fanatical or narrow-minded, as is proved by his articles on Wilberforce and Hannah More.

The Prince observed, when I had stated to him the theory of Guizot as to the relative position of the three nationalities to each other and to the world, that the danger of the French was in licentiousness; the Englishman's besetting sin was selfishness; that of the German, self-conceit. Every German knows all and everything better than all others.

I remarked to the Prince, that the single-action (*Einspännigkeit*) of the German was probably the consequence of our imperfect political condition, the want of centralisation; that individualising in things intellectual was a feature of character in the German, as federalism in things political. But were there a sufficient central power opposed firmly to this tendency, *that* would be just the requisite condition of the highest and most beneficial civilisation. England and France have a great advantage, in that each, by the joint operation of the most distinguished intellectual faculties to be found in each nation, can produce, and represent on every given occasion, the very best within its separate capacity; whereby the *measure* is given of what is attainable in that country—the *standard* is not only elevated but kept high.

During the autumn of this year two days were spent at Fox How with Mrs. Arnold, wonderfully supported both in body and mind; Mr. and Mrs.

Wordsworth were found well in health in their eightieth year, but utterly broken in spirit by the loss of their daughter, Mrs. Guillenan, two years before. The weather, unusually rainy during this expedition, allowed an interval in which to take a glimpse of some of the 'scenes in strong remembrance set,' to which all had, in the year 1839, been introduced by Dr. Arnold himself. On Saturday, 29th September, the party left Fox How, and reached in the afternoon Wootton Hall, in Staffordshire, from whence, two days later, Bunsen returned to London.

Bunsen to his Wife. (*At Llanover.*)

Carlton Terrace: Wednesday, 14th November, 1849.

I am here, awaiting my African travellers, not yet arrived. Richardson finds he must start to-morrow, as the caravan for the Soudan leaves Ghat (a place already very deep in the desert) on February 2nd. Mrs. Richardson accompanies him to Tripoli, where she awaits his return. Fairbairn is coming to-day to take his Berlin Commissioners in hand. Government has in a very handsome despatch thanked me for the plan and the mission of the two engineers. Stockmar arrived here on Monday, stayed all yesterday to have a good talk with me; will come again this morning, and goes to Windsor in the afternoon.

*Bunsen to Mrs. Waddington.**

Carlton Terrace: Wednesday morning, 14th November, 1849.

My dearest Mother,—I cannot begin my day's work before I have thanked you for your ever dear and precious words of love and affection! *Dum spiro amo* is the motto, I think, of one of your seals, but certainly it is that of your heart. You may believe me that I feel it; and that I do

* This letter was the last ever written to her; two months later she had received the death-stroke.

so more and more, every time that I see yourself or your words. And love is the seal which God's Spirit requires to find upon our souls; as one of the wisest and most pious of the Fathers (Clemens of Alexandria) says in explaining the saying of St. John to the same purpose, adding 'The Spirit is Truth.' I wish all those who consider themselves believers would *really* believe in this word, and then certainly the result must be love to God and their neighbour. All our German speculation has at last come to this: that what the human heart believes in faith, but cannot prove to be true—*is* true; and that love is the infallible exponent of faith in life. I believe also this to be at the bottom of what the Saviour has said of the sin against the Holy Ghost. There is no belief possible in Christ, without believing in the Spirit.

I am moved to write in this strain, because, although I am now in town for diplomatic business, my mind is full of the last *three and a half* happy days at Totteridge. I have at last come to the point, which I have been striving to obtain since 1817—'the Life of Christ;' and although I must begin by clearing the porch and outer hall of the temple, obstructed by the theologians still more than by the philosophers, yet do I perceive the breath of life proceeding from the temple and its sanctuary. My dearest F. and M. have assisted me so well, that we have already cut out and pasted together, in the true chronological order, more than *one-third* of the four Gospels: I directing, M. finding the passage and cutting it out with her neat fingers, and F. receiving and registering all the pieces, and, after examination, finally pasting each in its proper place. When we *tested* our work on Tuesday morning, not one verse was found missing or misplaced. When I return, I hope to go on in the same manner, pasting in the evenings, and writing the outlines of the explanatory book during the day. When I have done, I shall go to Herstmonceaux, to read all to Hare.

And now, my dear mother, I will harness myself, as Carlyle says, for the day's work.

Ever your grateful and affectionate son,

BUNSEN.

Bunsen to his Wife. (*At Llanover.*)

Saturday, 24th November, 1849.

The expedition to Central Africa is settled. We are on the eve of great discoveries in Eastern Africa. Kilimandjaro has been touched by travellers' *hands*—it is a mountain like Chimborazo, an extinct volcano, 22,000 feet high. The sources of the Nile must be on the western slope, whither Redmann is gone.

Bunsen to Archdeacon Hare.

London: 10th January, 1850.

. . . Meanwhile there has been a most lamentable working upon the King's mind, by the united Russian or Absolutist party and the Pietists. The latter have affected his conscience, saying that the Constitution was godless, destructive of the holy union between Church and State, that it had *unchristianised* Prussia, &c. Were this sheer bigotry, I could tolerate it as error of conviction, but there is at the bottom a great amount of low and short-sighted interest of *caste*. The Constitution stipulates that the nobles of the ancient provinces shall in future pay the land-tax like all others.

The King's conscience, I *believe*, is now righted; but the secret is out: the King will hardly recover his place in public estimation, although *Vetter Michel* is of a forgiving disposition. Fortunately, it is considered as what it is—weakness, not faithlessness; false scrupulosity, not word-breaking. At all events, the King *freely gave* the Constitution, 5th December, 1848, and it is now rather amended in the sense of moderation. The King receives the law back better for him than he gave it.

Bunsen to Baron Stockmar.

[Translation.] Carlton Terrace: 17th January, 1850.

. . . . I remain silent owing to grief, which you will understand. Still I do believe in the possibility of an understanding between the Crown and a majority in the Chamber.

I have received a most kind letter from the King. He desired, as he says, to write me a long letter, expressly to communicate congratulations with his original heartiness upon the engagement of my daughter Mary. Much love, but no politics, in the letter.

Bunsen to his Wife. (*At Llanover, after the death of her mother on the* 18*th January.*)

[Translation.] London: February, 1850.

. . . At Berlin all is right—although I have not yet read the King's '*last* OWN speech,' as he called it—I believe, after all, it would have been better that he had not made it; but one must take him as he is, and he has to try to reconcile the 6th February, 1850, with the 3rd February, 1847. Still everybody seems to be satisfied and pleased. The ceremony* was very solemn—the King affected to tears—all the bells rung, and 201 guns were fired, as he pronounced the sacred engagement.

A passage has been found by G., showing that Milton was one of those who had called in question the authenticity of the letter of Ignatius.

Bunsen to Baron Stockmar.

[Translation.] London: Tuesday morning, 5th February, 1850.

Last Saturday I buried a beloved mother, and I return from her grave (which her poor neighbours did not quit

* Viz., of the King's taking the solemn oath on the Prussian Constitution.

till they had filled it in with soil by single handfuls, that not the smallest stone might fall upon her coffin), to the bridal house from the house of death. Thus does the circling course of life reveal itself to our eyes.

Bunsen to Archdeacon Hare.

London: 20th February, 1850.

You suppose I am going away from this country! I never dreamt of going—never was I more bound to London and England than at the present moment. Prussia is in the haven, as to herself; but the German Union, or 'United States of Germany,' are yet to be born, and at this eleventh hour all the powers of evil double their efforts to prevent this great European birth, or rather this beginning of regeneration. But, 'portæ inferi non prævalebunt contra eam!' All the powers of the Continent are against us, and traitors are in the camp. The Princes are wavering, more or less, now that the hour of danger is past. Still they are bound, by their popular parliaments, finances, and necessities, and cannot shake these off, as many do their words and engagements.

A meeting was held on the 21st February, 1850, in Willis's Rooms, on the proposed Great Industrial Exhibition of 1851, at which, after speeches made by Lord Carlisle, M. Van de Weyer, Mr. Abbott Lawrence, and the Bishop of London, Bunsen moved, in the following terms, the fourth resolution, expressive of the hope that all foreign nations would cordially promote the endeavour of England to carry out an undertaking in which all nations have an interest:—

Gentlemen,—I believe this earnest hope is well founded; I trust you will express it unanimously on this day, and I am sure the echo will come to you from all parts of the world, and the chorus of the response of nations will speak

as harmoniously and as forcibly in reply. You have a right to expect from me the reason for anticipating with so much confidence such a result. My confidence is founded upon a general principle, in the truth of which I firmly believe, and to which all I have heard to-day from the noble Earl and my right reverend friend gives a powerful confirmation.

This principle is—'Appeal frankly to the reason and goodwill of mankind, and mankind will answer you accordingly.' Reason and goodwill are, thank God! as deeply-rooted in the human heart as the instinct of self-preservation and self-interest.

Whoever proposes what is based upon those eternal motives will find an echo in the human breast. Now, it is easy to prove, and it must be clear to every foreign observer who has followed attentively the origin and progress of this great national movement, that the plan proposed is not useful to you alone, but to everybody, and that it is as reasonable and noble as it is calculated to promote your material interests. It addresses itself to the best feelings, as well as to the general interest of other civilised nations. The Earl of Carlisle has proclaimed, and your applause has sanctioned, the great principle,—the admission is universal, the undertaking English; the Exhibition is international, the subscription national.

This is a noble principle, and the only one worthy of the object and of yourselves. The response will be a corresponding one. The world, which has been your guest, will ask you to be theirs in their turn. You intend to admit, free of duty, all products of foreign industry to the Exhibition, as far as they are destined for this purpose only; the same will be done to you in the future Exhibitions on the Continent of Europe and in the United States of America. . . . I rejoice to see your first houses everywhere the first in promoting this great national object. This spirit of true liberality does not surprise me. During a

stay at Birmingham and Manchester I had the opportunity of seeing with admiration how soon and how thoroughly all local and class interests gave way to patriotic and liberal feelings. . . . It was quite right that you should take the lead in a proposal which must form an epoch in the history of modern commerce and industry. Some years ago, Prussia gave the first example of an exhibition of all branches of industry for the whole of Germany, whether they belonged to the Prussian Customs' Union or not. What Prussia has done for Germany, you are doing for the world. God bless you for it! It were very natural that you should entertain the anticipation of showing by such a general exhibition your own superiority; but the noble Earl has said, and I have heard it stated by other English authorities, that you think yourselves you may be beaten by foreigners in some branches of industry. . . . But, whatever the result of international competition for pre-eminence may be, I am sure of two things—first, that you will not fail to turn into triumph every defeat, if there be such, by your redoubled efforts to improve upon what you see others have done, and thus give a good example to others to do the same with similar energy and perseverance. Secondly, I am sure that you will prove yourselves superior in applying to general usefulness, and thus improving and diffusing over all classes of society and over all quarters of the world, the benefit of whatever may be invented by others. . . .

Your vast undertaking has also a political, and a still higher, I may say, a humanitary character, and these features will not be the last to be acknowledged and hailed by the other nations, and secure their zealous co-operation. All epochs and eras in history have their peculiar signs and symbols; there are, I am sure, many present here who recollect the Congresses of Princes of former periods. They began by assemblies of mighty emperors for ambitious purposes, and prospective warlike expeditions; then, after

the peace had been secured, followed more peaceful Congresses of Princes for the preservation of the same; they did not produce, however, the desired effect, nor were people much satisfied with their results. Now, the symbols of a new era are peaceful associations for intellectual purposes and general improvements; lately, we have had Congresses for the improvement of prisons, and for peace itself. All nations want peace, but peace, like all other heavenly gifts, must be nursed and cherished sedulously, reverently, incessantly. Peaceful meetings of nations for practical purposes and social improvements are the natural signs, indeed, the necessary pledges, of peaceable dispositions among the mighty nations of the earth; and there was the other day a clause adopted in a city meeting which bears immediately upon this question—the only machines and instruments to be excluded from this Universal Exhibition are to be those of destruction. I remember it was a striking circumstance, that when that general German Exhibition to which I have alluded took place in 1844, the Prussian Government, in looking out for the best public building to be selected for that Exhibition, chose the celebrated Arsenal at Berlin. Thus, this magnificent building was emptied for that purpose, and the products of peaceful industry became, for months at least, the inmates of the storehouse and very sanctuary of war. But the principle you have lately sanctioned holds out a lasting protest against war and strife; you have by that act expressed that the arts of destruction ought not to be encouraged by national exhibitions and prizes. I am not over sanguine in my expectations; there is, and always will be, a mighty counteracting power of passions and evil desires, but there is a rational hope of gradual progress. . . . It is my firm belief that every good thing will be done whenever it can be done; and it can be done whenever the conviction becomes general among good and wise men that it ought to be done. I therefore would urge upon you to believe firmly in these

principles, and to act boldly up to them; and be assured beforehand of the grateful acknowledgment and sympathy of all nations. They all want peace, and their immense majority strive and yearn no less for order in liberty than for liberty in order. The whole spirit of the undertaking calls our thoughts to something which appears to be even higher than what is generally called political relations; it may, under Divine Providence, become a signal progress in the great cause of humanity, of civilisation, and, therefore, of Christianity. Do you not think it a sign of the times that the Consort of the Queen of this mighty empire should have been the first to conceive, and the most zealous to promote, this Universal Meeting of civilised nations in this marvellous metropolis; that the Queen herself should come forward with her mighty word and bright example; that this idea and proposal should be taken up so energetically throughout this mighty empire as a great national cause; that the dignitaries of the Church should vie with the statesman, the nobleman with the manufacturer, and the artisan and operative with the master, in supporting this great national and social question, as a good work for everybody; that all nations should be ready to hear the announcement with joy and sympathy and honest rivalry—only two years after one of the greatest, most extensive, and deepest commotions in European society arose, and when the waves of that modern deluge have not yet subsided? I see already with my mind's eye hundreds of thousands of the most ingenious and enlightened classes of all civilised nations assembled, first here, in this ark of social order during the late deluge, and on this rock of true liberty; and later, at Paris and in the other capitals on this and on the other side of the Atlantic. I see the visitors admiring not only the cattle show, and the implements for agriculture, and the whole phalanx of the machinery of industry, but also the master-pieces of genius and taste. I behold mentally the wise and good men of

all nations successively meeting in assemblies more elevated in object than those of the Olympic Games, and exchanging with each other wise thoughts and fruitful speculations. And do you not see with me how the walls of separation (unfortunately, still more or less connected with nationality) must fall down, not only before the trumpets of general industry and rivalry, but from the irresistible force of common feelings of brotherhood, of a consciousness that every nation in its day has to run the same glorious race of a truly ennobling progress of the leavening the things of this world with something higher, and freer, and nobler, and everlasting? Do you see how prejudices and evil feelings, still separating nations from nations, and brethren from brethren, will disappear before such an effusion of light and community like spectres and demons of night? Go on then, gentlemen — take the lead in this noble career—Europe and the civilised world has its eyes upon you; you have undertaken a work of astounding magnitude, carry it out in that noble spirit in which it has been conceived. Fulfil the prophetic words of your poet! * Go on; give out the word of friendship and peace to all nations —and the good men and good women of all nations will say, Amen! and the angels in heaven will say, Amen!

Bunsen to his Son Henry.

London, Foreign Office: 8th March, 1850, four o'clock.

I am this moment come from the Privy Council, and have heard the most remarkable judgment pronounced, which

* A passage from Pope had been quoted by Lord Carlisle at the close of his speech:

'The time shall come, when, free as seas or wind,
Unbounded Thames shall flow for all mankind;
Whole nations enter with each swelling tide,
And seas but join the regions they divide:
Earth's distant ends our glories shall behold,
And the new world launch forth to meet the old.'

since the Reformation and the civil wars has ever been given in this country on a great point of faith. The judgment of the Lower Court is reversed; Mr. Gorham's opinions not being heretical according to the Church of England, he has a *right* to be inducted. The contrary opinion would be against the clear principles of the Church of England, and dangerous to all subjects of Her Majesty, both for their spiritual and temporal interests. The Articles were to be taken as the doctrinal expression of the Church; the Liturgy as the devotional expression. The Burial Service would alone suffice to prove that the expressions of a Liturgy ought to be interpreted with restrictions, not unconditionally. The judgment goes besides through the Baptismal Service itself, and abstaining from all theological opinions, comes on legal ground to the decision.

It is remarkable, that, as stated in the Exordium, the two Archbishops fully agree with this judgment, the Bishop of London not (though he sat with them to hear the appeal). I can guess his difficulty; he would not give up, what he once brought forward, that Rubrics and Liturgy *also* were to be used to find out the *doctrine* of the Church. My excellent and truly venerable friend does not see that Rubrics and Liturgy may be used to *relax* and *take off the edges* of doctrinal formularies, but not to make them more strict and cutting. There is the mistake. In the latter sense I always have stood up for a Liturgy: but, God knows, never in the other sense. Besides, people ought to consider that the Rubrics and Liturgy were never intended to be a *regula fidei*, but only a rule of discipline, for good order.

Well, my dear Henry, this is an important day for your Church. May God bless it! I sat on the Privy Council seats, behind the right side of the Judges, along with Dr. Wiseman! Going out I met first W. Goode (the protagonist of the Evangelicals), with whom I shook hands, and who was *blissful*: then my way was stopped in the lobby by two persons—and who were they? Archdeacon Wilberforce and

Hope. They drooped their heads, and after some silence, going on and I following them, Archdeacon W. said, 'Well, at least there is no mistake about it.' In which I heartily concur. B. has already announced (in a sermon) that he will go out. *Bon voyage!*

The month of April, 1850, was marked to Bunsen and his family by an event rejoiced in at the time, and ever after dwelt upon with earnest satisfaction—the marriage of his third daughter Mary to Mr. John B. Harford, of Stoke, near Bristol, on April 4: on which occasion it was found possible to collect all the ten children, five sons and five daughters, for the second time, the first having been at the time of the marriage of his son Ernest. A third such meeting was not to take place; the difference of age between the eldest and youngest being nineteen years, they never were all assembled in childhood under the parental roof, although each and all first saw the light in the same place, on the Capitol at Rome. A very serious illness followed this gratification of Bunsen's hopes and wishes: and he was for many days confined to bed by bronchitis and a gastric affection, for his entire recovery from which much time was required, even after he had returned to his accustomed activity. This was the description of disorder to which he from henceforth was perpetually subject,—preceding and accompanying the attacks of suffocation, which proved the gradual steps, in accelerated progression, of the mortal affection of the heart with which he struggled for ten years longer.

Extract from Daughters' Diaries.

Tuesday, 2nd July.—My father dined with Mr. Hudson Gurney, to meet Anna Gurney. In the evening Lady Waldegrave's splendid ball was overcast, and in a measure broken up, by the melancholy news of Sir Robert Peel's death at half-past eleven o'clock. We went home, and so did many people. Ever since Sir Robert Peel has been considered in danger, a crowd has besieged the entrance of his house, and a bulletin was from time to time read aloud by a policeman. The deep and silent grief of all classes is most affecting.

3rd July.—The all-absorbing subject of interest has been collecting and hearing everything that can be known about Sir Robert Peel; the newspapers give an interesting summary of his life, and some of them were edged with black out of respect for him. The Queen's grief is excessive: she is in a constant flood of tears, and with the greatest difficulty could be prevailed upon to hold the Levee, which, having been fixed for this day, could not be put off. Many expressions of hers are quoted, showing her full sense of the loss she herself and the country have sustained:—'I have lost, not merely a friend, but a father.'

Bunsen to Baron Stockmar.

[Translation.] London: 17th July, 1850.

The loss of Peel can never be supplied. The Queen and the Prince have shown, on the occasion of this calamity, their own high standing in human nature. Altogether, what a treasure of sincerity, truth, and noble feeling is there in this royal pair! What a blessing for the country! A great impression has been made upon the Prince of Prussia by such a degree of mourning for a public servant.

Bunsen to Archdeacon Hare.

9, Carlton Terrrace: Tuesday, 31st July, 1850.

I intend to depart Thursday morning for Antwerp, to be at Bonn on Saturday early. I have leave of absence for the month of August.

Bunsen to his Wife.

[Translation.]

Monday, 5th August, 1850, Antwerp, Hôtel de St.-Antoine.

Here we have landed, after the most ideally beautiful passage. The porpoises came dancing on the waves to meet us at the Nore, and at the North Foreland shoals of mackerel; then a glorious sunset over the moving lake, and after that, what a night! All round the vessel a phosphorescence like the Mediterranean, and the stars as it were obtruding themselves on my naked eye. I have been on deck all day; at half-past ten lay down on a sofa and slept quietly till near five o'clock, when I went on deck, and found myself in the Scheldt, with a sand-bank around, and no vessels. What a change from the last time of looking out! But the sky was more blue, and the sun hotter. Then we landed. We are three minutes' walk from the cathedral, and I intend to stay here, instead of proceeding to iron Liège. Nothing is wanting but the one thing, wanted every hour,—and that is your dear self, with the group around you. If I am not strangely mistaken, I may bestow myself as a birthday present on the 25th.

Bunsen to his Wife.

[Translation.] Bonn: Thursday, 15th August, 1850.

Lepsius came back last night, two days earlier than his promise. We have worked all morning, and shall have done on Saturday. On Sunday I go to wait upon the Princess of Prussia, and sleep at Cologne. The King expects me at Berlin, so Abeken writes, and Lepsius tells me. To avert such a calamity, I must be off before my four weeks are over.

shall, therefore, send off my letter from Cologne; when the King receives it, I shall be on my way to London; whither I shall return on the 24th straight.

Bunsen executed his purpose, and was restored to his family on August 24th, pleased to hear that a plan had been made to spend his birthday (the 25th) in an afternoon expedition to see Hatfield, to be met by Lady Raffles and some young friends of his daughters—the whole forming a numerous and cheerful party, not one of whom could have anticipated the cloud which was to overcast the whole, in the discovery, then first made, of Bunsen's inability to walk even a short distance, from oppression on the chest. At Bonn he had first made the melancholy experience of this new infirmity, which he comforted himself with regarding as transitory, and had refrained from mentioning in his letters; nor could he yet make clear to himself that his physical existence was threatened, and his bodily powers no longer what they had been. With frequent resting, and much discomfort, he accomplished the round of the sights at Hatfield and of part of the park with the rest: but he had not been three days at home before the ever-increasing suffocation became complicated with a gastric disorder, from which, after many days, the strenuous regimen, imposed by the treatment of Dr. Curie, restored him to comfort and comparative health. But he was ordered to take a bare quantity of indispensable food, with strict regard to diet, as to the quality and number of meals. Dr. Curie did not utter the sentence, implied in the term 'disorder of the heart;'

but his advice coincided with that of Sir Henry Holland two years later, who was the first person to give the true name to this breaking-up of health and ease. This disorder was critical in more ways than one; for Bunsen had returned from his journey with the full determination at once to take leave of absence for a year, preparatory to a final resignation of his post and of diplomatic life; and his wife at his desire had commenced preparations for a family-removal, when, the illness intervening, the plan was indefinitely postponed.

Bunsen to One of his Sons.

[Translation.]

London: Wednesday morning, 25th September, 1850.

I have undertaken an immense work about the Chinese Dictionary, but it certainly will not be like the labour of Sisyphus. The ripened fruit is already there; the gold lies revealed in daylight—whether the shaft be a productive one or not, leading into the heart of the world's history, the event alone can show. I have *extracted* 130 out of the 400 roots, and already *worked out* 70 of the number. Thereby it has become highly probable to me, that for each of the 400 roots the 'hieroglyph' is yet to be found; Rémusat says, he believes there exist 200 such, but I find many besides, which he seems to have overlooked. It is most natural, that there should have been as many hieroglyphs as words—otherwise the one-half must have consisted of compound hieroglyphics. Such there are—for instance, Sun and Eye together=Light. But each root must have been connected originally with a simple symbol. The system of writing was consolidated about 2950 years before Christ. The dryness of the work is relieved by the enjoyment of the *naïve* poetry of the original language in transmitting significations.

Bunsen to Platner (Saxon Chargé d'Affaires at Rome).

[Translation.] London: 30th September, 1850.

It was very kind in you to send me a few lines by our friend Emil Braun, with an account of yourself. More especially do I rejoice to perceive that you are not only in health and strength at your advanced time of life, but that you retain that freshness and freedom of spirit, without which life is not life, and old age becomes a torment and chastisement. I learn from your communications that you, like myself, have steered again into the haven of free speculation and science, out of which we both sailed in youth into the open sea of present struggle and action. I have been led back into that harbour of refuge by enquiry and thought, and the course of life and its experiences; and I thank God, that I have not, either as a thinker or as a believer, suffered shipwreck, or bartered my liberty for any form whatsoever.

I too have studied Giordano Bruno in late years with peculiar interest and deep sympathy; the recent occasion having been the translation of Schelling's Dialogue, *Bruno*, by that truly uncommon woman, the Marchesa Florenzi Waddington, into the most exquisite Italian, with admirable intelligence and comprehension,—which she requested me to examine critically with her; and I did so the more readily, as her work had been one not of vanity, but of benevolence towards an Italian philosopher, Mamiani, eighty years of age, who, unacquainted with German, longed to read the work of Schelling in his own fine language.

The work of Bartolmès of Strasburg (which received the prize in 1847), 'Sur la Vie et les Écrits de Giordano Bruno,' gave me a second occasion of becoming more nearly acquainted with that strange, erratic, comet-like spirit, marked by genius, but—a Neapolitan; whose life was but a fiery fragment. But, indeed, all that is of *man* is no more than a fragment! Even Schelling finds it impossible

to come to a close; his great work is not likely to appear till after his death, for he will be applying the file to the last moment. I can never cease to regret his having overloaded himself with philosophical-historical matter, so that the ballast became too massive for the fire-ship I read his earlier works with increasing admiration. . . .

For political information, I refer you to Braun; and only assure you, with the frankness of an old friend, that you commit an anachronism in considering Kings and Princes (since 1848) as the leaders in German politics.

Das gewaltige Schicksal,
Meinen Herrn und Deinen.

'Events and mighty Fate—My Lord and Thine' (as the divine Göthe says) are driving on the German national movement, which, after a short triumph of dynastic selfishness or blindness, will annihilate all the powers of evil which have been arrayed against it. We are already well advanced in Germany, although but in the first act of our constitutional development. The storm is over, and has cleared the atmosphere. . . .

Bunsen to Friend Kestner, in his Museo-Kestneriano, Roma.

[Translation.] London: 30th September, 1850, morning.

. . . . It was sad that our intention of meeting on the Rhine came to nothing. If you can but come here in 1851, I hope it will be either late (end of July) or early (end of April), for between those dates I shall have no quiet: and you must live nowhere but with us. I have a real need to have a thorough intercourse, and a fresh weaving-in of life, with you. . . .

. . . . We have read latterly in the evenings your '*Römische Studien*' with great pleasure,—the images of Roman life and of your own life are refreshing. I hope this valuable little book will make its way, at this time of political evolution and provocation,—in spite of the mental confusion and narrowness which result therefrom.

What joy has been reflected, in our house, by the beaming countenance of our Mary, returned from her wedding tour, Braun can tell you.

To yourself I wish a continuance of life untroubled in your chosen country of the arts, for I am convinced that you can only live at Rome; but all the more should you pay visits to the friends *ultra montes*, in Germany and England.

My wife will write herself. How often we miss that reflex of all grace and goodness, our mother, gone to her home! And Christiana, too, is also gone, before her. . . .

Bunsen to One of his Sons.

[Translation.] Windsor Castle: 4th January, 1851.

Soon comes the tempest of the World's Exhibition and migration of nations—perhaps also of politics now slumbering in our disgrace. My duty is of course to hold out until the end of the Exhibition, but then with all caution to endeavour after the execution of the plan of removal, which the hand of God so decidedly defeated last year—as I can now perceive, according to the eternal wisdom of His fatherly Providence. I meditate going in August on leave of absence with your mother to Bonn, with purpose to return only to take final leave. All this I shall talk over with you when you come in February—of course the plan is not to be spoken of; the Ministry would be too happy to send me away, but the King supports me faithfully and powerfully. My recall was demanded by Austria and proposed by Manteuffel. You know the reasons which make it a duty on my part not readily to yield to my adversaries this important post.

Bunsen to Baron Stockmar.

[Translation.] London: Monday, 6th January, 1851.

The only thing important in a despatch received from Berlin to-day,—the first sign of life from that quarter since 1st November of last year,—is that, to judge from the

expressions made use of, the London Protocol at least is *not* to be signed.

The days passed at Windsor have greatly refreshed and strengthened me; and I shall never forget your friendship then shown to me.

Bunsen having been very generally supposed to have suggested the idea of the first Great Industrial Exhibition which in such various ways engrossed attention during the year 1851, it is necessary to insist upon the fact of his having had no other connection with the project, than by taking a strong interest in its accomplishment, and working with all the zeal and energy of his character in favour of the design of Prince Albert, and in defence of it. That it did not originate with him, is a simple fact; but it may also be said that the idea was not of the kind native to his mind, to which the whole mass of interests connected with trade and the perfecting of objects of industry was foreign, and which could only enter upon the entire subject historically and statistically. Bunsen admired the royal grasp of mind in Prince Albert, which led to a conception productive of such beneficial and lasting effects, and perceived from the first, that the results could hardly fail to tend to that friendly amalgamation of nations in the pursuit of arts and objects of peace, towards which all his own efforts and wishes tended. The variety and virulence of objection made to a proposal for a comparative view of the products of various countries and of the results of industry of all nations, with a view to stimulate talent and to offer examples

on all hands—however rational and natural it may seem to be, now that the complete success of Prince Albert's design has created an insatiable desire of such Exhibitions—would seem incredible, were it not sufficiently fixed in the memory of the contemporaries whose patience was tried by it; and Bunsen and his family were peculiarly exposed to the brunt of animadversion on the supposed absurdities of the plan, and the dangers and inconveniences anticipated, from the general attribution of the blame to him as being its originator. The greater part of the Corps Diplomatique made open show of the ill-humour felt and expressed by their respective Courts; the sentiments of which prevailed over the mind of the King of Prussia to such an extent, that in the first instance his permission was refused to the Prince and Princess of Prussia to accept the invitation of Queen Victoria, and was finally granted rather in consideration of the decided wish of the Prince to make the proposed visit, than in consequence of the arguments and the evidence which Bunsen forcibly brought before His Majesty, to prove the tales of conspiracy which in continental courts were received as credible to be wholly fictitious.

A nation which reads newspapers is capable of being acted upon by opinion, and of acting in unison as one man; and certainly, from whatever cause, the opening of the Exhibition of the 1st of May, 1851, was a decided success—the weather was perfect, and the general good humour, as well as the demeanour and behaviour of the countless multitudes, proved that the English public resolved to do all honour to them-

selves, and the day, and the cause of popular interests, as well as to the Queen and to her Government.

Bunsen to Baron Stockmar.

[Translation.] London: 18th January, 1851.

. . . The unmeasured expressions in the letters of X. and Y. and Z., as well as the utterances of L. and G. and other friends that have been reported to me from Berlin,—and, at the same time, the assertions in a letter of Humboldt's, subdued in language by eighty-two years of age and by Court life, yet in another way exciting, have brought my heart, already agitated by parting from Radowitz, into such a commotion and dashing of waves, that I find it doubly tranquillising to address to you a few lines, and seek in contemplation of you, of your patriotism, of your friendship, and of your steadiness of political judgment, to moderate the inward storm, and in some degree to lighten the burden that weighs upon me. It is hard indeed, in such a time, to be the servant of a King, and not a free man. But I am where God placed me. . . . Every man who is above fifty years old bears his history upon his own back. It is of no use to endeavour to make men other than they are: but where evil does not rule as a principle, and the Divine spark is not quite extinguished, much can be accomplished, if the just complement can be found.

May God be with you, and the God-favoured Royal pair with whom you dwell!

With a faithful, much saddened, but not desponding heart, BUNSEN.

To the Same.

[Translation.] London: Thursday morning, 18th March, 1851.

Künzel wishes to give a characteristic sketch of Peel—and that is what you alone can write, or dictate. Pray do it. Life is short, and your words will remain. I refer

you to-day, meanwhile, to your own letter (sent, I think, to the '*Deutsche Zeitung*') on the subject of the cavillers against Peel in Germany, in the autumn of 1850. You once devoted much time to Guizot, and I rejoice that you can now place Peel on a German pillar of honour,—that would be a work far more rewarding the effort, and for Germans more instructive, and more especially consoling.

One of my dearest and best friends, Lachmann, has died in his fifty-eighth year, at Berlin. I am much grieved by this loss. Tieck too is dead.

. . . The Tories are still spreading the alarm of plague, famine, insurrection, &c. &c., as likely to be the effect of the Exhibition. *Mundus insanit.* I am in 'Egypt.'

To the Same.

[Translation.] 26th April, 1851.

. . . The Prince of Prussia is to arrive in the afternoon of the 29th. . . . I am finishing the fourth volume of 'Egypt' for the press, having in the latter months re-touched the second and third for the English edition. The results are still more decisive than I had expected. The history of nations can, approximately, be carried on up to 9,000 years before our time; the history of the dream-period, in which language and mythology arose, extends to between 15,000 and 20,000 years; and all this in the development of the race of our blood-relations. But our chronology extends with astronomical certainty to above 3,600 years before Christ.

Old President Schön has written me an admirable letter; he is, in his eighty-seventh year, still full of hope for Germany and Prussia, and for the victory of what is right and good, and of the spirit and intelligence of the nation, just as when he wrote the letters to Stein in 1812 and 1813, which I hope you will have read in the 'Life of Stein,' vol. iii. B. . . .

Bunsen to Julius Schnorr von Carolsfeld.

[Translation.] London: 28th April, 1851.

I rejoice to see in your case that misfortune and trial better reveal what is in the man, than good fortune; and that you maintain equanimity in the one case as well as in the other. Who could have believed, dear friend, that there had been in Germany so much wickedness and faithlessness? Still we sing the *Magnificat*, out of which, in the indignation of your honest heart, you quote a suitable verse. I fear these times will deprive many a man of faith in the Divine government of the world—short-sighted though they be. Pray read with me the seventy-third Psalm, as I have translated it.

Do you know, dear friend, that I think you ought to come to London during the Exhibition? My proposal is, that you should alight here, No. 9, Carlton Terrace, where your room is ready for you. The sooner you come, the better—says the mistress of the house, with best greeting. Surely, you will come?

Bunsen to a Son.

[Translation.] April, 1851.

Tell your excellent B—— that he should not take it ill of Germans, that they give him as an Israelite the hindmost place:—*that will not be of long continuance*; it is ever more becoming clear to me, in beholding the Jewish dispensation from the stand-point of universal history, that whoever will not give up the world's history in despair, must assume in his own soul the future fact of the Christianising, Hellenising, Germanising, of the Jewish system; and say to himself, as a son of Israel, that he is *thus* brought nearer to Abraham than he was before. Such sons of Israel must, therefore, help the sons of Japhet to *Hellenise* Christianity, to raise it to the idea of entire humanity; in other words, to found the *true* Hero-worship with the *one*

true Dionysos-Osiris at its head. That sounds absurd, but is yet true!

Extract from a Daughter's Letter.

Carlton Terrace: 3rd May, 1851.

. . . . I hope you will have heard something of my mother's impression of the splendid opening of the Exhibition on Thursday, the 1st—and I wish you could hear how my father speaks about it—he was *so happy* that all had turned out so well, that in the evening after E. and G. had sung many favourite pieces of Handel and Mendelssohn and Neukomm, he asked us all to join in a few verses of 'Sei Lob und Ehr dem höchsten Gut'—as the only appropriate expression of his feelings of thankfulness and entire satisfaction. He looks upon this Exhibition as most important also in a political point of view, in honouring the interests of *the people at large*, by an assemblage of the people, attended and countenanced and sympathised in by royalty and nobility; not as in former times, a costly gathering *of* and *for* kings and princes and grandees alone, with attendants and spectators.

Bunsen to Max Müller.

[Translation.] Carlton Terrace: seven a.m., 15th May, 1851. (Olymp. ii. 1, by German chronology.)

I must after all take my early hour for writing to you, instead of writing or preparing a chapter for my fifth book on 'Egypt;' for I foresee that the day's flood, beginning with breakfast-time, will not have ebbed till after midnight: and I must utter to you two sorts of things: first, my thanks and congratulations for the plan of your lectures. You have considered the Epos in its full significance as to universal history, and for the first time brought it in connection with the earliest time of the epic nations, and their original consciousness of language. That has given me inexpressible pleasure, and revived in me the longing after your

presence, and of being enabled to read to you some chapters, the writing of which has been an exquisite delight to me.

I undertook the restoration of the time of the patriarchs, in the belief of their reality, and by the method I have followed all through: and the greatness of the result has astonished me. Having finished this section, I felt the courage to add to the Preface composed last Easter, an Introduction, entitled 'History and Method of the Contemplation of the History of Humanity:' and have thus reverted, as by a stroke of magic, to the last Paradise of my innermost consciousness of life; my prescient grasp of future discovery having been in the solemn nights from 1812 to 1813 consecrated into a vow; and the statement thereof having been written at Berlin, to ask the confirmation of Niebuhr in the last weeks of my German (as distinguished from my cosmopolite) life—January, 1816.

What I wrote down in 1816 now comes full and fresh before my mind, after thirty-five years: my Indian voyage is become an Egyptian voyage, and the life-voyage tends towards its close. But having, since 1816, sought the form and the occasion for seizing that original idea of youth, as a fixed point of aim, having devoted to it the life of life, thought, research, inquiry: having, in the narrow valleys of active duty and of individual investigation, lost sight of the glorious prospects from sunny summits (except in single moments of rapturous vision)—now, at length, has the flood of Egyptian inquiry, after a quarter of a century, lifted me once again upon the Ararat from whence I had descended into the conflict of existence. I only intended to give a summary view of the mode of treating the world's history: and to my astonishment something different has come out, at which I start back amazed, but gaze with rapture, and devote myself with all my heart's youthful glow.

I believe I have to acknowledge a part of my happiness as procured to me by enemies and opponents; for what the newspaper says is true, not only the Prussian Camarilla and

her instruments in the Ministry, but those higher powers which seek to strangle in their embrace both Prussia and Germany, have demanded of the King my recall; but as yet he has supported me with the faithfulness of a friend, as well as of a King. Such attacks rouse in me at once both rage and courage: and since on the day of receiving the intelligence of our thorough defeat (20th November, 1850), I determined to complete my Egyptian work, God has graciously imparted to me such courage abundantly. Never have I worked with such a satisfactory result, since that time when, besieged on the Capitol by the Pope, and left to my fate by Berlin from the 6th January to Easter Sunday, 1838, I first designed the five books on Egypt. . . .

I have still something to suggest about the 'Nibelungen.' Your admirable letter ripened in my mind a thought which often has shot through it,—that the slightly veiled historical foundations of the poem, as well as its most ancient nationalities, have never been sufficiently examined into and brought into evidence. Grimm does not care for what is historical, further than his own 'Beginnings of Nations' are concerned: and my deceased Lachmann was always disinclined to concern himself with it. When I wrote for Chateaubriand (in 1825) that short essay in French which he printed in his 'Mélanges,' I read through all that had been published on the point which most nearly concerned me, and was surprised at the scantiness of matter collected; and since that time I have not heard of any further enquiry on the subject. Yet how can one believe that the notices of Günther and the Burgundians in the poems, should stand alone and single of their kind? To me it is clear, for example, that the myth which brings Attila and the great Theodoric of the Visigoths together as contemporaries, has its historical root in the fact, that Theodoric King of the Visigoths fell in the critical battle of Châlons, 451, contending against Attila, while his son Thorismund, rallying the forces to revenge the death of his

father, by a last effort overcame the Barbarians, and proved himself the victor: whereupon the Franks drove the Huns across the Rhine. Hence it is that Attila is connected with the great King of the Ostrogoths (who lived forty years later), and with the royal house of the Visigoths, and their kingdom itself—with all which nevertheless Attila could have had nothing to do. By neglecting such scattered particulars, one falls at last into the Görres-Grimm-twilight, in which not only everything *is everything*, but everything becomes *nothing*. *Etzel* is to the perceptions of Grimm *not Attila*, but a 'raillery of tradition,' allowing of no certain conclusion. I find, on the contrary, that wherever the instrument is not wanting to point out and prove the process of fermentation and decomposition in the historical materials, out of which (by a mode perfectly analogous to the process of originating language in the first period of man) the epic tradition organically proceeds, the genius of epic poetry, when its due time is come, interposes its grasp, with an historical consciousness of destiny; as does the tragic poet at a later period. If you should have time, pray follow up this track. . . .

The Exhibition is and will remain the most poetical event of our time, and one deserving a place in the world's history. *Les Anglais ont fait de la poésie sans s'en douter*, as M. Jourdain was found to have made prose. As soon as you can, come to see the Exhibition and us!

Extract from a Letter of a Daughter.

9, Carlton Terrace: 25th August, 1851.

I should like to procure you a glimpse of our usual luncheon and tea-table, which (particularly the latter) is generally surrounded by an average number of from twenty to twenty-six guests, very various and distinct from each other. First, you would see Wichern, from Hamburg, with his tall commanding figure, and his fine, mild, but yet decided and energetic countenance, and his deep bass is always

heard pervading all other voices. Then (usually sitting next him) Bernays, from Bonn, forms the strangest possible contrast, with his small, quicksilver figure, and black-bearded, restless, clever face. Then Lieber, from America, with his fixed, melancholy, sentimental look, joining nevertheless in conversation with great zest and interest, always mixing in strange outlandish compliments. Next to him, Waagen, with his inexhaustible fund of good humour and anecdote, always for the benefit of every one within reach of listening. Then Gerhard, with his benevolent expression, ready either for serious or learned talk, or for any joke or fun that may be going on; and his wife, with her never-failing, mild cheerfulness and interest in everything, without any fuss or fidgeting, thus giving only pleasure in daily intercourse and no trouble. These are the inmates of the house, to which you must suppose in addition a regular supply of unexpected guests drop in at every meal. Yesterday, Pastor Krummacher came with two daughters to make a call; and while we detained his daughters here, he joined Wichern and several others to inspect some Ragged Schools. They returned about eight o'clock, when the home set were just ready to rise from table, so room could be made for the five who entered. . . .

Bunsen to his Wife.

St. Leonard's: 4th September, 1851.

I must tell you myself how happy I am, and how well! The strengthening effect of the sea air is not to be described. I have only to take care not to be too much excited; for I should prefer never to sleep, but work on, except when lying stretched out on the beach, as I feel no fatigue. It is here most enjoyable! E. and E. have arranged everything in perfection. Else von Arnim is lovely; the Prince and Princess of Wied most amiable; the brother of the Princess, Prince Nicholas of Nassau, is the handsomest prince I have seen. What luxury, in this security, not to be inter-

rupted! *You* are wanting to us—but we are glad of the reason why. . . .

Bunsen to One of his Sons.

[Translation.] 1st November, 1851.

I am decidedly against your being modelled into a Government official. In the future condition of things, a young man of ability must only enter the public service when he is independent, and can resign when he sees cause. The bureaucracy of the Prussian State will be in future looked upon as servitude; wherefore, then, should you not strive to be first a free man, and then a candidate for office? The case may be different with philologers, theologians, judges, and luminaries of science.

23*rd December.*—Louis Napoleon asserts, that he, as well as the first Napoleon, desires liberty in legality. But of what does his system consist? Solely of rule from above, without any degree of spontaneous activity below. The Napoleonic system is more despotic than that of Nero. The modern police centralisation is a machine of oppression, unknown to the ancients, from which the Restoration and Louis Philippe had also to suffer, through their own fault. The parliamentary system, without municipal and provincial freedom, is an absurdity.

12*th February.*—Beware of separating politics from right and rectitude!—not because 'honesty is the best policy' (which may be very falsely interpreted), but because political action rightly signifies nothing but the application of moral reason to public concerns and relations.

CHAPTER XV.

CORRESPONDENCE.

PROSPECTS OF GERMANY—'HIPPOLYTUS'—PROTOCOL OF 8TH MAY, 1852—COUNT USEDOM'S NARRATIVE—VISIT TO GLASGOW—INVERARY—AFFAIR OF NEUFCHATEL—THE MOSAIC BOOKS—MAZZINI—DESPONDING VIEWS OF GERMANY—FUNERAL OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON—LETTER ON RELIGIOUS OPINIONS—LORD DERBY'S FIRST ADMINISTRATION — THE FRENCH EMPIRE — CHANGE OF MINISTRY — EDINBURGH DIPLOMA — CRYSTAL PALACE—COLOGNE SINGERS—NAVAL REVIEW—DEDICATION OF 'HIPPOLYTUS'—THEOLOGICAL CONFERENCES AT BERLIN—POLICY OF RUSSIA—MENACE OF WAR.

Bunsen to Baron Stockmar.

[Translation.] London: New Year, 1852.

Joy and well-being in the great and threatening year 1852, be to my dear friend Stockmar! shall be my first greeting in the 'sacred hour of prime.' I believe in God and in Germany, and then also in the vital powers of the principles of the English Constitution; and nobody rejoices more than I do in the grand and high reality (single in its kind, however, since King William of Orange) of the Royal Pair on the throne of Great Britain. If England and Germany remain united, what can the power of evil effect? You and I feel alike in protesting against the principle of death in prætorian imperialism, and in democratic police centralisation. And, lastly, we are agreed in the resolve to exert all the strength that is in us, to the end that neither superstition nor infidelity, neither priestcraft nor atheism, shall rule over the people.

That for this purpose life from above may be granted by

guidance of which the iron rule of the dark despot, Self,* may be broken through, and the reality of freedom evolved, —and, besides, that we and all who are dear and precious to us may be preserved in health,—is the wish uttered, in fulness of heart, to a dear friend, by

BUNSEN.

To the Same.

[Translation.] Sunday morning: 18th January, 1852.

As I was on the way to your door in the Palace yesterday morning, I saw the Prince hastening in the same direction, and therefore I withdrew without having told you how much the living with you in these latter days has refreshed me. You will feel that, when you consider that I am under no illusion as to the condition of things at Berlin, and in the whole of Europe: of which you will be yet more aware when you read what the spirit has moved me to say as to the confusion and destitution of the spiritual condition in the whole of Europe. It was with a solemn consciousness that I paced up and down, before breakfast (at Windsor Castle), in the fine corridor, and beheld the sunshine with the clearest blue sky above the towers and turrets: meditating upon the happiness that dwells within those walls, founded in reason and integrity and love—a pattern of the well-ordered and inwardly vigorous and flourishing life that spreads all around, even to the extremities of the great island. And further off did I hear the roaring of the storm that sweeps now over the Continent, and threatens our ever-beloved fatherland. And in that fatherland dwells also a noble people, a great people, full of grand recollections and of the germs of future life—and a King, whose energies are so high and noble:—and yet all causes are dragging us within the compass of the whirlwind of confusion and destruction! A blessing upon those walls, and the life within and around them. It is a conso-

* 'Das Ich, der dunkele Despot.' See Rückert's translation of King Jelál-ed-Din Rumi's lines.

lation that such a spot should exist on earth; and I am thankful to have seen it, and for all the goodness and kindness I have there experienced.

To the Same.

[Translation.] 20th January, 1852.

. . . . X. related to him, that when he was envoy at Vienna, Schwarzenberg sent for him one day, and said—'The President offers, through Persigny (in exchange for the Rhine frontier and Belgium)—to Prussia, Hanover and Oldenburg; to Austria, Moldavia and Wallachia; to Russia, Constantinople.' The Emperor Nicholas said the same to Lamoricière. They both shrugged their shoulders.

The younger Jerome communicated the following words of the President addressed to himself:—'La chute de Palmerston est le coup le plus grave que j'aie reçu: c'était le seul ami sincère que j'avais: tant qu'il était Ministre, l'Angleterre n'avait point d'alliés.'

Friday, 23rd January.—I have read, and considered, the highly instructive picture of that journey of May, 1851: and my result is:—

Many are the rogues;
Few the men of honour;
And prophets there are none.

It is a comfort to think that an immoral and untrue nation may be yet worse off than one believing in truth and moral responsibility. We possess, indeed, no saving statesmen, but we have prophets: therefore, we *have* a *future* in store.

Bunsen to Archdeacon Hare.

Hatchford: 22nd March, 1852.

. . . I am afraid that, when you come to see the Index of my 'Hippolytus,' you will say, with a smile, that I have crammed into it an *Universal and Church History, cum quibusdam aliis.* Still you will find, that I have done justice

to the title within the smallest compass possible. When I come to the review of 1500 years' Constitution of the Church, I resisted the temptation, or rather the claim of the subject, and *entered not* into what has passed between Hippolytus and our modern times. But when I attempted to slur over in a similar manner the 1500 years between the Christian sacrifice of believers at Rome, under Severus and Alexander, and our poor *Ecclesia pressa* in that same 'faithful city' on the Capitol when I was living there, *sub Pio, Leone, et Gregorio*, the spirit stood in the way, and stopped me. Thus I have gone patiently through old papers and still older thoughts (from 1817 to 1840), and have given documents and results of the Greek, Gallican, African, and Roman Churches, and placed your own History of the Sacrifice from 1549 to 1764 (Scotch Communion Service) in the frame of Universal History, with chapter and verse, and all that in eighty pages and thirty notes. . . .

On the 8th May, 1852, the fatal Protocol was signed, authorising a change in the law of succession to the Duchies of Schleswig and Holstein; against which Bunsen had constantly protested, and to which at last he affixed his signature, not, however, till he had received the King's express command to do so. That it would have been more in character for Bunsen to have resigned his post, and retired altogether from public life, instead of submitting to become the instrument of an act of which he felt the injustice and anticipated the danger, became clear even to his own family, and may be conjectured to have been so to himself, when the transactions had been viewed from a distance of time. But this is only uttered as conjecture, for a question on the subject would have seemed to imply reproach, and therefore no inquiry

was addressed to him; the less so, as he always purposed to write himself the history of his official life, and had promised to begin with the latter portion, and proceed backwards. As an authentic statement of particulars, a letter from Count Usedom shall be transcribed, as coming from a person most thoroughly acquainted with the entire subject, and who knew and comprehended the mind and character of Bunsen, as could only be the case with a friend of many years' standing, with a man of his intelligence and candour.

*Count Usedom to George von Bunsen.**

[Translation.] Turin: 23rd August, 1864.

My dear George Bunsen,—You wish to know what my recollection is of the part taken by your father in the London Treaty of May 1852, and of the negotiations which preceded its signature. To do justice to his memory in this matter is a duty imposed upon me by a friendship of many years' standing, with which Bunsen honoured me: but, separated as I am from my papers, and relying therefore on my memory alone, I shall perhaps but imperfectly perform this duty.

Your letter to the 'Times' of the 18th July already raises the main question,—I mean Mr. Layard's assertion of the existence of a Berlin Protocol of 4th July, 1850, and of a secret article in which Prussia promised to support the Danish wishes with respect to an alteration in the Law of Succession in the Duchies. You have pointed out how improbable such a secret promise on the part of Prussia must appear; and I shall now offer a few additional proofs in support of your assertion.

First of all, two days before that date—that is, 2nd July,

* Published in the '*Times*' of 1st September, 1864. The original appeared in the '*Kölnische Zeitung*.'

1850—the Peace of Berlin had been signed, by order of the King, and with the entire concurrence of Schleinitz and the whole Cabinet,—a treaty, as you may remember, negotiated and concluded by myself. In it the *status quo ante bellum* was rigidly upheld by Germany. Moreover, a memoir, which I delivered at the time of signature, expressly declared that term to signify the legal *status*, as created by the decree of the Federal Diet, of September 16, 1846. Now this decree had, in opposition to the Letters Patent of King Christian VIII., secured the entire ancient State rights of Schleswig-Holstein, and especially as regards the succession to its sovereignty, and Denmark was made at the time to acknowledge those rights. To promise an alteration would have contradicted and stultified this memoir; and who can suppose such a change of views to have taken place within the space of two days?

It is true that the Treaty of Peace, dated 2nd July, 1850, was accompanied by an executive Protocol, and also by a so-called 'secret article,' in which Prussia promised to take part in future negotiations upon the question of succession in Schleswig-Holstein;—but this was all. Attempts have been made to interpret this article as a promise on the part of Prussia to assist in altering that succession in a Danish sense, the more so as such an assistance was given two years later; but, in reality, the meaning was exactly the reverse. The Danish Plenipotentiaries certainly had at the beginning of the Conferences proposed a wording which would have stipulated for such a promise on the part of Prussia. This being in contradiction to our preserving *intact* the German and Schleswig-Holstein claim to the *status* of 1846, the Danish proposal met with a refusal, and the message was rescinded. The article as finally agreed to was quite unobjectionable: for, with or without it, Prussia, as a great Power, could never have stood aloof from European deliberations such as those, and I repeat nothing was determined as to the tendency of her participation in them.

After this authentic statement, the only interpretation to be given to that secret article would be this—that Prussia would *not* side with Denmark in the coming conferences—that is, *not* support the Danish scheme of succession. I have never heard of any secret article but this.

On the contrary, I am convinced that Prussia considered herself perfectly free as regards the question of succession during the first months of the ensuing year. The following circumstance (to which I should not refer were it not already well known) may serve as a proof. In February 1851, Count Sponneck brought to Berlin the Danish proposals regarding the succession, still framed in rather general terms. His late Majesty of Prussia, of his own accord, but officially, demanded my opinion upon them. Besides giving this, I ventured to address a private letter to the King, which has since, in a manner unknown to me, found its way into publicity. It went to show, that the so-called integrity of Denmark was as yet neither a right nor a fact, but merely a wish, which Prussia had no interest in fulfilling. Now, if Mr. Layard were right in asserting that Prussia had already secretly bound herself, how could the King of Prussia have demanded an opinion upon a subject which was settled already eight months before?

There would be no motive for saying a word with reference to the observations of Mr. Layard, if there were nothing further to point out in them but a slight error in the date and meaning of the secret article really extant, for a British Under-Secretary of State has more to do than to learn by heart dates and details fourteen years old. But Mr. Layard told his 'curious secret history' for the express purpose of explaining Prussia's supposed obligations from a Protocol of 4th July, 1850. If this is allowed to stand, the charge against Prussia as having played a double game, and a corresponding charge against your father, would still remain in force. But we ought to know this 'history' to be genuine before we can draw conclusions from it. Until

the above counter-proofs are shaken, it may be considered as not belonging to history, but as a piquant myth, one of those calligraphic flourishes, not rare in politics, which overlay and spoil 'Clio's neat handwriting.'

You are aware that many adversaries of the London Treaty who were friends of your father, would have preferred not seeing his name appended to a document to which his approval was wanting. It is said that he ought rather to have left the service, or have substituted a chargé d'affaires *ad hoc*. But, in 1852, the resolution of Prussia being unalterably fixed, could anybody seriously wish a statesman of his calibre to quit the service of his country on such a ground as this? As for a substitution of a chargé d'affaires, such a mode has always appeared to me a poor subterfuge, for, according to the traditions of every Government, a plenipotentiary who has unflinchingly and for years declared his own separate convictions will be considered to have fulfilled his duty. In the end the command of his Cabinet will be paramount. It is then a question not of opinion, but of service.

But what is of more importance to me than these considerations, a saying of your father's came to my knowledge during those days of 1852, which I have reason to believe to be authentic. It was to this effect, 'That he would affix his signature in order not to render still more heavy the sacrifice which the King, his master, had to make. There was in Frederick William IV., and forming one of his chief characteristics, an unchangeable human benevolence, and a genuine sympathy of heart. As a politician, the King in 1852 delivered up the Duchies to their fate: humanly, this resolve cost him a hard struggle; for I doubt His Majesty's having trusted the well-meant prediction of a Dane who was plenipotentiary in 1850, to the effect that 'the Danish restoration would be the beginning of a reign of love.' Bunsen, by withholding the signature from the treaty, might have offered a specious satisfaction to his private feelings.

Viewed in its relation to the King's act, it would still have been but a demonstration and a reproof. Who would blame him for abstaining?

In your father's judgment (this I can testify), the London Treaty, whether signed by him or not, would but have remained what it ever was, a 'Pragmatic Sanction,' raised up artificially by parties unconcerned in the matter, against the rights, the interests, and the wishes of those really concerned—in short, against the nature of things. To render such an attempt possible, that powerful bias was necessary which then predominated in the Cabinets of Europe, and which was turned to a most favourable issue by Danish skill—an issue which was as unwisely made use of in the years that followed, as it had been skilfully gained. Few people can now imagine what evil times those were for the Duchies and their friends. So late even as 1860, when in consequence of the Crimean and Italian wars much was changed in European politics, every mention of German rights in regard to Schleswig was sure to call forth a general outcry of indignation against the disturbers of peace.

It is to be regretted that Bunsen did not live to see the year 1864, which has so signally verified his view of the London Treaty. This 'Pragmatic Sanction,' erected, like the Ice Palace on the Neva, in contempt of the laws of nature, has melted away before the irresistible force of things as they are. The Duchies, delivered at last from their long struggle for existence, will now be permitted to turn to higher things. To behold such a result would have been a joy of joys to your father.

I am, &c. USEDOM.

The retrospect of the summer months of 1852 presents a wilderness of objects and of interests of the most varied kinds, from which the numerous family broke away in various divisions and directions in August. Bunsen himself, with his wife and youngest

daughter, paid a visit of three days to Sir Harry and Lady Verney, at Claydon, from whence he proceeded to his eldest son at Lilleshall, in Shropshire, and went on with his youngest (Theodore) to the Duke and Duchess of Argyll, at Inverary, spending a day on the road at Sir Archibald Alison's, Possil House, near Glasgow. At Inverary the kindness of the Duke and Duchess, and the manifold interests surrounding them might well have tempted him to a longer stay; but one of Bunsen's peculiarities, constantly increasing upon him every year, was that of being restless when absent from his own room, his own writing-place, and, particularly, from the living accompaniments of home; so that he never without resistance was detained away from them, even in the most attractive society. This will account for the small amount of time spent in country visits during his twelve years and a half in England, where so much agreeable hospitality always awaited his acceptance. On the present occasion he was fairly shut out of his own abode, and thus made time for a short visit to Lord Ellesmere at Worsley, and to the Bishop of Manchester, on returning south to his son's dwelling at Lilleshall, where he rejoined his wife and youngest daughter, and was met by Lepsius; so that he had a congenial group around him for the celebration of his birthday, the 25th August.

Bunsen to Lücke.

[Translation.] Lilleshall: 13th August, 1852.

I have just completed '*Hippolytus und seine Zeit*,' after thirteen months' hard work, both in English and in German. To the German edition I have prefixed a Preface, armed at all points, for the Governments and the nation. One of my practical objects was, and is, to stir up the English out of

their spiritual slumber and materialistic tendencies, before the great conflict of minds, and perhaps of nations begins; and so far my book ('*Hippolytus*') is a contest for Germany, —for our only indestructible and peculiar property, I mean inward religious instinct and freedom of spirit. My English friends were at first alarmed on my account, at the matter I addressed to their countrymen: but I know the English nation better than they do, and have more Christian courage, because my convictions are stronger than theirs. When, after a life of serious enquiry, one has reached one's sixtieth year, one must have attained to convictions instead of opinions, and also to the courage necessary for expressing them; even to the pretension of being wiser than the 'raw recruits' of the rising generation. In my 'Life of Jesus,' I consider His single personality as purely and truly Divine, because purely and truly human in appearance, in earthly reality. With us, the new generation is partly infidel, partly bigoted. There is a want of the courage and enthusiasm necessary for carrying out the great task of our age. . . .

Bunsen to his Wife.

Inverary Castle: early on Tuesday, 17th August.—Here I am, having had a rainy voyage, after which a carriage at the waiting-place brought me to the Castle, where the Duke and Duchess received me with that hearty friendship which they have so invariably shown me. After an hour the weather cleared, and the open carriage was ordered for a drive in the indescribably beautiful Glenary, the mountain stream *Ary* flowing through it, and giving name to the residence (mouth of the Ary): it has many waterfalls, one considerable, and very picturesque. On our return the Duke conducted me to the beautiful room intended for me, next the reception-room of the Duchess, where I am lodged as in a royal residence, with the fine arm of the sea, and the nobly wooded hills before me. At seven o'clock the pibroch greeted me before my window (a summons to dinner), which sounds very much better here than in a London Palace! . . .

To the Same.

London: 1st September, 1852.

I can well feel with you the pain of revisiting places hallowed by the presence of your incomparable mother, for the first time since her death. She is in my thoughts on the occasion of every event in our family, more particularly when anything joyous renews the desire of communicating with her ready sympathy. Who ever felt with us as she did? with what tenderness did she not follow us through every change and variety of life,—she, to whom our union was, humanly speaking, owing! So then, as we have been allowed the rare happiness of living for a quarter of a century in the enjoyment of her love and of her loveliness, let us, beloved, continue in that same consciousness to the end of our term of life.

I send a letter from a remarkable American, Rev. Dr. H., of Mobile, in Alabama; who has in a learned work maintained the literal, historical exactness of the book of Genesis, but, having finished and published it, and afterwards studying books of research and criticism, such as mine and Lepsius's, he declared to his congregation (Presbyterian) that he felt compelled to examine personally our doubts and ourselves, and Egypt. Upon which, they granted him leave of absence, and also money for his travelling expenses. The first of his wishes, a personal conference with me and Lepsius, he has at once obtained. I invited him, and read to him the discourse of 'Hippolytus' upon inspiration; whereupon he said, 'The whole must be literally true, or I can believe *nothing*.' Then the spirit came over me to say to him, that I felt him to be a Christian brother in my very heart: but, according to his system, he was an enemy and not a friend of Moses—a Mahomedan, or a Rabbi—and that he would only find peace and faith again, by following out the system of research which with Germans had proceeded from faith, from the belief in Christianity as a reality

of truth, and therefore capable of making head against the power of doubt and error. 'I must see myself,' he replied; 'pray send me the book of "Hippolytus" to the Pyramids, whither I am going. If I am in the wrong, I give up my place. What should I preach to my people? May God help me!' I cannot express how deeply I was affected by this man's expressions. L. was apprehensive, that if compelled to give up his Judaic belief, he would lose his senses. But I am of opinion that an Anglo-American, once having entered upon research, will go through with it, and be saved; otherwise, indeed, his brains will turn: for *that* view of things (the Judaic) tends to madness. . . .

Contemporary Notices from Diaries.

31st October, 1852.

The conversation at dinner was most interesting; it turned on the years 1813-15, in the last of which years my father was at Berlin for the first time. It was striking to witness the almost Spartan simplicity of life at Court and in the highest society, which contrasted greatly with the luxury which he observed on returning after twelve years to Berlin. Whilst in the interval at Rome he had been accustomed to speak, with Niebuhr and the Germans there, the language of 1813-15, he found in Germany the tone altogether changed, and he seemed to be speaking in an unknown tongue. The table of the King (Frederick William III.) was the only one that retained its plainness, and when, on occasion of some royal visitor, a grander dinner had been prepared, the King commented upon it as 'fit for a Privy Councillor.' . . .

Thursday, 11*th November*.—At breakfast, my father took occasion of the mention of a meeting last night, at which Kossuth and Mazzini had spoken, to say that no one had so much endangered the cause of Constitutional Government in Italy by his fanaticism as Mazzini had done—whom he yet believed to be honest, though too much blinded to per-

ceive the consequences which must necessarily flow from his acts. The murder of Rossi, for instance, which was perpetrated by Mazzini's friends, was as tragical an event, under its peculiar circumstances, as that of Julius Cæsar. But yet Mazzini had (he said) more head and better practical qualities than Kossuth, who was a mere talker, though an extraordinarily-gifted one. My father went on in a very serious tone of contemplation; he had often felt, but not trusted himself to pronounce, his bitter conviction, that our time would turn out to be one of those periods in history which seem to lie under a curse, which can be traced in many instances in past ages, when every effort after truth among nations, and after a higher life nationally, is blighted, and when it requires a firm faith to believe that out of such a hopeless state, the good, the right, and the true can ever come out victorious. As to Germany, he said it was well, and a blessing, that the present generation *did* and *could* still hope; but a man who had lived sixty years could only despair—if there was hope only for this world. The cause of Germany he believed now to be lost for many generations to come; in 1848 it was not yet lost—but it *was* lost in March 1849, by the *manner* in which the imperial crown was offered to Frederick William IV., and the manner in which he refused it, instead of accepting it *upon his own conditions*. For the present, the only course for a lover of his country to pursue was to protect and hold fast *what Prussia has*; and in one way Prussia was certainly better off than before, as she possesses a Constitutional Government to which the King has sworn—and he will keep his oath—he and his successors being honest men. . . .

Bunsen to a Lady.

London: 13th November, 1852.

You poured out to me yesterday in a solemn moment the very depth of your Christian heart, and gave me thus a proof of affection and confidence, deeply affecting to me.

You feel the wrath of God, the All Just, more than the

love of God; and, if I understand you rightly, that is a consequence of the natural re-action of your heart and your reason against the one-sided formularies of theology: a re-action through which we, the free children of our time, are all bound to pass. You cannot find satisfaction either in the Calvinistic or the Evangelical formulary for the doctrine of Justification and Reconciliation: your conscience tells you (as every other Christian) of sin, and of the union with God interrupted through sin; and your reason, in terror, draws the conclusion, that every sin goes on in endless succession producing evil (a concatenation which you can feel no right to suppose broken off), and calling for punishment from the eternal justice of God,—as you qualify the moral order of the universe; and with this conception you connect the idea (perhaps without having made it quite clear to yourself) that this punishment, be it now or hereafter, in this or in another life, will prove an expiation of the sin. Your mind receives not the satisfaction of Christ, which, in the form in which it has been presented to you, is made repugnant to your reason.

I beg you not to be offended if I have misunderstood you; but this appears to me the unavoidable logical consequence of your communication to me of yesterday.

My conviction is, that faith in Christ is essentially no other than the solution of this enigma which has oppressed the heart of humanity for so many thousand years. The mere looking up to Christ, as pattern and prototype, is as far from being Christianity as even Religion, in any degree—any more than gazing out of the swamp into which one has fallen, up towards another standing safe and high on the bank, can prove the means of being drawn out of the swamp; and the attempt, in the strength of Self (that is, of the creature contemplating itself apart from God), to escape out of the swamp, is not in the slightest degree less irrational than the well-known assertion of Münchausen, that in a similar condition he pulled himself out by grasping his own pigtail.

But that is not your religion: you believe in Christ, you

lead a life of brotherly love for the brethren of Christ, and in His name; but the bridge which must be built between your conscience and the decisions of reason as to the eternal consequences of evil, and the Redeemer, you cannot with your own reason construct. In other words, you cannot see that in that consciousness of sin, and the self-condemnation therein comprehended, the transfusion of faith and penitence lies the reality of redemption: which is the solution of the enigma, the being loosened from the curse of the law (that is, of conscience): from the 'illusion of sin,' as Novalis says. It is as if one in immediate danger of suffocation should wake up in the free air of Heaven, and yet doubt the saving quality of the atmosphere by which he is renovated, because he can neither see nor grasp it.

Into this spiritual air of heaven has Jesus brought us, not only by His having declared God as Eternal love, but essentially yet more as having proved the fact of redemption by His perfect and all-sufficient self-sacrifice, completed for the entire human race. Nothing is thereby altered in God's eternal nature, for that is love; but in our consciousness of Him, as the centre of our life, the end and object, fraught with blessing, of all longing, as Him 'in whom we live, and move, and have our being.'

This consciousness and that of our moral responsibility make out, whether evangelically or philosophically considered, the eternal, universal, and one only safe foundation of the doctrine of justification, as well as that of our eternal blessedness, of eternal life (John xvii. 3), in which we may live, even now, if we do not exclude ourselves. But the way thither lies in eating the body and drinking the blood of Christ (John vi.),—that is, in merging our own selfishness in a course of life, adopting and taking in His Divine self-devotedness in love to the brethren, in progressive self-renunciation.

Tell me, whether I have misunderstood you, or whether you agree with me. Faithfully yours, BUNSEN.

Bunsen to Baron Stockmar.

[Translation.] Wednesday, 15th December, 1852.

I hope to receive a word from you on the subject of the idea of an Anglo-Prussian alliance with Belgium and Holland. My view of the matter is,—let Prussia form its alliance with those two Powers, after having by wise moderation, and by the Customs Union (*Zollverein*), regained its position in Germany: and *then*, not before, let the question be asked of England. *Allora sarà altra cosa!*

I send you a little excursion into the domain of the time between 1813 and 1839, on the occasion of a new edition of Niebuhr's 'Life and Letters.'

To the Same.

[Translation.] London: 17th January, 1853.

With many thanks I return to you Montalembert's book. It is very eloquent, but yet the most embarrassed work of an embarrassed man. The key to it lies in chapters six and seven, and what follows. The heart of the mystery is his vexation that his own clergy have so shamelessly adhered to the despotism which he detests, which has crushed him, and scoffs at him. But so it is; no love of freedom without love of the fatherland, and the Catholic clergy has *no* fatherland, first because it can have no legitimate offspring, but also because the rights of all other classes, all fellow-citizens, become obnoxious as such to it, or to its master the Pope, as soon as the practice of thinking gains a head.

The first chapters are full of untruths: I had begun to mark them with a pencil, but the number is too great.

Bunsen to Agricola (President of the Consistory of Gotha).

[Translation.] London: 3rd March, 1853.

I have interred Germany, as in Good Friday's tomb—sure in hope of that Easter morning of resurrection, which, however, I shall not see.

To a Son.

[Translation.] 22nd March, 1853.

The whole German system of study is irrational, because no bridge is contrived between theory and practice; and antiquarian research in separate branches of knowledge is substituted for the universal interests of humanity.

Extracts from Diaries.

Saturday, 18*th June*.—My father having been invited to see the Crystal Palace in its still unfinished state, we packed ourselves a carriage full to accompany him. After passing Dulwich the country prospect became charming, and soon we perceived the new building on a wooded height. Mr. Phillips, Mr. Layard, and Mr. Owen Jones guided us and a large party over this wonderful construction, which promises to realise Aladdin's Palace. From the galleries the view is beautiful, and was evidently enjoyed by the eighty singers from Cologne, who had been brought over by Mr. Mitchell. By degrees all visitors had collected (400 or 500) in a comparatively *small corner* of the galleries, when suddenly the eighty began to sing; and grandly did their voices sound, electrifying the work-people of all tongues and nations, who ceased hammering, and joined in a loud hurrah as soon as the first song ended. After the second song, the dinner bell summoned the thousands from their various places of work, and they were like a swarm of bees passing along all ladders and stairs and corridors; when the eighty sounded forth 'God save the Queen!' each and all remained standing, hat in hand, on whatever spot they had reached, till at the end they burst into another loud hurrah! It was a heart-stirring scene. . . .

Wednesday, 6*th July*.—My father read at breakfast the Emperor Nicholas's manifesto, which accuses the Porte of violation of faith, and declares a crusade and holy war! My father said, even the aggression of Napoleon against Spain was hardly so devoid of pretext as this act, which

he considered to be a wanton rushing upon destruction on the part of the Emperor. When my father went into his library with me after breakfast, he could not refrain from beginning over again about this extraordinary event, of which he spoke with great emotion, as though he felt woes to be at hand. . . .

Thursday, 21*st July*.—Mr. Layard at breakfast, with Captain Jones, who has been twenty-six years in the East, and sixteen of them in Mesopotamia. He brought with him plans made by himself of Mosul, and the site of Nineveh, where he has measured the ground almost by inches, and felt so perfectly at home, that in the great wilderness of London he is quite strange and solitary. His plans and explanations enable one to form a conception of these ancient cities, which was difficult so long as one remained confounded by the modern notion of a town as consisting of a heap of stones, more or less well arranged, with street crammed close to street, and scarcely room for the air to circulate, far less for fields, trees, and cultivation. It is plain that we are to think of Nineveh, Babylon, Ecbatana, as inclosures, with walls well fortified and capable of defence, including a space more like a small province than a town, in which herds of cattle and flocks of sheep could be contained and fed, in which were trees for shade, and space for cultivation; the buildings being in groups, well separated, as the ruins testify. The fortified inclosure was at the least a security against the incursions of nomad tribes, such as will not have failed to harass even the greatest empires of antiquity, until the Romans interposed their thorough-going system of absolute rule. . . .

Bunsen to his Wife. (*In London.*)

Bedford Hotel, Brighton: 24th July, 1853.

I arrived safely, met Ernest at the station, and had a good walk with him and a short drive, before we entered these doors. I went early to bed, it being bitterly cold,—

on account, of course, of the dog days. This morning I drank in as much sea air as my lungs could receive. After breakfast set to work, and so successfully that I finished the whole article of Marcion to my satisfaction, before dinner. It is now near seven, and I have done all that I required of myself, and sit down to prepare Justin Martyr with Hermas and the Ebionites in the foreground of the picture. Tuesday, I hope to do Polycarp, and then I have only to jump over Irenæus to reach my own dear Hippolytus.

La campagna e la quiete—that is the main thing, but the sea-air is also something. The dear children bear me about on their hands.

You will be surprised at all that I have accomplished here. . . .

Bunsen to his Wife. (*At Llanover.*)

London: 10th October, 1853.

[Bunsen had been urgently invited to be present at the Cwmreiggyddion, and had consented to look over the prize essays and give his award.]

I cannot come—war has been eventually announced to Russia if she does not say *formally* what she wanted the other Powers to say—that is, the contrary of what she *has* said. I have conferences daily—telegrams and despatches twice! My award is being copied.

Bunsen to Count Usedom.

[Translation.] London: 8th December, 1853.

First of all, as to my coming to Berlin. I am in a course of regimen, with a view to becoming free from chronic suffering. I am unequal to more than a very small amount of walking or other exercise, and yet exercise is an absolute condition of amendment. What here keeps me in tolerable health is, 1, regular diet: 2, frequent but short walks (on the terrace or adjoining park); and, 3, the mildness of the climate, which allows of these frequent daily walks.

For these rules of life, all things are here arranged. At Berlin, I could not lead the life I ought. Sir Henry Holland is of opinion, that by the month of April I may be better.

In the second place, who should carry on the diplomatic relations? I see Clarendon almost daily; he receives me in the early part of the morning in his own house. In the afternoon, I may read at the Foreign Office whatever I wish to see. With Aberdeen I have *les petites entrées*; also to Prince Albert when in London, regularly towards eleven o'clock in the morning, towards six in the afternoon, privately, and between times by means of writing. I am informed of everything. Walewski, who is a *power*, communicates with me personally with the greatest readiness; so also Musurus and Buchanan. Only with Colloredo and Brunnow would a substitute do as well as myself, but an influence with the Cabinet and Ministry no one can obtain without length of time. I believe that I possess all the influence which, with our politics, is possible.

Bunsen to Baron Stockmar.

[Translation.] London: Sylvester evening, 1853.

To you and yours be blessing, salvation, and happiness, in the approaching new year! 'Would he were here!' is the close of Sir G. Cooper's letter enclosing that which I hereby forward. 'Would he were here!' resounds to me from all parts and various strata of the Palace. 'Would he were here!' is daily in my heart, and often on my lips.

The winter is, as to cold, that of 1812: will the spring turn out for Prussia and Germany that of 1813? *I must hope so*, since Pourtalès is come, who, as I neither *could* nor *would* go to Berlin, was, on my proposal, sent to me, and was a true Christmas present. At that earlier date, was a war of liberation: and now, what will it be? Pourtalès is in the highest spirits, as well as Usedom. The former will return to Berlin in a week. The Prince (Albert)

sees me as often as I desire to confer with him: he is more energetic, but also more grave than ever.

A destiny is in the course of evolution; a fatality ripening to its fulfilment. The wings of Nemesis are beating audibly: *L'Europe ne deviendra pas Cosaque.*

Aberdeen will not maintain himself much longer; it is his unpopularity which has made Palmerston the most powerful man in England, and the favourite of the people: he (Aberdeen) has learnt nothing since 1815 in foreign politics, except that he perceives, *post factum*, that he was in the wrong, because the world is no longer what in 1815 it was made to be! God preserve our fatherland, the ever dear and great!

Extracts from Diaries (continued).

1*st January*, 1854.—Before the close of the old year, we had already received the long-expected intelligence of the death of dear General Radowitz, on Christmas Day! We have the privilege of remembering many most interesting days during his stay with us three years ago, the impression of which will not easily wear away. The conversation at breakfast turned upon Radowitz, of whom, bred up as he was at a Jesuit school, it might be said that his whole turn of mind was based upon what the head of a Jesuit school at Vienna had declared to my father to be the basis of their system of education—*Religion* (in their sense, i.e. the inflexible binding rule) and *Mathematics*. . . .

Sunday, 5th February.—My father said that the Emperor, when he was in England in 1844, already uttered the sentiments of which many versions have since been made:—'Il y a dans mon Cabinet deux opinions sur la Turquie: l'une, qu'elle est mourante; l'autre, qu'elle est morte—la dernière est la mienne. Il serait ainsi bien que nous nous entendions sur la manière de faire ses funérailles.'

Tuesday, 7th February.—At breakfast my father read Lord Clarendon's declaration in the House last night, that negotiations were broken off and relations suspended with Russia.

CHAPTER XVI.

RECALL FROM LONDON—INDEPENDENCE.

BUNSEN RECALLED FROM ENGLAND—DEPARTURE FROM CARLTON TERRACE—FAREWELL TO HIS FRIENDS—ESTABLISHES HIMSELF AND FAMILY AT CHARLOTTENBERG—CORRESPONDENCE FROM HEIDELBERG—THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION—STATE OF GERMANY—BIBLE WORK—DEATH OF ARCHDEACON HARE.

Extracts from Diaries (*continued*).

ON the 11th April, 1854, the first telegraphic announcement was made in the 'Times' of my father's being recalled from his post in London,—he himself not having received any notification of the fact, nor did he receive it officially for long after, although aware that the King had accepted his resignation, sent in the first week in April. The time of suspense and uncertainty was painful, but the kindly feeling towards my father and all of us, evinced in thousands of enquiries, notes, and letters of regret, when once the fact became known, was most gratifying. The feelings must be left out of the question with which we worked at despoiling our beautiful dwelling of the signs of our own especial life in it: yet when at last the great work was accomplished, it was with thankfulness that we left those desolate rooms, filled as they were with associations and recollections of an important period of life, abounding in joy and sorrow—and were glad to find a temporary home under the friendly roof of beloved ones in Abbey Lodge, Regent's Park.

Contemporary Notice, by a Daughter-in-Law, in a Letter.

23rd April, 1854.

. . . The girls, no doubt, have written to you about their departure. The house to me never appeared more attractive than it did that afternoon, and it seemed hard to look on those beautiful rooms probably for the last time. But they seemed only quietly contented, and no one would have suspected the state of the case, except from my father's words when I went to him in his library, when he embraced me tenderly, and said, 'From this moment I feel that I belong to my children; from this moment I am my own master.' He really has seemed to me a changed man the last week. What deeply interesting conversations he has had here with me, telling of his early life and strong governing impressions! and how he has again and again retraced his steps up to this point, telling me how he has often and often endeavoured to take the collar off, and give up public affairs, but never could do so before: and how, in 1849, he thought his way was clear, when 'God threw him upon a bed of sickness,' and again he had to resume his labours as the opportunity was past. And now this is the first time he could leave; and he added solemnly, 'My whole life would have been a lie to myself if I did not run away the first moment I could.' They had hardly left the house before a letter from Prince Albert came. I will send you a copy of the translation of it to-day or to-morrow.

Bunsen's resignation of his post of honour and of labour in England, the cause, attendant circumstances, and immediate occasion, form a wide subject, belonging not only to the political crisis of the moment, but to a previous condition of things, of long duration, such as can only be explained and placed in full light when the future historian shall be allowed the examination of, and the liberty of ex-

tracting from, the vast amount of papers in his own handwriting, or written from his dictation, which exist in the Archives of the Prussian Government at Berlin, or in London. The hand which here attempts to preserve the reflection of his image, as it appears in his own utterance of thoughts and opinions to private friends, is wholly incompetent to undertake such a history of his entire political life as would prove an effectual defence and justification against many a bitter accusation; but if success is granted to the endeavour to show him such as they who best and most closely had contemplated him knew him to be, the result must be to prove that he was incapable of any intention or action inconsistent with his integrity and his devotedness to the good of his King and country, as he understood it.

It is not for the writer of these lines to examine or determine where, and how far, Bunsen was entangled in errors of judgment; and therefore the question whether he would not have done better to resign his post previous to the signature of the Danish Protocol of London, in 1852, must be left, with many other questions, to the decision of others. That the resignation, at last tendered in April 1854, had not been much earlier determined upon, may be referred to the causes which made the final departure from England so indescribably painful. Nothing but the total impossibility of carrying on his diplomatic transactions with due regard to that unity of purpose and character essential to his conception of public duty could have brought him to the pitch of resolution necessary for resigning, not indeed the show and

importance of a high station (entailing labour and loss of time which were every year felt to be more oppressive), but the vivid succession of animated interests, moral, religious, political, intellectual, which made his daily existence one course of imbibing ideas, of taking in at will successive draughts of universal life, in nations or in nature, while resident on that spot of earth which he loved to call the world's metropolis. This universality of energy (all powers being with him ever living), and his inexhaustible stock of animal spirits, enabled him to meet the demands made upon him, by every variety of matter, to a degree which most persons would find it difficult to keep pace with, even in fancy; and the friction in every direction, which would have been wearing and overstraining to minds in general, furnished his with exactly the desired degree of stimulus, weariness never being the result of any amount of mental exercise, but only the consequence of uncongenial or vexatious occupation. Thus, for some time after his resignation had been sent in and accepted, he was far from having taken in the possibility or necessity of immediately withdrawing from the scene of a sojourn, in most respects so preferable to any other that could be imagined for him; and not till after he had fully considered the question of private life in England, from every possible point of view, did his mind become resigned to the fact, that his immediate withdrawal from the scene of the activity of years was essential to complete his retirement from all connection with public affairs. The vision which had floated before him so long, of finally settling at Bonn, as Niebuhr

had done, and, like him, by means of public lectures, acting upon the rising generation of his countrymen, might have seemed on the point of being realised; but he desired to delay the actual fixing of his residence in the Prussian dominions, until the influences at that time paramount at Court and in the Ministry should have somewhat changed in character. As he desired to live exclusively for his family, for literary research, and for contemplation, the prospect was galling to his feelings that, by living in Prussia, he would unavoidably be drawn into participation in the strife of political parties, which both his physical condition, and, still more, his personal relation to the King, seemed imperatively to forbid. Among German towns out of Prussia Heidelberg offered the greatest amount of desirable circumstances, and was soon decided upon, after a transient longing after the shores of the Mediterranean, which caused Nice to be contemplated; but the idea was dismissed, as the neighbourhood of an University with its public library was an indispensable requisite in the choice of a place of abode. The resignation having been despatched to Berlin in April, Bunsen and his wife went to spend the short pause, while awaiting the reply and acceptance, at High Wood, beyond Harrow,—with the faithful friend of many years, Lady Raffles, with her to reflect aloud, to look beyond, before, and around them, and in the beneficent stillness of the country and the spring, to collect fresh strength and spirit for days and weeks of trying transition. The royal license to depart having arrived, no longer delay was allowed to intervene but such as was indispensable for the last

arrangements. The painful resolution was made and executed, to part with multiplied memorials of past periods of animated existence, in the form of pictures, engravings, and other objects of art, and even with the greater portion of a library, more precious to Bunsen than all the rest. This he had at first determined to pack up and remove with him, until convinced on trial that the mass would be too great for any house that he would be likely in future to occupy, and a selection was made, which, however bulky, might well have been larger, since many works were subsequently required and purchased a second time. This difficulty once over, Bunsen was prevailed upon to leave the distasteful occupation of breaking up the complicated structure of domestic life which he and his family had enjoyed, to those whose labour and sense of repugnance was lessened and lightened by the consciousness that he was spared all that he could be relieved from by accepting the kind hospitality of Mr. and Mrs. Wagner, at St. Leonard's. There, in the enjoyment of sea air and of the most soothing and gratifying attentions, he employed the leisure needed for the last finishing of various works, for which the printing press was, as it were, waiting. Extracts from a few letters will mark not only the individual occupations of the time, but also the fulness of vigour with which he had struggled, and gradually overcome, the trials of the crisis. He returned invigorated and refreshed to London, where the house of his son Ernest, in the Regent's Park, afforded him a welcome and delightful abode during the short remaining time in which his presence was

indispensable for consigning to the press his comprehensive work, 'Christianity and Mankind,' into which his second edition of 'Hippolytus' had imperceptibly grown. Mournful was the day of attending for the last time Divine worship at the German Church of the Savoy; after which, in the vestry, the venerable Steinkopf (fifty years officiating minister there) read an address of thanks for benefits received, which drew many a tear, the rather because it was not exaggerated, but abundantly deserved; for Bunsen had been indeed an effectual friend to the German inhabitants of London, collectively and individually. It would be a needless filling up of space to enumerate the persons, or the acts of kindness, which crowded round Bunsen, to deepen and strengthen the impression of the sentiments of affection and approbation of his English friends; but the heart-warming effect, which was the object of such demonstration, was fully attained; only the name of Samuel Gurney, as foremost in kindly offices, and who lived less than three years after this, shall be uttered with the richly merited, 'Hail! and farewell!'

On the 10th June, Bunsen saw his wife and daughters safe on board the steamer which conveyed them to Rotterdam, whence they pursued their way up the Rhine, to take possession of Charlottenberg, near Heidelberg, which had been sought out for them by their faithful friend Meyer, then a resident at Heidelberg. The day of departure was that of the opening of the Crystal Palace at Sydenham, the gradual progress of which they had watched during repeated visits; but its completion coincided with a period to

them too solemn and mournful to admit of even the inclination to witness the celebration. The Steam Navigation Company would not accept payment for the transmission of the family and their bulky effects, nor would the porters of St. Katherine's Docks allow of remuneration for the very considerable labour of conveying the latter on board, offering such labour as a token of much-prized respect. Bunsen remained with his son in the Regent's Park as many days longer as were indispensable for delivering the whole of his work to the press. Friends continued to collect about him, and it was difficult to convince many of them that his remaining longer in England (at least for the period that might be required for complying with invitations to lengthened visits in the country) was for many reasons out of the question; the principal reason always being that Bunsen could never be happy, for a continuance, but in a home of his own; and after the breaking up of the home of years no time was to be lost in constructing another. At length the two busy and exciting weeks which formed the close of the important thirteen years of his life in England came to an end; and the presence of his son George on his journey smoothed over the effort of his departure. On the way up the Rhine the travellers stopped at Neu Wied, to visit the Prince and Princess of Wied, at their lovely country residence, Monrepos. They had but just returned themselves from Paris, where a residence of nearly a year had been blessed to them by the restoration of health to the Princess by the hands of Count Szapary. Bunsen was overpowered by paternal joy at the sight of his second daughter

Emilia, restored like the Princess to health and strength, by the same persevering endeavours, under the kind auspices of the Princess, who, in the beginning of the winter, had urged the having recourse to the same source of help that had, under the blessing of God, proved effectual in her own case.

Letter to Mrs. Schwabe.

[Translation.] Carlton Terrace: 2nd May, 1854.

So much kindness cannot be resisted! I accept your affectionate invitation to pay a visit to your charming abode in Wales, with pleasure and thankfulness—but at a time when you yourself will be there—in case that should be in summer or autumn. At present, and to the end of June, my presence in the neighbourhood of London is indispensable; but in July I hope to be able to dispose of myself. We shall hardly be able to fix ourselves in our new abode before the New Year. Between this time and then lie gloomy months for Prussia and Germany and the whole world. My resolution is taken—I shall not again enter into public life, but devote the years yet remaining to me to reflection upon the great objects of eternal significance, to which, from earliest youth, I had consecrated my soul. Only, to depart from England is a thought intolerable to me, as though all heart-strings must be cut through. I write not to you about my retiring from office: generally speaking, it was as the 'Times' indicated. The dear King is entangled in a web. The Queen, Prince Albert, Lord Clarendon, Lord John Russell have all expressed their approbation of my proceeding in the most satisfactory manner.

Bunsen to a Son.

[Translation.] 1st May, 1854.

You know how I struggled, almost desperately, to retire from public employment in 1850. Now the cord is broken, and the bird is free, the Lord be praised!

Extracts from Daughter's Letters.

Saturday, May, 1854.

. . . . Last Sunday was a never-to-be-forgotten Whit Sunday: my father and mother and all of us went to the Savoy Church for the last time, and we stayed all together at the Holy Communion, after which we were asked to go into the vestry, where clergy and superintendents desired leave to present an address to my father. Dear old Steinkopf was too unwell to read the address which he had written most warmly and affectionately, and it was read aloud by Schoell: the vestry was as full as it could hold of persons who had remained on purpose to be present. Then my father spoke a few words in answer, most beautifully—very different from his manner of speaking in English; and giving such excellent parting advice as to the duty of all Germans in England, never to forget the fatherland, but to remain in spiritual communion with it, besides giving all the material aid in the power of every one severally. Half, at least, of those present were in tears; and the affectionate words and manner of each, as we all shook hands, were most affecting. The German Hospital Committee desire also to present an address, which they will bring on Thursday. Yesterday as we were to dine at Mr. Gurney's to take leave, we passed by Dalston, to the joy of all the inmates, particularly of the matron, who feels that she is losing a support and protection often experienced, in the departure of my father and also of Frances.

Extract of a Letter from a Son in London to his Brother in the Country.

8th May, 1854.

The letter of the Prince of Prussia was followed by one from the Princess—equally warm, and, in fact, affectionate. Prince Albert has been most warm in his expressions, in his own name and that of Queen Victoria. You will be delighted to read these letters, with those of many a real

friend. Lord John Russell's is a fine document. Lord Aberdeen kept my father two hours, and parted from him with tears in his eyes. 'I was instrumental in fixing you here, thirteen years ago, and indeed I do not regret it—I *cannot* take leave of you.' Lord Palmerston speaks as quite indignant at this break-up, and shows all the kindness he can.

We felt it a great blessing to drive to church yesterday, for my father, as it were, to take leave. He was very happy, in a solemn temper. You would have been glad to have been present, when, during the last part of the hymn, he bowed down his fine head, leaning it on both his hands, and prayed silently, an abundant flow of tears rushing from his eyes. Nothing could be more mild and heavenly than his spirit all the day—open, bright, and generous to all whom he met.

Bunsen to Mrs. Schwabe.

[Translation.] St. Leonard's-on-Sea: 12th May, 1854.

Your valued second letter has hit upon the very crisis of our life;—we must give up England, and we are about to remove to Germany, and to Heidelberg. To-morrow I shall learn whether the house there must be taken from the 24th. Should this be the case, we should be obliged to set out about the 18th.

Thus the fair prospect of Glyn Garth falls to pieces! This removal is the will of God for us: and as soon as we had perceived that, we have as fully entered into it as though it had been from the first our own will.*

* The friendship which connected Mrs. Salis Schwabe with Bunsen and his wife was recent in date, but not the less real. Through a common friend, of high value to all, they had been for some years acquainted, and were further drawn together by sympathy in the deep affliction of Mrs. Schwabe for the death of her excellent husband, two years before the present date. On this occasion, Mrs. Schwabe's invitation and offer of such thorough-going hospitality as consisted in placing her beautiful residence of Glyn Garth, in North Wales, at the sole dis-

Letter from a Daughter-in-Law.

May, 1854.

Your father came up from St. Leonard's on Tuesday—that evening they had a few friends to take leave. On Wednesday he meant to have returned to St. Leonard's early, as he had accredited Count Henckel as Chargé d'Affaires the day before: but he was long with Prince Albert, so that when I went thither at three o'clock, he was only then leaving; I was so glad to be there, to be present at that closing scene. He was in the library with your mother, E. and G.: he looked full of deepest thoughts. . . . But how desolate it all looked! That beautiful room stripped of every book, ornament, and picture, and he only standing there waiting to be off! Then the brougham was announced. He said but few words—we followed him into the hall, full of piled-up boxes—the men-servants all standing there. He said a few words to our mother, gave a few parting injunctions to Ernest, without a muscle of his face moving, and got into his carriage. I cannot tell you what we all felt. Our hearts were in our mouths, and yet no one spoke a word but himself. I got in to accompany him —I could not bear his going alone; and what an interesting drive we had! He talked so beautifully and touchingly of everything, especially of his visit to Prince Albert, saying he had referred him to his translation of the 73rd Psalm, as the best description of the present time. So we got to the station, where he took leave of the old coachman; and then we paced up and down. He talked about us all, and all that his children were to him, now more than ever. And then he departed: and I returned to Carlton Terrace to talk to G. about business, and carry away my usual daily cargo of things set apart for you and Mary and ourselves. . . .

posal of the Bunsens for as long as they might be inclined to inhabit it, —claimed the return of cordial consciousness of sympathy, which caused Bunsen to keep up a frequent correspondence with her to his life's end.

Bunsen to his Wife.

[Translation.] 77, Marina, St. Leonard's: 12th May, 1854.

I arrived here prosperously, and was received at the station by Emily and a servant, to my great refreshment. I came on foot hither, where the excellent master of the house met me, followed by Mrs. Wagner, with the hearty kindness peculiar to himself—he having been cured of an indisposition, and called out of bed by yesterday's successful election of Mr. North. After the 'substantial tea,' the two good girls played Beethoven and other things, and then I went (*quite well*) to bed, and rose early this morning. Before six I was writing at my 'Conclusion' for the press, which I hope to finish before noon. My feeling is that I may be suddenly called back to town. Everything is ready for whatever may come, and whenever it comes. . . .

14th May.—I still feel the pressure of care . . . the Lord will certainly help; one must do one's own part, and then have patience. Till now, the way has been beyond hope made plain to us—first, pointed out, and then traced and made smooth. What a beautiful letter, high-minded and affectionate, John Harford has written! God be thanked for so many precious hearts full of love that surround us! My close on the 'Philosophy of Religion' has given me much trouble, but I am pleased with it at last. It consists of sixty pages (about forty in print), much compressed, intelligible, and without circumlocution. I hope to read it to you on Friday printed. . . .

Thursday evening, 19th May.—Although I have the whole day been composing and writing in English, and matter from my soul's innermost—yet am I moved now to close the working day with a few German words to you, best beloved! I have had a true foretaste of the blessedness of a free and tranquil existence, to which the Lord will conduct us, through the midst of storms as to outward things, in the mild light of His grace and His peace,

according to our heart's best longings, granting our most urgent prayer. And this has been granted to me before the bitter cup was wholly drunk out, and the fight fought out, the distress ended—and even during separation from you, and from the dear and valued beings whom God has granted to us. I do not say in a strange land, for such is this land not to me, but rather a second fatherland. But the longing after the land of my fathers breaks out from time to time and strengthens me for the parting, not with splendour and dignity of station—for these are oppressive to me—but from the love and attachment which wind round my heart their thousand bands. May it be thus with us both when the hour of death approaches! . . .

To Archdeacon Julius Hare.

77, Marina, St. Leonard's-on-Sea: 22nd May, 1854.

MY DEAREST FRIEND,—I cannot be with you to-morrow bodily, but I shall be with you in soul and spirit on that auspicious day, which crowns so many noble and pious wishes, and hopes, and prayers, and sacrifices. God be thanked that you will see to-morrow that beautiful spot consecrated for ever to God's service, on the outskirts of that population among whom you and yours have grown and lived.

I am awaiting in this refreshing sea air and quiet the arrival of the letters of recall, the delivery of which to your noble and blessed Queen will be the last act of an official life of thirty-six years. My opponents have exactly been the instruments to help me to this harbour, towards which I long tended. My ties to England have been more closely knit together in this crisis than ever before, and will only be loosened by the last breath of my life. We hope to embark in time to be present at Matilda's Confirmation, which will fix our departure for the 18th June, that day of Belle Alliance on which I landed thirteen years ago as the King's envoy.

At Heidelberg I shall find five out of the eight German [redacted]heologians with whom I can agree. . . .

To the Same.

London: 2nd June, 1854.

We may yet hope for the happiness of seeing you here; [redacted]s to our leaving town, even for a day, it is impossible.

Yes, my dear friend, I have sold all that in future will [redacted]not be of use, or of essential use, for our living at a German University town, where you can have all books of reference sent to your own house, and I have kept of my museum only the head of Christ in marble, and the copy of the head in the Transfiguration, and (besides gifts, which of course we keep) my prints of the Old School collected in Italy. As to books, I have kept all classics, theology, philosophy, and history, which is all I want in future.

We are staying with Ernest, at Abbey Lodge, Regent's Park, and from Tuesday next we shall be at leisure to live to ourselves and our friends. Let me know when you arrive and where you are to be found. With indescribable longing to see you, ever your affectionate friend—BUNSEN.

Bunsen to his Wife. (At Heidelberg.)

[Translation.] Abbey Lodge: Monday, 12th June, 1854.

Only one line—a sign of life and love. I have had a delightful day with Max Müller, who told me the result of the Turner Essay, which I had no time to read; Trevelyan was also there, and Jowett, all full of kindness. I feel quite overwhelmed by so much affection; may I once leave the world, as now I leave England,—with love all around, but yet going willingly!

To-day I shall be with Hare; to-morrow, Stanley; Wednesday, the Thatched House; Thursday, Gladstone comes to breakfast; Friday, leave taking. The Prince and the Queen always most kind. All things prepared for departure. Harford has given me a copy of the ceiling of

the Sixtine Chapel. Yesterday we had a terrible storm, but you will have been safe in port before that.

Friday, 16th June.—This, beloved, has been a serious day, the last (seemingly at least) in England: besides which, until two days ago, it seemed to me impossible that I could accomplish all, even though thirty men of Spottiswoode's printing establishment work day and night, and yet more impossible did Rowan and Spottiswoode deem it that I should keep pace with so many hands. In addition, my Japhetic translation of John vi. and xvii. was still due, and some of my xxx. Theses were not done to my mind. Lastly, I found that the Preface to 'Egypt' ii. had still need of a notice of two new works, which I had hardly read. God be thanked, all this *is* finished, half an hour ago. Brandis and G. helped faithfully. This morning the last words, for the Thesis and some other chapters, came from my pen. Thus is my last English work completed, and has grown out of an occasional into a permanent work; for the thoughts laid down in it will long outlive me, and perhaps here or in the United States will find a fruitful soil, sooner than in Germany, distracted as it is, without nerve for action.

As Brandis is finishing the examination of the 'Chronological Tables,' I may freely turn my eyes and mind towards my German fatherland. Never in my life have I felt more conscious of the Divine support and blessing! and I hope that consciousness will keep me in humility as in faith.

In the evening of that Friday, 16th June, several of Bunsen's most intimate friends had been invited to dinner at Abbey Lodge, among whom were Hare and Maurice. The former addressed a few parting words to him, who was never again to grace that table, that house, that country, with his presence. The impressive address, spoken with deep emotion and listened to with no common sympathy, called

forth a farewell from Bunsen to the country and to the relations and friends he was about to leave.

What England had been to him before he had even seen her, what lasting impressions had been produced in him, on his first visit in 1839 as a private individual, as well as ever since during the thirteen years of his official residence in this country; what precious links had, under Providence, been formed, in the land which gave birth to his wife; how he trusted that his children's children's children would be enabled to maintain the happy relations which dearly connected him, more especially with Germany, Italy, and England, but also with France;—these were the leading topics of his parting address.

The next morning, Saturday, 17th June, he left England for Heidelberg, accompanied by his son George.

Bunsen to his Daughter-in-Law. (Sent early to her room, before they had met, on the last morning.)

Abbey Lodge: Saturday morning, 17th June, 1854; nine o'clock.

I hope in this rainy weather you will not venture out, and I must in one line give you my blessing, and a father's thanks, for being what you are, an angel of love and kindness. You know not what you have done and been for me, in these weeks passed under your hospitable and blessed roof. May God bless you for it, here and eternally!

Love and kindest regards to your children, and the whole house of Gurney.

I leave England, as I hope and wish to leave this world—loving and beloved, but willing and cheerful.

Think of me on Wednesday. My blessing again on your children, and the dear baby in particular—Ever your affectionate father—BUNSEN.

Bunsen reached Mannheim on June 22nd, at night, and was met by his wife and two daughters early on the morning of the 23rd, when they were all present at the Confirmation of the youngest, performed by the truly reverend pastor, Winterwerber, at the Educational Institute (then presided over by Fraülein Amalia Jung), where Matilda Bunsen had been placed the preceding year. This introduction of his daughter, with a large number of her contemporaries and fellow-pupils, into the period of self-dependence, in itself solemn and affecting, was rendered more impressive by the earnestness with which the honoured teacher reiterated the convictions which he had long laboured to fix in the minds of his scholars; and it was heart-warming and soothing for Bunsen to re-enter—through this celebration of a Christian solemnity, upon which he set a peculiar value—the life of his native country. After this, a short remaining railway journey brought him to the habitation, which had not been definitely engaged till after he should have seen it and acquiesced in the opinion of its being, not only the only house in Heidelberg that could have suited him, but also the spot which more especially combined the multiplied beauties of the valley of the Neckar. His image, as he stood leaning over the balustrade of the terrace of Charlottenberg, entranced by the prospect, which was gilded by the fulness of sunshine upon the full development of vegetation, and embalmed by the scent of orange-flowers and roses in the garden—forgetting that his wife and the lady who owned the house were waiting to show him the rooms —will remain while memory lasts in the mind of the

former. It was a great boon to have such a place as Charlottenberg provided for Bunsen's latter years; and his enjoyment of it was constant and unfailing each year, as long as the fine season lasted, that is, the period of long days and mild temperature. During the other half of the year, the reign of death in vegetation and of discomfort to all animated nature, which made the Continental winter a time of habitual bodily suffering to him, could not be laid to the account of that habitation. Had circumstances allowed of his spending the winter months regularly on the southern coast of France, or even on that of England, to be invigorated by sea-air against the influence of damp and cold, his life might possibly have been protracted; but the regret must be checked by the consideration that the satisfaction of life for him consisted in the execution of his various works, which could not be carried on exceptionally, nor at a distance from materials of reference, such as could be furnished only by the public library of an University.

Bunsen found at Heidelberg a few intimate friends, and was warmly greeted by many newer ones, besides which, during the summer and autumn, an unfailing current of travellers of all nations furnished him with opportunities of constant social intercourse with former or with fresh acquaintances. The pleasure of such social meetings will be present to the minds of many persons, as well as that of the writer of these lines. Were but the practice of making notes of conversations more common, much of general interest might have been preserved from that time.

Bunsen to a Son.

[Translation.] Charlottenberg: 28th June, 1854.

My books are placed far more within reach, and arranged more according to inclination, than was possible in London. Your mother and sisters have done wonders, and the rooms look so home-like that one cannot admit the possibility of ever quitting them. The lower apartment, the terrace and its prospect, are enjoyable even in rainy weather, but in sunshine ideally beautiful. I feel cause to thank God daily for being here; for I experience almost tangibly that I have need of all my time and all my powers, to carry out the task laid upon me by the fifth volume of 'Egypt.' I am, once for all, a German, placing before me the ideal problem as being capable of solution, because that solution is an intellectual necessity; and at the same time I am an Englishman, who refers to history all questions concerning reality.

To the Same.

[Translation.] Charlottenberg: July, 1854.

I thank God that I am here—first, because, as things are, I could remain with satisfaction nowhere else, in no other town, or house; secondly, because Heidelberg and Charlottenberg are the best of their kind, and both indescribably beautiful. But I miss John Bull, the sea, the 'Times' in the morning, and, besides, some dozens of individual fellow-creatures.

To the Same.

[Translation.] Charlottenberg: 27th July, 1854.

I have chosen a form of representation in the work on Egypt which will give all facts collected into one focus. In the Preface I mean to set forth the results of the whole, for antiquarian research and for the philosophy of the human race, in mere 'household words.' My Dedication to Schel-

ling pleases others, and myself too. That to Champollion may turn out well also: it is a sort of legend.

To the Same.

[Translation.] 22nd August.

The plans of the Camarilla are becoming more extravagant than ever. Being disappointed by Auerswald, one of them has conceived the design of preparing an alliance between Prussia, Russia, and France; of course, against England and Austria—Haugwitz outdone!

In a letter, dated Michaelmas 1854, Bunsen observes, on the subject of the dogma about to be proclaimed by the Pope as binding on the conscience of all Catholics,—that all that Protestants could do, would be to point out to reasonable Catholics to what a point they are being led by the Pope. At the same time he declares his conviction, that no good influence can be exerted by Protestants upon Catholics, until they shall have achieved a right to speak with authority upon experience, by constituting and representing real communities in home, Church, and State.

Referring to a communication from the late Archbishop of Canterbury upon the subject of the Immaculate Conception, he contrasts the truly Christian sentiments of the Patriarch of the Anglo-Saxons with those of the Patriarch of Alexandria, the persecutor of Nestorius, who, in an address to the Fathers of the Council of Ephesus, used these words:—'By the mother of God the tempter is overcome, and fallen man is raised to Heaven.'*

* It was in this same Council of Ephesus that the dogma of the Immaculate Conception of Mary was first introduced and approved, which the present Pope, in 1854, added to the Creed of the Roman Church.

Bunsen to Lücke.

[Translation.] Charlottenberg: 24th August, 1854.

The woes and wrongs of my beloved fatherland in general, of the condition of the Church and of religious instruction in particular, weigh more heavily upon my heart than I could at a distance have believed possible. Not to be oppressed in spirit by the spectacle requires a great effort of philosophical reflection. I shall keep away from the *Kirchentag* (general meeting of German Protestants), at least until the men who design to make it an instrument of their separatist will shall have been excluded from the committee. The first object ought to be, to support the Union against their system of violence and persecution; the feeble basis of confederacy is not even accepted by them in sincerity. But what should be expected from those who propose *as law* the Lutheran Liturgy for infant baptism, with Exorcism and Regeneration? I shall not go to that meeting, but other levers will not be wanting to drive out the evil spirit, not by Beelzebub, but by the Word of the Lord; to which work I feel, as you do, a fresh spring of youthful courage.

A Fragment entitled 'From 25th August, 1849, to 24th August, 1854, Five Years' Withdrawal from Service,'—but broken off after the introductory sentences here translated.

'Should this not succeed, then will it be time to descend into the grave, or at least to quit public life.'

With these words I closed five years ago my political contemplations. Now, at the entrance of my sixty-fourth year, I find myself removed from the banks of the Thames to those of the Neckar, and from public life to the tranquillity of domestic and literary retirement.

That long-foreseen moment came before the mind's eye with unmistakable reality and death-like solemnity in November 1850. How I then formed the determination to re-

tire, as soon as an opportunity for so doing should offer, without neglect of duty towards fatherland or family; how meanwhile I resumed my work long since begun and laid aside, and betook myself to new research; how at the same time I prepared the mind of the King, through Radowitz, for my resolution; how in 1851 I went to Bonn, to take cognisance of the harbour in which I desired to find refuge; how on the very eve of asking leave of absence and permission to resign, I was suddenly detained by serious illness, and how the near approach of winter rendered removal impossible; how in the beginning of 1852 I resolved to maintain the post as long as possible, which my political opponents projected to occupy with one of their own number; how I suffered the infliction of poor Marcus Niebuhr's sad mission, which caused the last delusions as to the purposes of the Court with respect to the Constitution to vanish from my mind; how finally I entered upon the Eastern question with the ever-increasing consciousness of *fulfilling a destiny*, and the firm resolution to hazard all in the endeavour after a dignified position for Prussia in the impending struggle:—all that I shall another time state in all detail, with reference to events and to my political correspondence. But now I shall only tell of my retirement, and of the events which immediately led thereto. . . .

Bunsen to a Son.

[Translation.] Charlottenberg: 7th October, 1854.

My work gets on well. By the side of it I have arranged with Miss Winkworth the publication of twenty-six sermons of Tauler's from Advent to Pentecost, with his life. The trial of skill has proved successful; she has hit the right tone.

The Baltic is a Russian sea, and the King of Denmark keeper of the gate. That must be thrown open, and the union of Calmar re-established. Instead of the Protocol of the Danish succession, the present dynasty should be

suffered to die out. The dynasties must be consolidated, like the debts of a state after a bankruptcy.

Schloss Monrepos: 26*th October*.—To-morrow I go to Göttingen. I seek my place in the fatherland, and feel that I shall find it; the minds come nearer to me, and I to them. . . .

Bunsen to his Wife. (*At Charlottenberg.*)

From Schloss Monrepos: Monday, 16th October, 1854.

All right! I am in full sail, and I hope with due thankfulness to our gracious God.

Heavy, dreadful times are coming for Prussia and Germany,—happy he who is independent! . . .

Göttingen, 22*nd October*.—My stay here is most gratifying and important to me. My old friends, Reck included, are all I could wish; Ewald and the other new luminaries have received me with the greatest kindness and esteem.

Bunsen to a Son, on his Engagement.

[Translation.] Göttingen: 23rd October, 1854.

You know already how joyfully I hailed the first intelligence of your hopes, from all that you told me of your beloved, and also of your own state of mind. I distinguished the hand of the Lord clearly in this contingency. All true, genuine love, that love which is 'stronger than death,' which is of force to surmount victoriously all life's changes and chances, begins with the consciousness of unworthiness in relation to God, who had conducted us to receive this pledge of His eternal love, as well as in relation to the beloved object; and more especially must this be the feeling of the man, whose heart after storms and rough waves has found the haven of repose, and who for the first time thoroughly feels what it is to be permitted to call a pure and noble female heart his own. That feeling I had, when first on the evening of the 31st May, on the sacred spot in the Colosseum, and then next morning in the pater-

nal house, your beloved mother uttered to me the solemn vow. Do you hold fast that feeling!—for it is the voice of God that called it forth; it is the pulsation of eternal life within us so often crushed by the load of outward things, and kept down by the world's pressure. This feeling is destined to expand more and more into pure thankfulness, to render our whole life a thank-offering, through ever increasing self-renunciation: It is the sole safe pledge of duration in the joy of love. Most men, and even most poets, suppose the beginning of love to be its culminating point: but whoever has really loved, and discriminated the nature of love (which among poets, only Plato, Dante, Shakespeare, and Göthe have done), will smile at such an error.

That love, on the other hand, which is but self-idolatry, therefore the opposite to real love in the innermost being, soon smoulders away self-consumed: for self-adoration can only subsist in the light of the accelerated process of decay and dissolution.

And now, dearest, look once back with me upon your (*Lehr-und Wanderjahre*) years of learning and wandering. Do you not see, and feel, and touch the fact, that all you have gone through was necessary, to enable you to find your true happiness? Look ever up to God, and hold fast by the invisible, the alone true, that your faith may be preserved.

My stay at Göttingen has been so heart-cheering that I daily think over and contemplate it with more solemn earnestness. It is now just forty-five years since I came here, with my courageous father's blessing, and the letter to Professor Bunsen, who was to introduce me to Heyne; it will soon be thirty-nine years since I quitted the 'Georgia Augusta' for ever, and it is twenty-six years and a half since I saw Lücke on my hurried passage from Berlin to Rome (April, 1828) for the last time. What lies not between those dates! Yet I still know every house, and still find cordial esteem and affection flowing in upon me from

all sides, from grey-haired men of science, and from those of later date, never seen before; Lücke and even Reck are quite as of old; Lücke and myself have been led in different ways to the same convictions: only as to the means of bringing them into general acceptation, we stand not on the same ground. As to these considerations, I feel that I have been raised above many of my German contemporaries: England has made me a practical man in this also: but all will reach the same point within the next ten or twenty years, and events may precipitate the result. All wish to proceed from *knowledge* into *life*; all are more or less conscious of community, and feel that our place of union must be the Christian people organised (*Gemeinde*). But most, and the best hearts, are dispirited. I preach to them freshness of courage, and trust in German knowledge, the plant from whence will proceed the future, sown by the Spirit and by *faith in reality*, in the midst of the present materialistic and confused age. Their minds advance to meet me. I feel that I stand higher with my nation than when I was in high place and lived among foreigners: and I have nowhere been more aware of it than here. And I sit with indescribable pleasure at the feet of the great masters of science, and the admirable men of learning in this town of the Muses, to ask questions and receive information; this applies more especially to Ewald, also to Ritter and Hermann, indeed to all theologians of the 'Georgia Augusta.' Without explaining my plan to anyone but Lücke, I have brought all to feel that nothing is so necessary to the community of Christians as a Bible such as is by me proposed. Only by starting from the standpoint of Universal History can one persuade the German people to return to Bible-reading, as the food of life, and as a habit of life: and that is what thousands of hearts pine after. . . .

His return from Göttingen was just before the setting in of a severe winter, and the gloom and confine-

ment of that season were only too severely felt, increasing the oppression of spirit caused by the reports of the Crimean campaign. But the following extracts from letters will prove satisfactorily, that, as on every previous occasion, Bunsen was raised above the present scene by intellectual and spiritual interests, and by labours for the benefit of the intelligent in Christian society.

Bunsen to Mrs. Schwabe.

[Translation.] Charlottenberg: 19th November, 1854.

I am very desirous to show you how agreeable our dwelling here is, and how we enjoy and profit by the happiness of quiet and peace, and I hope also by the leisure here granted. Not only have I, thank God! brought my work on Egypt nearly into readiness for printing, but I am busied with the thought of another work, which, more than any one yet undertaken, occupies and animates me,—the execution of which is in closest connection with the 'Life of Jesus,' and, in fact, as a preparation to it indispensable. . . .

To the Same.

[Translation.] Charlottenberg: 24th November, 1854.

Each day I feel more convinced, that if my work is indeed accomplished, much *false belief* and much *unbelief* will come to an end. For the foundation of the general view with which I look at the Bible, and can explain it from beginning to end, as an Unity in Spirit,—an eternal declaration of 'tidings of joy to man,'—the voice of God in the world's history,—can be so clearly carried through, that all factitious systems based upon false views or the misunderstanding of theologians cannot stand against it. On the other hand, the earnest-minded among the Christian nations will more than ever recognise in the Bible their own book; and in learning to understand the Scripture as the

'world's mirror' (as Göthe says), will experience the strengthening of their faith in Christ. *Now*, on the contrary, nine-tenths of the Bible are a closed volume, to the one part of mankind venerable and sacred *because* unintelligible; to the other, for that same reason, dead, or even repulsive. Here the explanation of every single passage is not the question; with regard to many of them, different scholars would give different *verbal* explanations. The main matter is the foundation laid for the view of the *whole*, in all its bearings; and that, once obtained, admits of no break—being the universal-historical development of the consciousness of God in humanity, which in Christ has its personal centre. The magnificence of the Old Testament, when once one can understand it, is unique of its kind. I have begun to arrange the prophecies of the Seer of the new Jerusalem, and to write them in order; he lived in the Babylonian exile, and, towards the end of it, after the death of Nebuchadnezzar, preached and exhorted to the return from the death-doomed Babylon; and I consider him to have been no other than Baruch. These prophecies are contained in disguise as a beginning of the Book of Jeremiah (chap. ii.—xxi.) and in that of Isaiah (chap. xi.—xxvi.), and also in two passages of the real book of Isaiah (chap. xiii., xiv., and xxi., 1—10). Reading these in connection, and placing one's own soul in the midst of that period so full of terrible judgments, and yet of hope,—one is admonished to recognise the eternal laws of God in the ordering of the course of the world, even in our own time, and in our own days; and one perceives that a similar mode of world-contemplation may rightly belong to other and various dispensations.

In Berlin it is reported that the King has named me to a peerage for life, with remainder to my son Ernest, supposing he purchases property and lives in Prussia. I know nothing of this.

Bunsen to One of his Sons.

[Translation.] Heidelberg: last evening of the year 1854.

The melodious bells of all the churches are ringing out the old year—in the church a full and devout congregation have been singing, with trombone accompaniment, 'Nun danket Alle Gott!'—and your mother and I have said together with tearful eyes, 'Praise the Lord, for He is gracious, and His mercy endureth for ever! Who maketh the lame to walk, and the blind to see! What is man that Thou so regardest him, or the son of man that Thou so visitest him?'

Lord! I am not worthy of the goodness and mercy which Thou hast shown me! What a year this has been! how dark was everything when the old year was hastening to its close! Once a gleam of hope appeared, but who would trust it? and immediately after the sky darkened altogether.

And where was a way to be found for us to escape from the slavery of life, and out of the ruin of all political hopes? Yet now, here we are sitting in happy rest and peace, in the German fatherland, surrounded by love and respect far and near. Emilia restored to activity, G. happily married, your dear wife and children all well; and I (please God) entrusted with a work which fills my whole soul—a work far too vast for me ever to grasp it as a whole; but the most glorious guide from time to eternity, and, if my heart's desire be blessed, from the present to the future.

Darkness indeed reigns without, but tempests from the Lord are stirring and coruscating through the earth's atmosphere. The Lord is coming to judgment: He will judge the people with equity. The old order of things is judged: forty years of peace have not improved it—it is falling to pieces; but everywhere, visible to the eye of faith, nations are coming forth out of dynasties, the con-

gregation out of hierarchy: and voices of thunder utter in all languages the cry after truth, light, liberty! Among those voices are blended those of madmen;—but who has driven them mad? and of infidels;—but who has driven them to despair of God's moral government of the world?

I have bid adieu to politics, except in quarters where I may confess my faith, and utter my detestation as well as my affection.

But in Church matters, I have spoken the word by which I hope to abide, and with which I hope to die—

> I go from the Jews to the Gentiles,
> From the Church to the congregation,—
> And I leave the dead to bury their dead.

Bunsen to Julius Schnorr von Carolsfeld.

[Translation.]

Charlottenberg, near Heidelberg: 31st December, 1854.

The year, my beloved friend, shall not close without my having written the letter long due and long intended. You know in general what has befallen me: writing on that subject would be too lengthy. Let it be enough to say, I could not with a good conscience remain to forward the measures which I did not approve, and I thank God for my recovered freedom. I think you have confidence enough in me to believe that I feel incomparably happier in my retirement and leisure in the quiet vineyard, opposite to the walls of the ancient castle, close to the rushing Neckar, than in Carlton Terrace and in the diplomatic uniform. I have purposely avoided going into Prussia, and have declined very kind and gracious invitations to visit Berlin.

The Spirit has moved me, and friends have encouraged me also, to the idea of a Bible for the People: we shall see what comes of it. 'The 'Life of Jesus' is prepared. I have closed my work in England with seven volumes: henceforward I write only in German. . . .

Of the continuation of your Bible illustrations I have

received proofs full of life and spirit, by your kind directions.

Dusch and I have a plan to induce our valued Rehbenitz to visit us next summer.

Do you keep up a fresh spirit in the midst of the judgments which are falling upon the world; and in the midst of a fateful blindness, continue believing, and hoping in freedom and strength! (See Isaiah xlviii., last verse.) God grant us all His peace in the new year, and no other!

The year 1855 was marked at its very beginning by the death of one of Bunsen's most beloved and valued friends, Archdeacon Julius Hare. A close intimacy began with their earliest acquaintance, in Rome, January 1833, and had been interwoven with the web of his life ever since. A letter from one of his sons, dated London, 25th January, thus communicates the event:—

Julius Hare, the high-minded affectionate friend, was not mistaken, when, under the arbour in this very garden, he declared to you (in June last),—'*No, my dear Bunsen, we shall not meet again—we have parted this day.*' Since Tuesday, the 23rd, at seven o'clock, he has been no longer among the living on this earth.

A correspondence was kept up between the friends, unfailing though not frequent, and Bunsen's letters—'carefully and tenderly preserved, and oh! how prized!'—were restored with these words, by the honoured widow, now, alas! no more amongst us. The very last of the series may be in part introduced here, as conveying a picture of the multiplicity of objects in common, and of the degree of sympathy, between the friends:—

Charlottenberg, Heidelberg: 10th September, 1854.

My dearest Friend,—God be thanked that you are better! I hope that these lines will greet you in my stead on your birthday, and thank you for the kind inspiriting lines which greeted me from you on mine. The consciousness of communion in the mind must compensate for the absence of bodily presence; and well may it do so after a friendship of a quarter of a century! I never was so much satisfied with my work in seven volumes, as when I read from your hand that you liked its being dedicated to you. Of nobody have I thought so much, in composing it, as of you, without whom the first edition, and thus the whole undertaking, would never have existed.

I cannot help believing that the results of my mythological researches, confined as they must be to the Theogonic and Cosmogonic sphere, will be more surprising even than those of the linguistic. Ancient Asia is the mother of all religious speculation, as in Egypt, so in Hellas, and in Italy. I myself had no idea in what degree all is true that I have said about it in the Introduction to 'Egypt.' The very names, often, and the ideas throughout, the same. The first verses in St. John are the sober recapitulation of the centre of God-Consciousness, from which the mythological Epos of mankind has *started!* The Old Testament stands upon the basis of the most ancient consciousness of the Semitic tribes,—still more wonderful by what it keeps out of sight, than by what it displays of the relation of God and the universe. I believe I have found a method to make the proof conclusive for my purpose.

No words can give an idea of the beauty of this place, or of the delight which we take in it. As Göthe says (in a letter of 1797), 'Heidelberg is ideally beautiful.' And our Charlottenberg is its centre and gem. I never in my life enjoyed nature so much. I have had here, besides Tocqueville and Layard, Laboulaye and the Vicomte de Rougé, who has decyphered a 'blue book' about the history

of the seventeenth dynasty, and the transactions of Amos, predecessor with Apeps, the Shepherd-King. I expect Lepsius, Gerhard, Abeken, Dietrich, and Susannah Winkworth in the course of this month; and G. and E. next month. . . . Rothe and I have much comfort in *συμφιλολογεῖν καὶ συμφιλοσοφεῖν*.

When will you come and see us?

And thus was a relation closed, more inward and intimate than any of the kind still remaining to Bunsen. This had been a friendship 'without cataract or break,' which had flowed on in an ever-increasing current of sympathy and mutual estimation from its first commencement; for the cutting-off of which by death no compensation could be made during the remainder of the survivor's life, but which after all belonged not to the temporal, and was ever of the kind which 'reacheth even unto life eternal.'

Bunsen to a Son.

[Translation.]

Charlottenberg: Sunday morning, January, 1855.

My lines to Mrs. Julius Hare must have been on the way from London to Herstmonceaux, when you were among those who paid the last honours to the earthly remains of one of the most pure and noble-minded, as well as the most learned men, I have ever known; and these will find you on your return from the house of mourning. I thank you cordially for the quick determination to represent me and our whole family on that day of solemnity! I have written to the widow as to a sister, on all that must now occupy her mind; and also about the publication of the 'Charges,' and the biography, which she should write herself, with monographies by all his friends. I have offered myself to contribute 'Julius Hare at Rome in 1832 and 1833.' How lamentable, that his library, that collection unique of its

kind, the work of a life of intellectual activity, should in all probability be scattered about, or even sent to America! It ought to be purchased for Trinity College or Durham University; for, alas! there is no modern renewal of the class of rich and noble landed proprietors, who look upon a classical library as a necessary ornament of their residences, and would think themselves fortunate in the acquisition of such a treasure. . . .

Bunsen to a Son.

[Translation.]

Charlottenberg: Saturday morning, 20th January, 1855.

Till the end of February, I shall master my impatience to see you again. You will find me changed. My work does not oppress me; on the contrary, it elevates me; but just in the same measure as I am elevated in spirit, I feel my earthly burden. For the first time I am conscious that the object before me is everything, and that I myself am nothing and nought. My courage increases, however, with every step in advance. I find so very much more than I ever anticipated, in confirmation of that intuitive view of the world's life by which I have been consciously guided since 1812. All must become *History*. The 'People's Bible' manifests itself bodily—a corrected translation, with parallel passages, and comprehensive explanations of the sense and its connection, below the text—to the exclusion of all systems. That is what my inmost feeling demands; the Scripture stands equally high above the genuine as above the fallacious systems of men. Belief in the truth of Scripture, of the Word of God in the Bible, and activity of Christian love in the congregation, these are the only real basis of the Christian community. Theology abounds in systems arising from different conceptions of the same thing: so also do Philosophy and History; but, closely and indulgently looked at, all such systems complete one another, and even their errors may be harmless in effect, if regarded only as a scaffolding and as steps by which every one mounts

and makes entrance as he can, without mistaking them for the building itself. The Rationalists are in the right as to what they intend, but their opponents have brought much more moral earnestness to the enquiry, and thereby have furthered the deeper comprehension. The Spirit in the congregation of believers levels, adjusts, unites the whole into a divine harmony.

Let us but have the one single objective reality that we possess—the Scripture—clearly before us, as represented by the nature and spirit of history, as a fact of the human mind, precise and positive as any fact of the material world, and the lever is given by which difficulties may be removed. That lever was wanting to the founders of the Society of Friends, as may well be understood; but in spirit they desired nothing else; and their system, spiritually discerned, is right in all its negative part, while their positive part consists in their works of love to man.

I had never anticipated that, for the re-establishment of the Bible as a book, so much had to be done, nor that it could, from the German standpoint, be done so easily. . . .

Bunsen to a Son.

[Translation.] Charlottenberg: 4th March, 1855.

Here in this climate one has, literally speaking, cellular imprisonment for three months, with permission to perambulate the prison garden, wrapped in fur, as often as snow or wind shall happen to be moderate; from society one is altogether cut off in the long evenings. As to myself, I have passed through this winter in better health than for many years; but much longer I could not have borne the limitation of exercise in the fresh air to half an hour daily. In a southern winter I could work far better and easier than in this daily struggle for life and breath, whether beside the stove or outside the house.

A detailed plan follows, for passing the next win-

ter at Palermo; but in July of this same year (1855) began the anxious and sedulous enquiry and search after a regularly appointed learned assistant—the establishment of whom made remaining at home a necessity.

CHAPTER XVII.

LIFE AT HEIDELBERG.

LITERARY WORK—INTERVIEW WITH THE KING—'SIGNS OF THE TIMES'—FALL OF SEBASTOPOL—'GOD IN HISTORY'—'BIBELWERK'—LETTER FROM FREDERICA BREMER—JOURNEY TO SWITZERLAND—VISIT TO COPPET—SCHÉRER—RETURN TO HEIDELBERG—APPROACH OF OLD AGE—CLOSE OF THE YEAR 1856.

THE year 1855 was distinguished by many circumstances and occurrences which brightened the life of Bunsen. First may be named his having passed the winter months without actual illness, for the first time during several years, although the chronic state of disorder which began while he was at Bonn in the autumn of 1850 made itself felt, as ever, by fits of suffocation, attributed to various causes with equal inaccuracy, and which did not admit of remedy or prevention. Next, mention must be made of the genial early spring, which brought temperature and sunshine in March, admitting of the possibility of sitting out in the garden, and cheering minds that yet clove with affection to the recollections of the South, with visions and promises as to climate, which the Cisalpine world could not realise. To the short period of this exceptional garden life is to be referred the much-enjoyed renewal of ancient intercourse and never-forgotten friendship with Baron von Hahn (of Karland) and his admired wife (*née* De

Graimberg), the reappearance of whose well-remembered faces, after twenty years' separation, are associated in memory with that bright and inspiring scene. The first interview, and the beginning of friendship, with the Baroness Clara Boris von Üxküll, belong to the same date and the same surrounding objects. This spring was further brightened to Bunsen by the visit of his son George and his bride, over whose happy marriage the parents had rejoiced at a distance at the close of the preceding year. Before their visit ended, the engagement of Theodora, the fourth daughter, to Augustus Baron von Ungern-Sternberg, was cheerfully consented to, as promising that reality of union and happiness in married life which proved, indeed, the blessed result of the connection—too soon to be severed by death! They consented the more readily to this marriage as, the bridegroom being in an office under the Government of Baden and resident at Heidelberg, the separation was softened and seemed not absolute. The wedding took place on September 12, Bunsen having made a journey northwards just before, and another just after, of which the subjoined extracts from his letters give an account. He was occupied with intense interest on the work entitled 'Signs of the Times,' which was published in the autumn, and proceeded rapidly to a third edition. A translation was admirably executed by Miss Winkworth, and printed in England; but the work would seem to have been too Continental to excite general attention in England, although it might be said that the evils against which the author contends are of all times and all countries,

only less impeded in their action on the Continent than in England.

The spring was succeeded by a chilly and rainy summer, after which a peculiarly beautiful month of September heightened the charm of the Heidelberg valley, and a succession of friends of various nations, flowing in unbroken though ever-changing current over the garden-terrace and adjoining parlour of Charlottenberg, gave occasion to an amount of social cheerfulness and animated intercourse, which is looked back upon thankfully by the survivors, who felt the beneficial effect thus produced in refreshing and resting the mind of Bunsen. Could but the echoes of those hills restore the sounds they received.

Bunsen to Agricola.

[Translation.] Charlottenberg, Heidelberg: 31st May, 1855.

Your letter, dear friend, has called back to my mind many an hour spent by us together at Göttingen, in philosophising upon things of the mind and of the universe. Each year and each day do I more absolutely find there the central point of thought and of research, and ever do I feel more strongly that neither thought nor research alone can satisfy and further us, but only the combination of both.

Alas! the German feels compelled to dig so deep under the earth's surface after his object, that he sooner finds his grave than the way to return to the surface; and thus, instead of a house, he constructs only the subterraneous portion of one; or his building, if so far advanced, remains short of gable and roof; the gable being the forehead and glory of the house, as the roof is its security.

By means of Egypt, and the researches into language and history connected with it (including the Old Testament), I have gained a solid foundation for the philosophy of the

history of the human mind which till now has been wanting to all. I can now prove, not only that the race of man cannot be older than 25,000 years, nor younger than 20,000, but also that but one course of civilisation, and but one race of men, has existed, with which all others of Asia and of Europe can be proved to be related by blood; finally, that in all but one reason and one moral consciousness is revealed, by which the Kosmos of the mind's universe is constructed.

Bunsen to Mrs. Schwabe.

[Translation.] 25th June, 1855.

The Jubilee of Boniface (who as missionary to the Frieslanders suffered martyrdom in 755) has furnished occasion for an extravagant demonstration of hierarchical arrogance. In the last place, simultaneously with that, has the well-known Professor Stahl at Berlin—a member of the Ecclesiastical Upper Council, in a speech made publicly, and since printed, on the subject of 'Christian Toleration'—so openly preached intolerance and persecution, that it seems to me impossible for a Protestant who possesses voice and pen to keep silence.

I called upon all my friends, one after another: no one had time or inclination. Courage is wanting—all are sunk into listlessness and disgust. Therefore it only remained to set myself to work, and I have written 'Five Boniface-Letters upon Intolerance and Persecution,' which are going next week to the press at Leipzig, to appear in July. I believe I have been successful in the letters, and that the work wil excite much attention. I have had much to read on the subject, to be armed against the hail of attacks that will be made upon me by Jesuits and Protestant zealots. You know that God has before now granted me the courage of faith, and that He will not refuse it to me on this occasion. . . .

Bunsen to a Son.

[Translation.]

Charlottenberg: Thursday morning, early, 6th July, 1855.

They say that after amputation one always tries to touch the lost limb, and continues conscious of pain in it. Thus it is with me since your departure. I look out of the window after the boat to cross the Neckar—take up my stick to walk towards it, or make it clear to my mind what question I had to ask as soon as you should come in, accompanied by dear Emma's face. But then I awake from the dream—yet thanking God that you and she should have stayed so long with us, and that though we part, your journey is to a homestead, country, and country people.

I have made myself acquainted with that Divine work, the 'Heliand'—i.e. early Saxon paraphrase in verse of the Gospel-history and doctrine—wonderfully free from the corruptions of Rome.

To the Same.

[Translation.] Charlottenberg: 12th July, 1855.

Jowett's publication of the Epistles of St. Paul is a great event—his commentary capital and honest, with truly original dissertations. He is the right man. There is so much work spared me. It will form an epoch: it is a masterly work, of great freedom of judgment, and of Christian wisdom: the text of Lachmann appealed to—the English translation well-revised—there are paraphrases and philological explanations—also excellent treatises. I am overjoyed. . . .

Bunsen to his Wife.

[Translation.]

Coblentz: 6*th September*.—I arrived here yesterday, and was so very kindly received by the honoured Princess that I could not resist the suggestion to remain till to-day at noon. Therefore I shall travel and arrive with E., sleeping at

Mainz, to be with you on Saturday. Prince Frederick William started yesterday for Ostend, and thereby hangs a tale of an excursion to a fairy residence in a beloved island, in consequence of a kind invitation, accepted and consented to by the King! Of course all in deepest secrecy; but this morning I read it in the '*Kreuz Zeitung*'—a secret at Berlin! . . .

I send you Astor's letter to read. It has deeply affected me. I had for many years wished for a renewal of our old acquaintance. I had bestowed much love upon him, and he had considered and acknowledged me as his guide. He now writes with real friendship. I shall answer him as soon as I am again at Heidelberg,—using '*Du*,' as of old.

To Marburg Bunsen was summoned in September 1855, by the wish of the King's First Chaplain, Dr. Hofmann, whose influence sufficiently prevailed, against other powerful influences, to induce the King to command Bunsen to come to the railway station at that place on the day and at the hour when His Majesty intended to rest and dine there—in the manner called incognito, that is, not with the entire Court and suite. The mind of Hofmann was strongly set upon a plan which he considered to be nearly matured in the royal mind, of making important changes in ecclesiastical arrangements and practices relative to parochial appointments and management, so as to relieve Protestant congregations from a great amount of existing trammels; and his hopes were sanguine as to the effect of the voice and mind of Bunsen in realising this project. Bunsen's letter to his wife notifies his arrival at Marburg.

Marburg, in the Ritter, opposite the Church of St. Elizabeth:
[Translation.] Tuesday morning, six o'clock.

Here I am, beloved !—actually at Marburg—on the day, or thereabouts, on which, 46 years ago, I left the little town, to try my strength in and upon the world; opposite to me, that dear church, in which I had preached a sermon two months before. Hofmann arrived at the same time with myself (last night)—Roestell fetched me from the station. Hofmann announced himself as coming to me this morning early. I have sent him the copy intended for him of my second volume of the 'Signs of the Times.'

The King is coming through this place on Thursday, alone in strict incognito; his suite (except the Queen) preceding him. He is to sleep at Frankfort. All is uncertain, but if he will see me, so be it.

Bunsen made, as usual, the best out of the circumstances; but the meeting was a painful one. He found the King aged and altered, and, few as were the persons present, they succeeded in preventing the King's speaking to Bunsen, except in the presence of others, and the intentions of Hofmann and of Bunsen remained no nearer their fulfilment than before. The hours of waiting at Marburg were, however, agreeably spent by Bunsen in walks and excursions in his former haunts, in the country round the picturesque town and its fine churches, in the society of his two chosen friends; and he ever after referred with pleasure to this revival of recollections and this retrospection, and exulted in the amount of distance and of ascent that he had been able to accomplish in walking; the tone of triumph in overcoming increasing infirmity denoting clearly as well as affectingly his perception of the decline of his bodily powers.

Bunsen to a Friend.

[Translation.] 23rd September, 1855.

. . . . I am just returned from a trying journey [that to Marburg]. My 'Signs of the Times' are out of my hands! —two small volumes, which have given me much pain, in contemplation of the misery and of the danger of the present time, but also great consolation. I hope that I have succeeded in rising above the flood of the personal, the accidental, the transitory, and in lifting myself out of vexation and grief, and all that draws the mind downwards, into the contemplation of things higher than that which shall come to an end. Had I not already written the book from inward impulse, not to be resisted, to declare the truth, I should have been compelled four weeks later to have written it, partly in self-justification, and partly to answer the demands made upon me. It is not merely one hornet's nest, but three that I have roused: the Ultramontanes, the Confessionalists of the old Lutheran party, and the Despotic party. But I have not written from personal motives, from passion and hatred—but indeed from love of the truth, of my country, and of humanity.

As soon as I had finished the first correction of the printed sheets, I hastened to my friends on the Rhine, to read them to Arndt and others, and to search out and observe many more recent facts. Then came the wedding of Theodora with August von Ungern-Sternberg, and immediately afterwards a private meeting at Marburg, where I also saw the King on his passage. On the 1st October, I shall return to the old beloved work 'Egypt,' and afterwards to the 'People's Bible,' alone and without interruption. By that time I hope to have here the young scholar whom I need as my assistant. Brockhaus has made me an offer to publish this work. Meanwhile, Troy has fallen—I mean Sebastopol.

Bunsen to a Son.

[Translation.]

Charlottenberg: Sunday morning, early, 7th October, 1855.

You know that Magdeburg wishes to elect me. The burgomaster, Herr Hasselbach (highly respected, but personally unknown to me), has written me a preliminary letter, in the name of the town having so remarkable a history as that of Magdeburg, over whose gate stand the words '*Verbum Dei manet in æternum.*' I have reason to believe that my 'Signs of the Times' have done this. God knows what it costs me to refrain from flying to the place of combat! To be, or not to be—is the matter in hand.

Hæc hactenus: all is in the hands of God; meanwhile my heart swells with grateful joy, when I perceive that I am beloved by my fellow-countrymen, and have gained a place in the heart of the German people. Everything now seems to me a thousand times more easy.

Bunsen to Anna Gurney.

Charlottenberg, near Heidelberg: 19th October, 1855.

Your excellent idea of making a beginning of an *Idioticum* (or collections of idioms) in Norfolk (which I wonder does not already exist) has given Dr. M. and myself great pleasure, and we intend returning the copy to you with our remarks, and the note for which we collect materials. The most worthy of discussion seems to me to be Meyer's observation respecting *Seal*, which he proposes to derive from *sigil*, Anglo-Saxon for suntime—compare *Saul*, Gothic *Sol*, *Hel*, ἥλιος, *Jal*, also the Anglo-Saxon Rune for Sol.

Why don't you come to see us in this charming and charmed place?—Ever your faithful friend,—BUNSEN.

Bunsen to his Wife.

[Translation.]

Burg Rheindorf, near Bonn: 27th November, 1855.

Yesterday you will have received intelligence from G., and will therefore know how I was detained a whole day on the journey, and that I did not arrive till Sunday, in time, however, for the christening and the dinner. You cannot fancy how pleasing and enjoyable all is in this place. Arndt was never so youthful as after the second glass of Tokay at the christening-dinner. On board the steamers I accomplished an incredible quantity of work; here completed, in writing, the 'God-Consciousness.' * I shall bring the first volume with me, ready for printing, and thus secure the appearance of the whole, please God, in May, 1856. I read aloud to G. and Emilia, morning and afternoon, to our common satisfaction. Yesterday I walked without stopping for an hour and a half, over the fine fields with G. and Hartstein. Ever and ever do I think of you and all the dear and beloved ones in Charlottenberg.

The object of this journey was to be present at the baptism of George's first-born at Burg Rheindorf, near Bonn; after which Bunsen went to Neu Wied, to witness the consecration of a hospital for the sick, just established by the Princess of Wied; and a letter dated Neu Wied, 5th December, speaks, in terms which, however strong, were not exaggerated, of the great enjoyment of the day's intercourse with the Princess and her excellent and high-minded consort.

[Translation.]

Whenever it may be that I return home, be assured that

* These were the beginnings of Bunsen's work, *Gott in der Geschichte* ('God in History'), now translated into English by Miss Winkworth (Longmans, 1868).

I long to be there, with you and all the dear ones with whom God has so richly blessed us; although, or more literally, just because I have been so well off, on this winter-expedition down the Rhine, I have no time or inclination to write to you all that I had so much rather relate! But it has been a fine and fruitful time, at Rheindorf and at Bonn.

It is a soothing sensation that I experience, to be acknowledged by the Christian community as their representative and speaker in the most sacred concerns; and this fact has been from almost all sides declared to me in the most distinct and satisfactory manner. The intercourse I have had with G. and with Brandis has greatly incited me to composition; and the new book has received its final modelling, is as much as possible compressed and circumscribed, and many a sharp point and hook has grown out of it, by which to catch and fasten itself on the present state of things and on individual minds.

Bunsen reached home after a journey which was rendered disagreeable by the failure of the steamer (owing to lowness of the water and thickness of the fog on the Rhine), obliging belated travellers, like himself, to have recourse to the diligence, which, under all circumstances tedious, was doubly so upon roads blocked by a fresh fall of snow. He was thus kept on the road through the night in much bodily inconvenience from the position and the cold, and shared fully the general experience of the need of that complete railway communication which is happily now in existence along the whole length of the Rhine. His state of health was not calculated to resist any shock, and he was seriously indisposed after reaching home, with an obstinate catarrh and cough. During the days in which he was detained in bed, the novel '*Soll und Haben*,' by Freitag, was read

aloud. Of the interest which it had for him he gave evidence later by the Preface to the English translation 'Debit and Credit,' published by Mr. Constable, of Edinburgh, at whose request the Preface was written.

Bunsen to Mrs. Schwabe.

[Translation.] Christmas Day, 1855.

How shall I describe to you my astonishment, I might say my pleasure in sadness, when, on entering yesterday evening at six o'clock the room closed throughout the day, then brilliant with the Christmas tree, I was greeted by the soft organ tones to which I was accustomed on the Capitol, and afterwards in Carlton Terrace, sounding forth from a hidden corner the 'Pastorale' of Handel and then the German 'Chorale,' to which the voices of twenty children and many others, those of Frances and Theodore and Sternberg prevailing, intoned the Hymn itself! I could not help thinking, in the midst of these pleasing sounds, of the fine organ enjoyed so many years, left behind in England with so many other treasures. But when I turned to ask whence came the organ now heard? to whom belonging? of whom borrowed? Frances met me with the card containing your name and kind greeting, and then the pleasure became as complete as the surprise. For the *orgue expressif* was our own, and it was your present—your Christmas gift! After the greater part of those present had retired, we again enjoyed the organ and Theodora's playing, full of soul and feeling—to no one more delightful and surprising than to her husband. Then we had 'He shall feed His flock' of Handel, sung by Theodora.

In the early days of this year (1855) it has been seen that Bunsen busied himself with a plan of Bible-readings, systematically grouped, intended to introduce the reader to a better knowledge of the Sacred

Writings. This with him was no new matter, as he had already in Rome considered the subject, and at the Hubel, in Switzerland, in 1840–41, had made out a Calendar of Lessons after the manner of that in the English Common Prayer Book, which he had always admired, as to the idea, without entirely approving the selection. That the completion of this design should have been put off (till that date, which he was not to see, of the publication of his last volume of the '*Bibelwerk*') is matter of deep regret, as such a guiding thread would probably have been found more useful to the mass of those who stand in need of a pioneer through the Scriptures, than any of his more voluminous works. Possibly some paper may yet be found in which his own words may better explain the cause of delay than this present conjectural attempt; but in all probability his sense of the imperfection of existing translations, more especially those of the Hebrew Scriptures, caused his disinclination to make use of them, feeling, as he did, that to be possessed of a renovated rendering of the text, such as he could put his hand and seal to, was only a question of time, as to which it was the habit of his mind to grasp the whole, and leap to the conclusion—considering that as actually done which his mind and hand had clutched. The contrast was remarkable (and probably uncommon in the annals of eminently intellectual men) between the hastiness and impatience to seize the end and hold fast the whole, and that intense conscientiousness and laborious patience of working out every detail of linguistic intricacy or critical commentary, which those who observed, and

yet more those who worked with him, had occasion to note.

The arrival of Dr. Kamphausen, in October 1855, as Bunsen's fellow-labourer and linguistic secretary in the Old Testament translation, marks the beginning of a period of peculiarly unvaried and unbroken labour, when the two were daily in close conference from nine o'clock in the morning till twelve, nominally, but in fact they rarely parted until the summons to dinner, at one o'clock, had been more than once made. Bunsen was always up early, after his wont, but busied with anything rather than Hebrew criticism, to which he therefore went fresh after breakfast; and the last half hour before his early dinner was assigned to a walk on the garden terrace above the Neckar. After dinner, he played at bowls in the garden with his son Theodore, as long as weather and season allowed; for he was well aware that such stillness after meals as might end in sleep must absolutely be avoided, and hard it was duly to diversify for him the unemployed time, after newspapers had been despatched, until he allowed himself again to work, after an interval of at least three hours after dinner. This time of pause was one in which conversable visitors were particularly welcome—for the influx of a foreign element was more efficient to change the habitual current of thought than the everyday household supply. But the experience of winter proved that the luxury of being entirely in the country, as was the case at Charlottenberg, entailed considerable privation as to society 'when skies were dark, and ways were miry.' What in the fine season was a most attractive

walk or drive, entered not in winter within the compass of Heidelberg custom or estimate of possibility. The draught of wind experienced in crossing the bridge is encountered, proverbially, 'at the risk of life,' and seldom was a meeting for conversation found possible without express invitation—which naturally belonged to the evening, and was an exceptional occurrence; the more so, as the winter of 1855–56 was inclement. It was not often that Bunsen could venture to accept the kind invitations for the evening of his Heidelberg friends, on account of the customary late supper, between nine and eleven o'clock, at all times unsuited to his habits, and at present, in his already shaken condition of body, inadmissible; and thus the progress of time, which changes so much, was powerless to modify the nature of things, rendering the dark half of the year, in his present situation, strongly and undesirably contrasted with the ceaseless animation of existence in London—where, whatever the topic of interest which at the moment occupied him, he had but to stretch out a hand in the direction of the right person, to obtain the desired answer to every enquiry. Often did he remark upon the rapid circling of life in a great capital (London, Paris, Berlin), compared to the more sluggish movement of the current in places distant from the centre.

Bunsen to his Wife. (*The day after her departure, on a visit to her son George, at Rheindorf, near Bonn.*)

[Translation.] Charlottenberg: Tuesday, 22nd April, 1856.

An affectionate good-morning to my heart's beloved! It

was a fine day, that on which she travelled away. I placed myself at once at my desk (half-past four in the morning), and sought after the enigma of the Indian Chronology. In the afternoon, I had found it, and early this morning I have written it down. . . .

To the Same.

[Translation.]

Charlottenberg: Saturday morning, eleven o'clock, 26th April, 1856.

I am just returned from the Castle, whither I went at eight o'clock with T——, to the great Mohl breakfast, of twenty-four guests,—in fine weather, by the Carmelite ascent, turning to the right,—trees full of nightingales, the air full of a shower of blossoms, the sky full of rain-bearing clouds, the Hardt Mountains seemingly close at hand.

27*th April.*—I have had a capital letter from Dr. Haug, who will undertake the translation and explanation of the great Zend-Document, '*The Wanderings of the Indians*;' just *that* which in 1812 was one of my principal points in the plan of the projected Indian campaign; and now, instead of my having perished in the trenches (as I undoubtedly should have done), God has granted me the opportunity to assist in raising the treasure, and to be enabled to enter the fortress! *Deo soli gloria!* I send today an extract of my 'Indian Chronology' to Max Müller, that he may *correct my exercise*, and then we will compare it with his result, which I had begged him to send me by the 1st May.

I am deep in the Vedas (with Lassen), and learn *incredibly*. Lassen is the man; but from my standpoint one can go further than he does. So much must be finished directly, before the Alpine tour.

What must be, will be. All right!

Bunsen to Mrs. Schwabe.

[Translation.] 28th May, 1856.

To express my serious conviction I have considered throughout life as my duty, even before Kings and Princes. Hatred and ill-will are both foreign to me—God is my witness. If I am misconstrued, I must bear it; I am prepared to endure the consequences. Without entire sincerity, no friendship can be maintained, and least of all, Christian friendship. . . .

It was a pity that you did not come yesterday evening. We had some very animated conversation (Dr. Fischer was also there) on Swedenborg, Jacob Böhme, Schelling, and many others.

10th June.—The arrival of the great violinist, Joachim, and the presence of Neukomm, have caused us a succession of musical enjoyments, most thoroughly delighted in.

I am ever busy with the file on my Egyptian work, but it will go off in four days. The 'God-Consciousness' proceeds rapidly, and I have great joy in it. My wife will probably remain at home, but Theodore and I shall certainly join you in Switzerland.

Our minds have been engrossed by the solemn and sublime spectacle of the decline of Samuel Gurney. He was yesterday still alive (at Paris), but he is daily and hourly fading away, in full clearness of mind and consciousness of death: no complaint, no sigh, only looks and sometimes single words of love and thankfulness towards God, and the beloved ones who surround his bed of death day and night. Is not that the bliss of heaven yet on earth,—that is, in the heart?

To the Same.

[Translation.]

Charlottenberg: Sunday, 29th June, quarter past five in the morning. (Jubilee of the Reformation in the Palatinate.)

Through and above the sounds of all the church bells and the gurgling of the Neckar, the trumpet tones from

the tower of the Holy-Ghost Church rise to my balcony with the soaring hymn, '*Ein feste Burg ist unser Gott*' ('God is our stronghold firm and sure'), and I hasten to tell you how beautifully the festival has opened, with the finest summer morning, after days of sultry thunder-weather. Let us hail the glad omen with thankful joy! Throughout adverse contingencies, that heart of the world, the dear, noble German fatherland, moves forward, and particularly this much-favoured Palatinate, towards a happier future. Peace and freedom are secured, and unity will follow, if only we place God before us as our aim. The town was already yesterday in festival trim; every place hanging full of verdure, and triumphal arches of foliage were raised as by magic before each place of worship; and at eight o'clock sounded forth from every tower the hymn of sacred freedom, the psalm of God-trusting faith. We were all in the garden to hear it. Later, the exquisite tones of Joachim, pouring forth the highest poetry of composition, delighted us till late in the night. . . .

That thought of Jesus transfused into his congregation, which combines the memorial-festival with the self-sacrifice of thankful love, is so grand, so exalted, that no form, and no want of form, can spoil it to the candid and devoted heart; and yet has human absurdity converted the central point of unity into a focus of unholy strife, and a cause of the deepest division; and has occasioned a confusion, which 1517 revealed, but did not resolve. So will we thankfully greet the union which incloses in peace the congregations here; and feel to be ourselves united in spirit with all those who seek God in Christ, and humanity in Christ.

Bunsen to Klingemann.

[Translation.] Charlottenberg: 21st June, 1856.

Many as have been the sorrowful events that I have known in life, few have gone so deeply to my heart as that which has befallen you, my valued friend! I know how

you and your honoured wife feel the loss; and I always prized and delighted in the child which has been taken from you, with peculiar feelings of affection and satisfaction, from his first appearance. Now, that loveliness and those hopes are yours no longer! But I take comfort in the belief that from the depths of your grief you will behold the height of consolation, and that your heart being open to all that is noble and good, you will apprehend how that which alone is true, and beautiful, and good is contained and inclosed in the Eternal. The beautiful and the good, having become consciousness in a human soul, cannot perish, even though they pass through the birth-throes of death; whereas its fuller expansion on earth might have been menaced by much suffering and difficulty, from which it may have been the purpose of the Eternal Wisdom of Love to grant an escape by death. And, finally, love, like all that is true, finds its chiefest blessing in itself, and in the memorial, which remembrance builds to the early departed. . . .

To Richard Cobden, Esq., M.P.

Charlottenberg: 4th July, 1856.

The Memoir* you have read was never intended for publication, but was destined as a sketch, and to give materials for such an European treatise as I thought ought to be written in English, French, and German, and might really solve the problem proposed by the Peace Congress. For, to speak frankly, now that the authors of the two Memoirs have received their prize, they were each a failure; both insufficient and unpractical. The study of their contents, the discussions, verbal and written, with the best authorities on this field which I could find in Germany, combined with my own diplomatic experience, had matured in my mind a plan, the outlines of which I had frequently discussed with English statesmen. I am thankful to see

* The Memoir was drawn up by Bunsen for the Peace Society.

that a great step has been made in the right direction, through the principle advocated by Lord Clarendon, whom, as well as Lord Palmerston, I knew always to be favourable to the two leading features—*arbitration* and *non-intervention*. Politically, however, we have gained nothing. Poland and Italy, the two envenomed wounds of Europe, have been left as they were, and, moreover, Italy has become, more than ever, the unavoidable object of the next war resolved upon by Louis Napoleon, and which may serve for pacification. On the whole, therefore, I consider the standpoint chosen or the Memoir the same as in 1854. The introductory remarks give the real results of the essays. As to the details, they were merely given as materials for a discussion; and all I meant to effect by them was, that the objections raised against the plans hitherto proposed might be removed by a plan of the nature of that which I had brought forward. Nothing is truer than what you say, that details often mar the whole discussion; the opponents attach themselves to these in order to discredit the whole. On the other hand, there are many statesmen who will not listen to anything when there are no positive points to give a practical definition of the scheme, and who, however, are fair enough to understand such details as a mere indication of the possible solutions which would offer themselves after having gone into committee. . . .

The marriage of our Prince with the Princess Royal is the only star in the dark night of the future.

The miseries caused by the tyranny of the Danes in the Duchies are heartrending, and a shame to Palmerston.

The Introduction by Bunsen to the Translation of Caird's Sermon, on 'Religion in Daily Life,' proved more effectual than any of his larger works in making him known and acceptable to the great mass of his countrymen in the north of Germany, and is believed to have contributed largely towards the enthusiastic

reception from the public at Berlin, which so deeply affected him in September 1857, when invited by the King to the meeting of the Evangelical Alliance.

Letter to Bunsen from Frederica Bremer.

[In the original English of the writer.]

Heidelberg, 6th June, 1856.

In the high North, in the capital of Sweden, two or three friends have this past winter often met to read and meditate your late works, 'Outlines of Universal History,'* and 'Signs of the Times;' and I cannot tell with what earnest appreciation, what delighted joy. These persons have been an Englishwoman of genius, married to a Swede —Mrs. Louisa Norderling (born Drummond Hay)—the pastor of the French Reformed Church at Stockholm, P. Trollet (an *élève* of Vinet), and she who writes to you, and whom you have kindly favoured with the name of friend. She, who has been your most grateful and delighted reader of the three, has undertaken to thank you in their name, and to forward to you their grateful respects. Many and many a time during the past winter have I, in the joy of my heart over these your noble and inspiring words, wanted to write to you and tell you our feelings, but I was checked by uncertainty where a letter would find you; and later, when I knew that your home was *Charlottenberg, near Heidelberg*, then I decided that I would go myself, and be the bearer of our respects, and of those of many more Swedes (statesmen and men of science), to you. And now I am here, on the way to Lausanne, tarrying only a moment in order to see you, to bless you for the good you have done me and many in my land, and are still doing. Yea, blessed are you to have been able to bring the brightest gems of philosophy, such as only the German mind can dig out, to the light and to the general mind, in a clear, simple, and

* The title of the third and fourth volumes of Bunsen's work 'Christianity and Mankind.'

practical way, such as only the English mind can accomplish; blessed in the rare harmony of your organisation which enables you to see both the diversity and the unity of things of this world, and those of a divine necessity, ruling and developing them for the highest good, to do justice at once to God and man. . . .

A journey to Switzerland was commenced on the 1st August: and some passages from Bunsen's letters to his wife (who had declined belonging to the travelling party, on account of the expected confinement of her daughter, the Baroness Ungern-Sternberg) will give an idea of the pleasure he enjoyed in the society of Madame de Staël and her friends, at the Château de Coppet, and the earnest endeavours he made to take in all besides on the way that might have been refreshing to mind and body, had but the vigour and elasticity of youth been present to counterbalance the evil influences of exposure to heat, and of irregularity in meals. The retrospect of this journey and of this year is painfully affecting, because it proved to be the period from whence to date decay and decline. From the succession of illnesses which followed upon the disturbance of the whole constitution, which took place after leaving Coppet, he, in fact, never recovered, although the soundness of his system enabled him to struggle hard and long against it. The undertaking was altogether an imprudence, founded on a calculation of powers past, and not of those still existing. Bunsen gave way to the kind invitation of Mrs. Schwabe to join her on a tour in Switzerland; his own temptation to a journey being the opportunity for social meetings and intellectual intercourse, to be

afforded by Coppet and Geneva,—and, further, the consciousness that his own habits of intense and continual application of mind and thought to engrossing and absorbing subjects required a compulsory interruption, such as could only be produced by change of place; and he considered too little, or rather not at all, that, accustomed as he had been for a number of years to every 'appliance and means to boot' for the comfort and ease of travelling, it was not now, in his impaired state of health, that he could be fit to endure the miseries of the (now obsolete) Swiss diligence in the Dog-days.

Bunsen to his Wife.

[Translation.]

Coppet: 3rd August, 1856, half-past five o'clock, A.M.

From the few lines which our good friend contrived to write from Basle, you will have known that the indissoluble portion of our bodies arrived there at eight o'clock (1st August)—not as a *caput mortuum*, but quick and fresh, to recover yet more thoroughly on a charming balcony, not on but over the Rhine;—and in the best hope of getting through, did we enter upon the Sweating-valley—for so I must in future call that crevice or hollow of the Jura, of which a portion from Moustier (that is, Münster) is termed the Münster-Thal. From Moustier, the descent to Biel is unique of its kind in beauty. At every stage we were called upon to change our *Beiwagen*, or supplementary coach, and to await, in the sun or in a stifling room, the appearance of its successor. At length, in despair, we sought and obtained the coupé of the carriage first in rank, in which two persons would have had close quarters, but which, we were informed, was reckoned at 'trois personnes'—the third being balanced rather than joisted in between the two first occupants. The body of the conveyance contained

twenty-nine. At eight o'clock, at Biel, we rowed round the lake, in the last rays of the setting sun: Theodore sung 'Es fängt schon an zu dämmern'—after which we had tea with its accompaniments, and went out star-gazing until half-past ten. Yesterday we proceeded over the surface of three lakes in succession, conveyed by two vessels, and a beginning of railway, with a 'Black Hole of Calcutta' as *Salle d'attente provisoire*. By five o'clock we arrived in sight of Coppet and of Madame de Staël, who awaited us, and conducted Mrs. Schwabe on foot into the Château, while her carriage took charge of me—(a very wise arrangement, owing, I believe, to a suggestion of yours)—hereupon the full current of conversation set in uninterrupted (except by the necessary toilet) until half post ten o'clock. Anna Vernet was there, and Edmond de Pressensé; Broglie could not arrive so soon. At six this morning I await Pressensé, who must depart at seven. On the steamer yesterday I observed a portmanteau with 'E. Schérer, Genève,' marked upon it; a Genevese to whom I spoke assured me it could not possibly be the celebrated antagonist of Gaussen; but I had observed a face which might have been Schérer's, and I insisted upon the fact being ascertained. Soon he was brought up to me—the man *was* Schérer. Thereupon followed a long conversation, in which I endeavoured to dissipate his doubts of the genuineness of the Gospel of St. John,—and I am not without hopes. We are to meet again at Geneva, whither I mean to go the day after to-morrow. I wish to spend there three days.

Eight o'clock.—Now only the steamer is arrived—and Pressensé has departed. Here it is delightful. I feel strong and as full of life as ever. I hope to write much here; the first Chapter of the Second Book (of '*Gott in der Geschichte*') announces itself as demanding new birth. I have promised myself not to travel between ten o'clock and three until cooler weather comes:—and thus I shall have time to

write. I shall not go out of Geneva, except to Chamounix. Theodore manages everything for me. How often do I think of you all!—and that you should not be here seems incredible. Well! in less than three weeks I shall be with you again! and with all my pockets full of admirable historical anecdotes, too good to write.

A succession of hastily-scrawled letters give particulars of hours (instead of the intended days) passed at Geneva—interviews and interesting discussions with Schérer—a visit to M. Tronchin at La Prairie—a journey to Chamounix, and a continual struggle throughout the time against ever-recurring attacks of illness, with unflagging cheerfulness, and the determination to make the best of a journey which had been undertaken in expectation of refreshment to mind and body.

[Translation.]

Interlaken: Hotel zur Jungfrau, 15th August.—Before me lies the turf-flat upon which this village is built, the finely-modelled green hills forming two halves of an amphitheatre, which just in the centre draw back to constitute a frame for the Jungfrau, which in the purest splendour rises in front. O! that you were here, with your ever warm heart for the magnificence of creation, your keenly-discerning eye, and artist-like hand, and I with you as my Priestess, to gaze into the sanctuary! But altogether, kind and affectionate and amiable as is all that surrounds me, you are yet ever wanting to me everywhere, and those dear girls who are with you! The drive from Vevay across the mountains (Bulle, Château d'Œx, and through the Simmenthal) is the finest of its kind. That is the real Switzerland, the pasture-land of the Alps, with cheerful, well-fed, well-clothed freemen as inhabitants (and handsomer than any I have seen in this country, except in the Haslithal)—the

effect is indescribable of the green slopes alternating with portions of fir-forest, stretching to the hill-tops,—below, rushing streams—above, the blue sky! But we are indeed making a journey as it were through the Abruzzi, supposing any human being ever thought of making one there in the dog-days. 25° Réaumur in the inns—from 27° to 30° on the road—in the sun 45°—and yet better everywhere than close to the lake. Here, in a cool room, with the glorious prospect, and a German band playing below, all is forgotten. Friday, the 22nd, to Basle, and Saturday to be with you, please God.

The return home was effected as intended—but, alas! the frequent recoveries so hopefully announced in Bunsen's letters did not hold good; and although he took food on his arrival with the 'first relish' (as he said) 'that he had experienced for many a day,' there was no help but he must pay the whole penalty of over-exertion: and the first fortnight at home was spent more in bed than out of it, under various and equally exhausting sufferings.

14*th September*.—The following prayers were composed and used by Bunsen, on the occasion of the first of several family meetings with his son Ernest and his daughter-in-law Elizabeth, for edification in the study of the Gospels:—

[Translation.]

(1 John i.)—O God, Heavenly Father, who hast reunited us here, after a long separation and many painful experiences, and assembled us in this hour for the contemplation of Thy Holy Word, grant us Thy Spirit, the Spirit of Jesus, who will ever be 'in the midst,' when 'two or three are gathered together in His name.' Amen.

Yea, Lord, Heavenly Father! we have gazed upon the

Word of Life, which once appeared as man and the Son of Man on this earth. Not 'with hands have we handled it,' but with the eyes of the Spirit we behold it in the contemplation of Thy Word. We behold it in the world's history, ever since the appearing of the Eternal Word in the form of a servant. We behold it in the judgments which have passed over the earth, from the destruction of Jerusalem and the fall of Rome even to our own days. But, above all, we behold it in our own hearts, in the acknowledgment of our nothingness as of ourselves, and of the consciousness of our eternal union with Thee, who art Love eternal. To that end, grant us Thy Spirit, that He may lead us, not to self-chosen works, but to showing forth our faith each in his proper calling, after the way that Thou appointest to every one: not in the blindness of zeal, but in the lowliness of love to the brethren as Thy children, and in remembrance of Him who gave His life in love, to the furtherance of Thy kingdom.

Thy kingdom come: Thy will be done, as in heaven, so also on earth! Amen.

Bunsen to a Son.

[Translation.]

Charlottenberg: Tuesday, 16th September, 1856.

My much-beloved! again I place myself (although with somewhat swollen ankles) at my dear standing-desk, to thank you for your letter, after having been able to work from six to eight o'clock *sitting*, by means of a writing-arrangement of your mother's invention, completing a nice additional chapter to the close of the Egyptian volume. My *supporters* will not bear their heavy burden without intermission, as formerly; and the whole house, and house-physician together, insist upon their having rest. So there is no help for the admission, that I set out upon the journey into Switzerland yet fresh in life, and have returned an aged man, more on three legs than on two. However I am otherwise well, and since the day before yesterday have been able to write, that is, to compose.

To the Same.

[Translation.] Charlottenberg: 5th November, 1856.
(Die auspicato, pro die auspicatissimo.)

These lines shall greet you on your birthday with your father's fullest blessing. To have had you here renewed and heightened the joy of thinking of you, and was a repetition and strengthening of the impressions, which I received and retain from the time of being with you in Burg Rheindorf, of your life and household happiness. You have a good soil and foundation in every respect; and the harvest-prospect will in no way deceive your anticipations, if you continue true to yourself and to the resolves of your childhood and youth. To which end, may God give His blessing, on that solemn festival day!

Now you shall hear much that will please you, relating to myself. First, I have never worked better. When I had finished the Egyptian volume and the first of 'God-Consciousness,' I had to make a resolution, and I determined that the latter work should be printed between this and Easter; and thereupon began Book V. I had in the Preface (the fourth that I have written, and which I have at last approved of) so completely plunged again into my speculative views and the fundamental idea of the work, that I was driven by irresistible longing towards philosophy; and I followed the impulse, because only when thus urged can I create anything in the domain of speculation. It has succeeded. I have studied through Leibnitz and Lessing afresh, and have so amplified my two articles of 1850 (leaving that which was written untouched) that they may enable any uncultivated mind to pass judgment upon the achievements of those heroes with respect to a philosophical comprehension of universal history; and of what they have left to be done. I begin with an exposition of their reasoning, supported by suitable extracts; the 'Education of the Human Race' I give entire, merely leaving out what is

purely historical, and what is unfounded (§§ 23 to 82), adding besides the two Sibylline leaves upon the Trinity and the Metempsychosis, which Guhrauer has so happily brought into speculative connection with the 'Education of the Human Race.' Then follows the criticism—there was still much to be done! To-morrow I go to Herder, and then to Kant: as to the former I had scarcely anything to add, and not much about the latter. Kuno Fischer, with his great amount of reading, is a ready helper to me: he is now writing his work on Kant.

I shall be able, according to agreement, to give Vol. III. to the press on the 1st January; meanwhile, I work through Book IV., to be completed by the middle of January, in which lies the fate of the work, and the position of your father in the Christian world: last of all, Book III., the Hellenic, for the recreation of the natural Hellene in me.

My life is divided into two parts. From nine to twelve the Bible—thus is the wheel ever turning. Haug no longer works with us together: he prepares by himself Numbers and Deuteronomy, finishing them up to be read for my revision and final arrangement. Kamphausen also prepares alone Joshua and Judges: both will have finished in January, and then I give them the four Books of Samuel and the Kings, so that by Easter the second volume of the Old Testament text will have been prepared, as far as Isaiah and Jeremiah, which close the volume: in these I have myself done all the preparatory work, and I let no one else touch them. Now, however, comes the principal matter. By Easter I shall have worked through the Pentateuch, and the Introduction, and written the 'God-Consciousness' (I hope even sooner): thus I shall have the hours free before nine and after twelve, for I am busy with the philological part of the '*Bibelwerk*' only in the three hours from nine to twelve. The time and strength thus remaining shall be devoted to the 'First Part of the New Testament,' the Gospels. This was your proposal last year,

and thus you shall have it announced this day, as a birth-day-gift from yourself to yourself!

Without the 'God-Consciousness' as a precursor, I should be at a loss to give my thoughts full utterance; but the two works together will clear up one another.

Bunsen to Mrs. Schwabe.

[Translation.] Charlottenberg: 12th November, 1856.

I can now again work with the same ease as before that Swiss journey, and my work gives me vast pleasure.

22*nd November.*—To-day I have finished those last sheets of the work of twenty-four years' *pain* ('The Exodus'), which yet I love so much! and also 'Leviticus.' Pray read the admirable 25th chapter, about the Year of Jubilee. What a grand view of the State as a congregation of brothers! That was indeed only to be carried out in a real community, to which the Jews could not attain: they fell asunder into clans, and became the prey of strangers, and were afterwards enslaved by priests and kings. The Maccabees brought reality into the communal system, when they had made Judah free: and it would seem to have subsisted thus even to the time of Josephus.

If one learns through the *Old Testament* to understand better the *New*, how much more the *Old* through the *New*! I rejoice in your spirited sympathy, as well as in that of our *wise* friend Neukomm.

8*th December.*—The imperfection of translations hitherto made becomes more and more clear to me. The celebrated proverbial utterance, the dying profession of the Jew (Deuteronomy vi. 4)—'*Hear, O Israel! the Lord thy God is one Lord*'—should be rendered, '*Hear, O Israel! the Eternal is our God, the Eternal alone.*' The sense is very different, and the true meaning goes higher and deeper than that of the common and wrong translation. . . .

12*th December.*—D.'s expressions of his feelings with respect to death are very touching. He would make the

explanation of them easier to himself, if he reflected that the soul in itself shrinks not from death, because conscious of *that* being the necessary birth into higher life. Well did Jellaleddin Rumi say, 'Truly life shuddereth before death.' But in the soul the divine principle is as really existing as the natural; as the poet best of all says, *Through God* do the human spirits stand in connection with one another, not otherwise: and there (in God) only as spiritual existences.

Apparitions in the common sense I consider an utter absurdity: but that one spirit in the great and eventful moments of the inner life (for instance, at the moment of expiring) may gaze in upon another, is a certain fact. That is the Scotch second sight. An anecdote in Niebuhr's life of his father (the traveller) is remarkable. These things take place most commonly in the unspiritual condition of mere nature, for instance, in dreams or somnambulism; but what is possible in the state of nature must be so also further and higher.

Bunsen to a Friend.

[Translation.] 22nd December, 1856.

The King has most graciously accepted my book, delivered by Humboldt ('God in History,' vol. i.), but added, 'Is there no letter for me with it?'—I shall therefore write to him to-day, referring to my letter in print. . . .

Besides this work, I have earnestly considered the burning question of Neufchâtel; and by an extraordinary concurrence of circumstances, I seem called upon to quit my absolute retirement from political concerns of the moment —God be thanked! it would seem that my efforts in various quarters have not been quite without effect. It is terrible to think of a war for a mere point of honour, as a possibility in our times; but I hold firmly the belief that it will not come to a war, and that the matter will be arranged in the way that I at first proposed. Lord

Palmerston at the beginning did harm by inconsiderate positiveness of language, and by underrating the importance and seriousness of the affair.

When I overlook the past year, with its joys and sufferings, its bright and dark passages, my mind rests with true enjoyment on the days in Switzerland. The latter half of the journey was disturbed by bodily indisposition; and then followed my illness and loss of time in consequence; but now all this has retreated into the background, and the impression of grand and splendid nature which we passed through in friendly intercourse recovers its full and enduring force. I feel that I have entirely recovered from my illness, but I have entered upon old age. Tranquil uniformity and sameness of life and diet are necessary to me: in this quiet course I feel well, and in mind as fresh as ever. Wisdom consists (as Koheleth says for King Solomon) in knowing that there is a time for all things; but he would not seem to have considered that, as every age has its privations, so also even old age has its peculiar enjoyments, or, at least, might have them. Experience and memory are great treasures, belonging to old age. . . .

Imagine that my married children have united in making me a great surprise against the New Year by the valuable present of a billiard-table! Up to the day when it came and was put up, I played daily at bowls in the garden with Theodore, (who had, without saying anything, meanwhile arranged the whole), but since then it has become too cold for bowls; and thus the substitute has arrived exactly at the right time. You know, that for almost forty years without exception we have, alone in our home-circle, sat up to await the year's beginning, with choral-singing and other solemn music, and in serious conversation with pauses between. This time we shall also do so, but without the dear Sternbergs (as Theodora has the influenza), but they will be with us in spirit, and you also: is it not so? Now farewell, dear friend, and receive my heart's thanks for all

the kindness and friendship which you have shown me in this departing year! God bless you, and your house so rich in blessings, abundantly in the new year! To all, including the all-beloved Neukomm, my heartiest greetings.

1*st January*, 1857.—Again, all hail and blessing for the new year! I shall begin the working-day with 'In the beginning God created heaven and earth.' O might I be found worthy yet, ere the departure of this year, to write 'In the beginning was the Word!' I fully purpose doing this; but may God's will be done, by us, or in spite of us!

CHAPTER XVIII.

LAST VISIT TO BERLIN.

DECLINING HEALTH — NEUFCHÂTEL — ARTICLE ON LUTHER — ENERGETIC WORK — LETTER TO MR. HARFORD — LETTER TO THE DUCHESS OF ARGYLL — VISIT FROM MR. ASTOR — VISIT TO BERLIN — LETTER FROM THE KING OF PRUSSIA — THE EVANGELICAL ALLIANCE AT BERLIN.

THE notice taken by Bunsen of his bodily condition, in the extracts of letters that have been given, is marked by an increasing desire to make the best of it, and believe it as much a state of convalescence as he desired and needed that it should be; but the period of irretrievable disorder had arrived, through which only energy such as his could have effected the amount of work which he still accomplished. After seemingly getting rid of the combination of catarrh and gastric affection which he brought with him from the journey into Switzerland, being many times 'well again' and at his desk, and then disabled afresh, yet struggling on to keep his assistants at work (now two in number, for Dr. Haug was engaged in addition to Dr. Kamphausen), even when his own work of free composition, or of writing his commentary to the Bible, was necessarily suspended—he was, in January 1857, seized with lumbago, an evil previously experienced at Rome, Munich, and in London. In these cases, however, it was dismissed with comparative ease: in Rome, by the use of leeches; in London, by that of

vapour-baths. But this time the suffering was as obstinate as it was intense; and he had first to learn what was implied by sleepless nights, thus first tasting the cup of bitterness which he was to drink to the very dregs in his last illness. Cupping and blistering (under the friendly direction of Professor Chelius) proved unavailing to diminish pain, but probably helped to originate that swelling of the legs, at first, and for two years more, very slight, which so miserably increased in the last six months of life. The attack of lumbago at length wore itself out; but not till the month of May had brought a steady temperature was he restored to ease and comfort. The baths of Wildbad, in August, removed the last sensation of pain and weakness in the legs; and among all the sufferings that awaited him later, the torment of lumbago never returned. The engagement of his son Charles (Secretary of Legation at Turin) had been a happy event of the last summer; and after long detention at his post of duty by the illness of his Chief, Count Brassier de S. Simon, Charles obtained at last in January the necessary leave of absence, to receive the hand of Mary Isabel, daughter of Mr. Thomas Waddington, of S. Léger near Rouen, at Paris, where the venerated friend of both families, the Pasteur Valette, with the eloquence of truth and love, solemnised their life-union. The young couplè travelled to their own home at Turin, by way of Bonn and Heidelberg, in which latter place their visit proved most cheering to the suffering father, who, on their first arrival, was entirely confined to his bed, but became better able to enjoy their company before they were

bound to proceed on their journey. To behold a fourth marriage among his sons, and the establishment of family happiness in the case of this much-prized and highly-deserving son, removed by circumstances further than any other from the habits and comforts of either of his home-countries, was matter of devout thankfulness to Bunsen, who was radiant in satisfaction at the providential granting of this very earnest wish of his heart.

During these months of confinement to his library, the pleasure he took in two canary-birds, which delighted to leave their cage and fly about, is strongly impressed on the memory of those who hailed his capacity of relaxation of mind. A cocoa-nut chalice, chased in silver (the gift of Lord Shaftesbury and other friends in 1842, in memorial of the Jerusalem Bishopric), always stood ready filled with fresh water, on a table before a mirror; and there he enjoyed seeing the birds perch and drink, and to watch their surprise at their own reflection.

Bunsen to a Friend.

[Translation.] 8th January, 1857.

History must pass judgment upon every man, after his day's work has been completed, that is, after his death; but most certainly Cobden has proved himself, even to the contemporary world, upright and high-minded as a man, a statesman, and a citizen, with a rare union of insight with force of will. I have been for a long time greatly taken up with the affair of Neufchâtel. Write to your inquiring friend:—the King was, in the opinion of Bunsen, perfectly right to demand, as preliminary to a direct negotiation, that Switzerland should abstain from sitting in judgment

upon those whose conduct was justified, not only in his and their own eyes, but also in those of the Five Powers who signed with him the Protocol of 1852. But Bunsen knows, that as early as October the King had resolved to give up the sovereignty of Neufchâtel, and acknowledge its independence. It is scarcely to be presumed that the Emperor undertook to act as mediator without knowing this, as well as Bunsen and many other persons, the Prince of Prussia included: it remains therefore to be explained why the Emperor would not guarantee to Switzerland in his name, that after that conciliatory act on the part of Prussia, negotiations would be opened, on the basis of the independence of Neufchâtel. That he refused to do so is a fact. The article in the '*Moniteur*' was insulting to Switzerland, and reproached the Swiss, not for having refused to do what was right towards the Sovereign Prince of Neufchâtel, but towards him, the Emperor. A different language, and acting in common with England, would have brought on the solution now attained a month earlier. Nothing is required but the necessity of self-limitation, which is the beginning of wisdom.

18*th January*.—Since yesterday, I have been critically going through the translation of Caird's sermon for the second edition, with Frances. Brockhaus writes that the first edition is as good as sold, and he wishes to print another of 1000 copies. I am very happy thus to help in your work of Christian charity. At the same time, Messrs. Black, in Edinburgh, have asked me to write the article on Luther for the new edition of the 'Encyclopædia Britannica.' This honourable commission to represent our great German hero to another body of Christians, and in their own language, cannot be declined. I have therefore consented to do so, and have set about the work.

Bunsen to a Friend.

[Translation.] 8th February, 1857.

I stand again, for the first time quite without pain, at my dear desk, in the sunshine. Hundreds are skating within my view. The canary-birds have been transferred to my room, and they enjoy with me the sun and prospect. That was a bad fit of sciatica! I have lost fourteen entire working days, at least, for my compositions; of those for Bible-conferences I have lost only six. In the sleepless nights (to me a hitherto unknown condition) I was able to meditate much: and thus, amid various (useless) tortures, such as cupping, for instance, and various (effectual) homœopathic remedies, the time of recovery has arrived. To-morrow, please God, I begin work again.

Monday morning, 9th February.—I have had the first good night, and have been able to work a little at my desk. As soon as the cold gives way, I shall use a steam-bath. My two young people (Charles and his bride) rejoice my heart daily and hourly by the sight of their happiness and their animation. This evening, they go to a 'Museum' ball, with the Sternbergs, Theodore, and Matilda.

24th February.—At twelve our dear children will depart. It is a truly valuable and richly-constituted heart with which we have made acquaintance; and we have new cause for thankfulness in God's blessing. I have suffered much during the whole of this time from the sharp pain of the sciatica having gone down into my leg; but it is better, God be thanked! and I have had to work hard, to make amends for time lost—for next Friday the Cabinet-Courier of the English Embassy at Frankfort departs, by whom I must send my Luther MS. (eighty closely-written quarto pages) to Edinburgh. Love to the incomparable Neukomm!

Bunsen to a Friend.

[Translation.] 5th March, 1857.

I can to-day communicate to you, in confidence, a secret. The book I am preparing will be called—

LUTHER;

An Historical and Autobiographical Picture, in Four Volumes.

First volume.—Historical representation.

Second volume.—Luther in his letters, confessions, recollections, and occasional outpourings.

Third volume.—Luther in his reformation-declarations and writings.

Fourth volume.—Luther in his Biblical sentences, writings, and hymns.

You see that the three last volumes consist of Luther's own words, but placed together to give an image of him, and accompanied by the necessary explanations and comments. All extracts and collections hitherto made are not to the purpose; they give no image, cannot be read as a whole, and are even in part unintelligible.

The first volume is my own historical representation, a life description from the point of view of universal history. It will be in four books:

I. The period of preparation and of arming, 1483 to 1517, the first thirty-four years of life. Seven chapters.

II. The period of progressive action, October 31, 1517, to the end of 1524. Twelve chapters.

III. The period of suffering, and of executing learned works, 1525, till death, 1546. Twelve chapters.

IV. Luther, a picture of character, in his various relations—as a Reformer, as a writer, as a preacher, and, lastly, as a man. Eight chapters.

Now I will tell you how I came upon this, and how I have seemingly with such inconceivable quickness made the whole clear to myself.

The originating cause was Black's proposal to write the article in the 'Encyclopædia.' But I had long known that no life of Luther existed, any more, or even still less, than a collection of his voluminous writings (88 volumes in 8vo.), calculated to communicate the spirit of this man, unique of his kind, and to be generally attractive. This want I had felt in the working out of the fourth book of 'God in History,' in which Luther is, of course, after the Apostles, the most prominent character. It was not clear to me how I should be able to resolve the undertaking within the limits of that book. With respect to Christ, I could refer to my 'Life of Jesus,' as soon to appear; but for the life of Luther, not even the materials lie within the reach of the reading public.

That was reason enough for my being glad and willing to write the article for the 'Encyclopædia Britannica,' and during the work the plan for executing the whole became clear to me. What decided me to the undertaking was that I should be enabled to bring forward in the course of this work, in a more acceptable and penetrating manner, the thoughts and considerations prepared for the continuation of the 'Signs of the Times.' There is nothing of what I want to say that might not be, in the most striking manner, connected with the representation of Luther and his works.

Therefore, I shall not continue the 'Signs of the Times,' but close them, by a preface of about forty pages intended for a popular edition.

Now came the necessity of convincing myself that the work may really succeed; and, therefore, the same day that I sent off the article to Black (Friday in the week before last), did I set about it, to the inexpressible joy of my wife, who has, from the first, urged me to this work; and late on March 3 I had accomplished so much as specimen of the life-picture that I could present her with the whole design, and with that first chapter all but the close, on her birth-

day, at breakfast, March 4. Now I go back to 'God in History' without interruption, except from the Bible-conferences, from nine to twelve o'clock.

I have, like a true German, expended 50*l.* (whereas the article has brought me in 20*l.*) for the necessary works of Luther and his biographers and commentators! Yet without these I could not have achieved anything as it ought to be done, for the Heidelberg Library does not possess the last edition of Luther's works. Frances will help me to search through, and extract, about 86 volumes, in which are endless single gold grains of sentences, nowhere else to be found, because the Lutherans neither comprehend nor like them. She will attack the 'Sermons,' while I shall in time (in the autumn, 1857) begin the 'Commentary on the Biblical Writings.' In six months, from the beginning, I could get that finished. I shall offer Black the 'first refusal' of the work, as 'a book for the million' in England and the United States. No one knows what Luther essentially was! The whole shall be a reading book for every, even the commonest, reading Christian—please God! . . .

Bunsen to John Harford, Esq., of Blaize Castle.

Charlottenberg: 6th March, 1857.

The day before yesterday your valued gift was put into my hands, and from that time to this evening hour I have done little besides reading the two precious volumes.* Let me tell you, that however much pleasure I anticipated from them, my expectations have been surpassed. Your work has transported me back to beloved spots and inspiring regions; I have walked under your guidance through those glorious, although most melancholy, years of Republican Florence, displaying the aspiring religious mind of Italy, and the wonderful development of the fine arts, and above all those two giants of genius and intellect, Michael Angelo and Raphael. You have prepared the threads out of which

* *The Life and Times of Michael Angelo Buonarotti*, by Mr. Harford.

you weave the narrative so skilfully and yet naturally, that it reads like a novel. . . .

As to Michael Angelo's patriotism, poetry, and philosophy, justice was never done to them before; and still nothing is truer than your statement. You have proved it convincingly as to Platonism, by showing that without it you cannot explain his Canzone and Sonetti. As to his piety, it was certainly neither old age, nor love of the bright eyes of Vittoria Colonna, which first inspired him with religious feelings. Your memoir relating to her is in its proper place, and your readers will thank you for it. . . .

I thank you particularly for having mentioned *Valdez*; for it now seems clear that he was the cause of the conversion of Vergerio, and of many pious Spaniards. Something in proof of this has lately been published at Cadiz, and Dr. Böhmer, of Halle (a friend of Tholuck's and mine), has discovered where papers of Valdez exist, and is sure of being able to get at them, if he should ever have the means of making a three months' residence in Spain. . . .

Bunsen to a Friend.

[Translation.] 22nd March, 1857.

There is a great movement among the Evangelicals in England, of every variety; an admirable Declaration (by the Rev. Mr. Birks, of the Church of England, honorary secretary of the Evangelical Alliance), which might be called a Manifesto, or (as they call it) Confession of Faith, is said (by Sir Eardley Culling, who sent it to me printed, but marked 'Private and Confidential') to have been accepted by the Alliance. There is a prospect of its being generally signed! but I consider it as too good. If it succeeds, the narrow party in Germany will be furious! In every case the movement is a good one, not only because it will be attacked by the Pope and others, but good in itself. . . .

22*nd April.*—Rowland Williams has written a highly remarkable, philosophical, and learned book, 'Christianity

and Hinduism,'—being called upon to do so by another uncommon man, Mr. Muir, late of the Bengal Civil Service, who had offered 500*l.* for a work which should in an intelligible manner afford the Brahmins and learned Buddhists a comparison of those two systems of religion with Christianity. This prize Rowland Williams has gained, by writing a volume of 500 pages, which cost him ten years' labour, from 1847 to 1856; which volume Muir sent to me and I received three weeks ago, just as I had worked through the self-same enquiry. Imagine my surprise, to find, under the form of a perfectly framed Platonic Dialogue, a representation more nearly similar to my own than any other that has been made in England or Germany!

4th May. . . . Meanwhile I must endeavour to regain the good graces of my friends in England. The author of an article in the 'National Review' is of opinion that he can give no analysis of my work ('God in History'), because the texture is 'too loose;' and he complains of the 'superficiality' of some parts. The writer has read little of my book, and understood less, or he would have perceived two things,—1, that I not only know more of the matter than himself (what he knows is very little), but also more than the English writers who have treated the subject, whose works I have known these ten and twenty years, and recognised in them all that they contain of durable worth; 2, that I have brought forward no book-learning or detailed inquiry into subjects on which all men of study in Germany are agreed. As to the composition of the work, he might have been clear, had he but noticed the repeated warnings that I have given in many places, that it pretends not to treat of the Philosophy of Religion, nor to be a History of Religion, but of something very different. He evidently considers the 'developments' as parts of the individual work —instead of lengthened remarks on the subject matter. When I brought forward new opinions, I needed to support them by new proofs; but wherefore should I prove what is

well known and admitted? Had I but given the 'developments' in small print (which would have been certainly more practical), their purpose would have been more distinct. Ewald, a rigorous judge, and a High-Church opponent in a theological periodical, commends me as going deep into the matter—the reverse of 'superficial'! . . .

All mine greet you, and regret that you cannot see and enjoy the magnificence of the blossoming trees and flowers on our hill and on our way to the Castle—the chestnut-trees, the lilacs. My wife and I are reading the ten volumes of '*L'Histoire de ma Vie*,' of George Sand—a wonderful book, which has been lent us. That woman has a deep, and, I think, a true, soul, and she is a disciple of Lamennais, as well as of Leibnitz, to whom she remains faithful. She is said to be ugly—which is a pity; but as the Swabian wisely said, 'Unpleasant it is, but no sin.' The Rajah of Sarawak (Brooke) has again proved himself a hero, which I always considered him to be. It is a black sin of those who have been misled by Hume to attack that man as an enemy.

24*th May*.—When a Ministry, a Parliament, a Nation, shows itself ever ready to follow good advice from Cobden, why should the whole public dissent from his opinion about Sir J. Brooke, if he really was in the right? You see from this, that in public life one must take political characters as they are; one may hold different opinions as to their views, and yet honour them as men, and love them as human beings. But such a character is not to be converted, and as little can public opinion be changed; only God can do that,—and Time, which judges all things.

12*th May*.—To-day I am brisk and without pain, and have climbed to the upper terrace, twice resting by the way; and in returning I almost ran down the hill. The Russian baths do me good.

Bunsen to a Daughter-in-Law.

Charlottenberg: 15th May, 1857.

I have entered into the greatest work and undertaking of my life, and begin to earn the fruits of much labour. I cannot move, unless forced, before April 1861. The first free *spring* shall belong, if it please God, to England; the first free *winter*, to Mentone, or some such place. But the work to be done in the meantime is very great, although the hardest is over; and after Whit Sunday I shall be entering into smooth water, coming into regions where I have been before. It gives me now indescribable delight to write the 'Introduction,' in which I show, by copious specimens and self-evident examples, what is intended, and how much and how important that is.

Bunsen to a Friend.

[Translation.] 16th July, 1857.

The intelligence of the preparation for the closing scene of our beloved and honoured friend Neukomm is very solemn—it confirms all my former apprehensions.

Dr. Theodore Bunsen has obtained the highest academical honours—*first class*—which no one had obtained, in the memory of man, in his branch of study (Political Economy and History), and altogether, no one in the whole philosophical faculty for many years in Heidelberg.

Astor and family are to arrive on the 21st August; he embarks at New York on the 5th, and travels straight to Heidelberg. Therefore, we shall go to Wildbad on the 28th of this present month, that I may have completed my twenty-one baths before the 20th August.

The only MS. of the Latin translation of the Old Testament by Jerome (of the year 541) which has not been corrupted, is at Florence, and a collation of it for me is being made by Dr. Heyse, which is to be completed by September 15.

Wildbad: *16th August.*—The bath and the heat of the

weather have so relaxed me that I find days and weeks pass as in a dream, and I feel as if I had done something enormous when I have corrected and expedited a sheet of the '*Bibelwerk*'! But the bathing has done me good decidedly, although I can stand it no longer. On Wednesday, the 19th, we shall set out early homewards, and at four o'clock the same day Dr. Kamphausen is appointed for a closing conference; on the 20th he leaves Heidelberg, for a three weeks' tour of refreshment.

Here it is indescribably beautiful, and should I be obliged again to go to a bathing place, it should certainly be Wildbad. Excursions into the Forest are charming, the air is of the sort that I enjoy, the baths are most beneficial. We have met some friends here; Miss Wynn has just left us. Eliza Gurney, the American Quaker, widow of John Joseph Gurney, came here to see us, and we had a very fine and solemn day in her company. She had been at Berlin, and was admitted to see the King, to ask and obtain from him exemption from military service for a Quaker youth.

30*th August*.—I have been expecting Astor daily, and at last he arrived yesterday evening, at the same time with the Prince of Wales. Astor's faithful attachment to me, and the impression we receive of his excellence, give us true pleasure.

To the Duchess of Argyll.

Heidelberg: 1st July, 1857.

My dear Duchess,—This is the morning of the fortieth anniversary of my wedding. Full forty years lie before me of as unmixed happiness as mortal can bear, passed hand in hand with one who would have made a paradise to me out of a desert, and now stands by my side, well and happy in our quiet and retired, but neither idle nor solitary, life. We are surrounded, near and far, but all within reach, by ten children, and, as yet, thirteen grandchildren, all happy; together with four daughters-in-law and two sons-in-law, all united with us as if they were our own children; all

doing well in life, and attached to each other. Is it not a day to be thankful for, my dear Duchess? Nobody can appreciate that better than yourself, and nobody will believe more easily than you, that on such a day our heart is turned towards the friends whose kindness and affection have accompanied us through our pilgrimage. Your letter received last week has heaped fiery coals upon my head; still I left them burning there, having firmly resolved to celebrate my platina wedding (as I call it, being between the twenty-five years of the silver and the fifty years of the golden wedding) by beginning the day (it is now five o'clock) with these words addressed to you. It was only at seven o'clock last night (when I drove to the station to receive my Emilia well and strong, and moving about as freely as any of us) that I finished, as I had proposed, the Introduction to my '*Bibelwerk*,' to go to the press to-day, to appear by September 15, as the first of many volumes. . . . This work, perhaps the greatest, at all events, the most responsible, literary enterprise of the age, vowed in 1817, and again (after some preparatory work) at the time of my great illness in 1821, at Rome, and since prepared and composed '*in silentio et spe*,' in great part, in ever dear England, particularly in 1850, when I wrote the 'Life of Jesus,' was taken in hand soon after I had settled on these beautiful banks of the Neckar, first together with my 'Egypt,' and the 'Signs of the Times,' and my book, 'God in History,' and since has occupied my whole mind and time. Its magnitude overwhelmed me, when I perceived what it could not help attempting to be, to such a degree, that I resolved to throw aside for some months all other thoughts and occupations until that first volume, with its declaration in front, was secured. It is only thus that I have sometimes been able to carry by storm a subject which otherwise would never have been mastered. Receiving and reading such letters as yours, my dear Duchess, is the greatest comfort and

solace in such a state of mind—but answering them is impossible. Only since last night could I tell you that the work is done. I have mastered it by having accomplished the first volume, for the work has been written backwards, so as to enable me to word safely and unhesitatingly the Introductory Address to the Christian People, or, as we call it in German, *die Gemeinde*. I have now only to hope to live (as I think I shall) to Easter 1861, when the last volume, the 'Life of Jesus and the Eternal Kingdom of God,' will be out. . . .

It may be said that we (in Germany) have been at this work (of revising the translation of the Bible) for 87 years, say 100; for in 1770, Michaëlis at Göttingen published his great Translation and Commentary of the Old Testament, and yet the German nation has still the least correct of all Bible translations, although marked by the greatest genius, and in spite of unparalleled exertions made by our men of learning to effect a revision for the people. But as to England, it is more than 100 years that you have given up all really serious exegetical study of the Bible. Jowett's and Stanley's and Alford's works are, however, excellent beginnings—at least, as far as the New Testament is concerned. I think there are 3,000 passages requiring correction in Luther's translation, and not more than 1,500 in the English, Dutch, and French—the three best ever yet made. Still 1,500 is a great deal in a volume where every word ought to be sacred! Only such ignorant talkers as —— can speak as though a more correct translation would not of itself open a new light to the Christian world! Nobody can change the language of our Bibles, nor their groundwork; the precious metal requires only rubbing.

To a Son.

[Translation.] Charlottenberg: 25th August, 1857.

. . . Here do I stand, on my sixty-sixth birthday, once more (after my return from Wildbad) at my old beautiful

desk, in my beautiful Charlottenberg, in the finest summer weather—after having closed, yesterday evening, the revision of my Introduction to the '*Bibelwerk*'—expecting Astor every hour! What will his visit bring?

Bunsen was eager to hasten back from Wildbad, hoping for the promised visit from Astor rather earlier than it actually took place. The meeting was most soothing to his feelings, in every respect except that of being only a meeting, and not such a visit of days and weeks as would have been a thorough renewal of intercourse and interchange of thought and opinion. Mr. Astor had promised his wife and granddaughter a tour in Germany and Italy, and his time was narrowly measured out in each resting-place: but few as were the days granted to Heidelberg, they were sufficient to leave an enduring impression of satisfaction as to the lasting character of the attachment between the long-separated friends and in the new acquaintance formed with Mrs. Astor, and the young lady (now Mrs. Winthrop Chanler)—whom it was really tantalising to have seen and conversed with only during short hours, and then to part from for life!—although better hopes were at the time entertained, as Miss Margaret Astor Ward enjoyed so enthusiastically the manifold objects of interest offered to her eagerly-grasping mind in European countries, that she then promised herself and others to persuade her grandfather to repeat his journey the very next year.

Soon after the rapid passage of Astor, a visit from Mr. Monckton Milnes, now Lord Houghton (a valued friend, whenever met—in Rome, 1833–35, or in

London, 1839-54), contributed to the bright and summer-like character of this portion of Bunsen's life, when his health was for a time in a condition of comfort from the joint effect of a steadily warm season and of the beneficent springs of Wildbad. And now followed an important event, in a summons, from the King's own hand, to Berlin, to be present at the meeting of the Members of the Evangelical Alliance. The possibility of being called to Berlin had been, with reason, contemplated by Bunsen for the last year, and the result of his meditations had always been, that in such a case he would be bound to solicit permission to decline the call, on the ground of the pronounced infirmity of his health. But the wording of this letter so clearly signified that the Royal writer could not be satisfied without seeing Bunsen again, could not bear to know that he was absent where the interests of religion were to be discussed,—and, in short, so completely constituted an appeal from a friend to a friend, ending with an expression to the effect of 'You will surely not refuse to be the guest of an old friend in his own house!'—that it was impossible not to yield to the will so affectionately intimated, although all indication of an especial purpose to be carried out by the journey was wholly wanting. Bunsen's presence at the meeting was but that of a spectator, not belonging to the Evangelical Alliance, of which he would gladly have become a member, had they but been willing to adopt the 'Confession of Faith' sent him in March last and fully approved of by Bunsen (see p. 282). As it was, he was obliged to decline becoming a member

of it. He went, therefore, to Berlin 'pour faire acte de présence:' with an inward determination not to leave the opportunity unused, but to ask an audience for the purpose of bringing before the Royal mind, with more urgency than ever, the crying evils of the present police-government in matters of conscience.

The extracts which follow, from the abundant communications which his affection prompted, sufficiently tell the tale of that consolatory visit which shed an unhoped for gleam over the close of the remarkable and unparalleled connection with Frederick William IV., of precisely thirty years' duration—as the two minds 'met and united' on the 15th October, 1827.

These three weeks at Berlin proved a thoroughly happy time to Bunsen, in the enjoyment of the society of friends, and of objects of art and science, besides the chief gratification of all,—the consciousness of possessing his old place in the affections of the King, as to whose near-approaching decay of mental powers he was fortunately spared any feeling of presage. During those dinner-receptions, described in the following extracts, the King must have been brilliant in conversation to the full degree observable in his best years, and his memory for every possible detail relating to his stay in Rome in 1828 as accurate as ever, even though instances would occur of his asking for help when seeking in vain after a name or an expression wanted to complete the utterance of something that concerned the present. After the dinner at Sans Souci an utterance of the King's was often alluded to and commented upon by Bunsen with deep emotion. Having risen from table, he stood

with Bunsen at the window, looking out upon the prospect, bathed in the rays of the declining sun, which were caught and refracted by the innumerable fountains, amid a wilderness of flowers and orange-trees, beyond which woods and expanse of water stretched to the horizon. Bunsen commented upon the surpassing beauty of the assemblage of objects before him, — and the King replied meditatively, 'Yes, this *is* beautiful; and this prospect it is to which I and my *Elise* (the Queen) cling more fondly than to any other spot—and yet, *this too we must leave*!' A week later, on the 3rd October, the mortal stroke fell upon him!—although for three years longer he was to drag on a wretched body of death, before it ceased to breathe.

Bunsen was accompanied homewards, on the 4th October, as far as Frankfort, by his son George, and there was met by his wife and daughter.

Here follows a translation of the autograph letter of King Frederick William IV. to Bunsen (the last ever received from that gracious hand)—the transcript having been found in a letter from Bunsen to one of his sons.

King Frederick William IV. to Bunsen.

Sans Souci: 5th September, 1857.

My dearest Bunsen,—I express to you my heartiest thanks for all the great trouble you have undertaken and carried through with such splendid results (to my honour) for the Schlagintweits. For all this, and for so many letters, most interesting to me, I am in heavy debt to you: but time is wanting in a frightful manner to me for answering you as I ought and desire to do! I write to you only

on account of a matter *which I have at heart beyond all expression*, and that is your appearing at Berlin during the Assembly of the Evangelical Alliance. I wish *that*, urgently and longingly, first for the sake of the thing itself, secondly for the sake of your good name, thirdly for my own sake:—you must once more show yourself outside the limits of that narrow circle (becoming ever more and more suspicious) in which you now exclusively live!

You must inhale fresh air of life—the breath of that life which alone is life, because it is the *essential life* proceeding from the *one essential source* of life. You must inhale this breath of life, *there*, where a yet unheard of mass of *joyful confessors* will assemble; *there*, where it seems almost certain that a new future will be prepared for the whole Church and the entire body of the evangelical confessions. You must, by your appearance alone, stifle the malicious calumny which, in genuine German (especially North-German), contractedness of vision is beginning to raise against you, and to injure the *holy cause of the Church*. Thousands are watching for your non-appearance, to cast stones at you. *That* is what I cannot bear, if you by an *error in conduct give occasion thereto*. I conjure you, for the sake of the Lord's cause, accept my offer, and accept from me, as an old and faithful friend, that I defray your journey, and provide you with lodging and sustenance in the Palace at Berlin, as my own peculiar guest! My commands have already been issued to that effect. You have but to lift your foot, from Charlottenberg to the Railway of Heidelberg. That I at the same time hope, by this opportunity, to confer with you on much important matter, you will not take ill of me: and now, in the name of Christ to the work!—*Vale!*

(Signed) F. W. R.

[Received Monday, 7th September, at three o'clock a.m.]

Bunsen to a Son.

[Translation.] Charlottenberg: Tuesday morning, five o'clock, 8th September, 1857.

. . . That is providential! After such a letter no friend's invitation could be declined, and how should I decline that of the King, made in the name of Christ and of the father-land, resolved upon, clearly, in affection and faithfulness, and with such unheard of demonstrations of true friendship? I had never before been invited to lodge in the Palace *at Berlin*, but the King does this to gratify the old, heavily-laden man; it is also an unequivocal declaration towards the Court, the Town, the Country, and the World. Wherefore *I go*.

Bunsen's Letters to his Wife (the first written in English), from Berlin, 1857.

The Palace at Berlin: Thursday, 10th September, 1857. Half-past two, afternoon.

All right! a prosperous and interesting journey: the night in a great saloon carriage alone, comfortably bedded.

Here all is in attendance: I had only just time to drive to the Garrison-Church for the meeting, where about twenty speeches were made, in German and English, just now over. At four, Merle d'Aubigné is to deliver his great address. The spirit is very good. Sir E. Buxton is here, and lots of Americans, Scotch, Australians, Hungarians, &c. It is a grand movement, indeed, which has been set a-going. To-morrow, at six, the King receives the whole body of the Alliance. I am to manage to get permission for the ladies to have a corner somewhere. I shall not write to-morrow, but I shall, D.V., be with you in the middle of October.

[Translation.] The Palace at Berlin—*at the Apothecary's*, Friday, early, 11th September, 1857.

MY DEAREST FANNY AND THEODORE,—That was a poetical entry, my 'joyeuse rentrée' into the Palace yesterday!

Saturday, four o'clock.—So things go! I must break off the regular history, and relate that George came in to me at eight o'clock, glowing with light and love; and that at twelve the Falmouth telegraph announced that Ernest will set out Sunday night towards Calais, and hopes to be here on Tuesday. See, what rich and blessed parents we are! literally according to the Psalmist's words. Thanks be to God!

Yesterday was a great day, not to be forgotten. I dined with the King at Sans Souci, alone with Humboldt and the Court, to present the English at the great reception of the Members of the Evangelical Alliance, at five o'clock. The King entered the Hall, and came straight up to me, and instead of (as formerly) giving his hand, embraced me heartily, and then a second time, saying aloud, 'I thank you from my heart, dear Bunsen, that you have fulfilled my request, and come here so quickly—God reward you!' Afterwards Humboldt told me that the scene had been observed with great astonishment. Ah! it is the very same dear royal countenance, and the same noble overflowing heart: the kernel of life is not injured, but the signs of age are beginning to make their appearance.

At half-past four I was at my post, in the New Palace: before the long front, and on both sides as far as the steps, were placed one thousand Members.

I went to reconnoitre, in order to make a due report to the King, and first on the left wing came upon the twenty-two Americans, headed by the Envoy, Mr. Wright, of Indiana. When I addressed him, to offer thanks as a Prussian and a Christian for his fine speech at the opening, he took me for the King, and was about to present his countrymen: but I quieted him, and he said, 'Sir, I come straight from the woods—forgive me: but I do love your good King. I am a Senator, and have been Governor of Indiana.' I went along the endless row, received a thousand greetings, signs, and squeezes of the hand, and could assure the King (who was rather anxious) that it would

all do admirably. Hardly had the King appeared, when '*Lebe hoch!*' '*Hurrah!*' '*Eljen!*' sounded forth thousandfold from Germans, English and Americans, and Magyars. Mr. Wright made an address full of feeling. The King was agitated, almost to tears, but controlled himself, first thanked the Envoy in good English, then turned to the long line, and said, in German, 'Gentlemen and Christian friends!—I am deeply moved by this sympathy. I had not expected so much. I have nothing to answer, except that my inmost prayer to the Lord is:—May we all depart hence, like the disciples of Christ after the first Pentecost!' 'Amen!' resounded from a thousand voices in front of us: and more softly, behind us, from the many English ladies, for whom I had obtained the King's permission to be spectators, and whom he had himself graciously received.

Then I presented to the King, in succession, three Australians (natives of Germany), then about eighty English; then came the Magyars, then the Belgians, then the Dutch (among them Cappadosc, a converted Jew), then the Swiss, (Merle d'Aubigné), then the French (Matter-Pressensé was there), then those of the German tongue, and the Berlinese last. All made short and good addresses. At the close '*Lebe hoch!*'—then sudden silence—the Germans had formed a circle, and as the King entered the portal of his Palace they burst forth with '*Ein feste Burg ist unser Gott.*'

The King could not conceal his emotion. I hastened up to congratulate him. 'God be thanked,' he said, 'for this blessed day! and what a pleasure that *you* are here!' I went back (to Berlin) with the whole thousand; right and left came one after the other, to wish me joy; 'God bless you! Go on! Now you soon will come to England again.' One came up and said, 'I am not going to give you my name; I am from Glasgow, and I longed to see that face again! God's blessing upon you!' I must go to the meeting—full as my eyes are with tears. *Deo soli gloria!*

[Translation.] The Palace, Berlin: Monday, 14th September. (Humboldt's birthday, and entry into his 89th year.)

(*Continuation of Journal broken off on Friday, the 25th.*)—Arrived at the Palace (on the 10th). I sent for the Castellan, who, with the utmost courtliness, conducted me up the colossal staircase, which leads to the apartments formerly occupied by Prince William. When apparently arrived at the summit, 'Now' (said the consumptive Castellan), 'please your Excellency, we will rest a little; for now begins the ascent.' That was most accurate. At length, however, we reached a splendid apartment of four rooms, and in half an hour I had recovered my breath, dressed, and came down just in time for the opening speech of Krummacher. My appearance in the royal seat in the Garrison-Church (whither I was directed) was not unobserved; in going out I was greeted by many, and accompanied to the royal carriage, which was in waiting. Then I wrote to announce myself to the King at Sans Souci, and to give him a first report of the speeches. In the afternoon again to the meeting, till seven o'clock. The evening I spent with Lepsius, who has built himself a fine English Gothic house. There I was as amongst my children and grandchildren (five in number), all as fine and blooming as Horus and Isis, if not more so. Abeken was there too. The next day (Friday) they both accompanied me to the museum (of course the Egyptian), where I was hardly arrived when the King's invitation called me to Sans Souci. The evening after the fine Union Festival at Potsdam (already described) I also spent with Lepsius. Saturday I paid my visit to the Minister-President (Manteuffel). I did not find the Minister of Commerce (Von der Heydt) at home, but he came in the evening, and spoke much of the present political crisis; he has been ill-used by the Camarilla, and has offered his resignation. I prophesied to him that he would remain what he is, and obtain the victory. Then came Sunday—the Prince of Prussia had arrived,

and I, having three quarters of an hour before church-time, announced myself at his door; he kept me until within fifteen minutes of his train. He will stay here till the 25th or 26th, therefore as long as myself. I dined with Lepsius, where all was kindness and gaiety, and afterwards we played 'Boccia.' For this evening he has invited half the world: before that I am to plant an oak tree—a memorial for our grandchildren and theirs. On the way I am to see Reinhard Bunsen. The Emperor (Nicholas) is arrived, and stays till Tuesday. To-morrow and the day after, the six-days' manœuvre, compressed into two, is to take place. The whole day the splendid regiments are in motion with bands before the Palace; the first company breaks off from the rest, to fetch colours and the Eagle, with which in quickest march it bursts out of the Palace-gate, saluted by the remainder of the regiment. A grand spectacle! which begins at half-past six in the morning, and fails not to call me out of bed; a row of acacias hides me, but I can see everything. (The acacias, limes, and chestnut trees are blossoming for the second time; they are selling cherries of the second crop.) To-day, as usual, between eight and ten I receive visits—whoever comes is welcome. At ten to the Museum, where Olfers showed me first of all, admirably placed, what I had purchased or had proposed for purchase. To-morrow I go to the Egyptian Museum. I await (to go to Lepsius at six) my faithful George, who from morning till night watches over me.

Tuesday, 17th September.—In coming out after the close of the Evangelical Alliance I received your letter. What a fulness of joy and blessing in all that you tell me, and, above all, in your love! Yesterday Ernest and George took much trouble about a silly *intermezzo*. Krummacher of Duisburg (the brother of the well-known Krummacher), vice-president of the Berlin Committee, in a large evening assembly blamed Merle d'Aubigné for the offence he had given to the faithful, in publicly embracing me, I being a Rationalist and Romanist, &c. Merle made an apology,

assuring the company that he abominated my errors, &c. Schlottman (late at Constantinople) made a suitable reply; but the irritation was so great, that the Chief Burgomaster of Berlin, Krausnik, and Schenkel, of Heidelberg, were called upon to compose an address, to which 800 signatures were at once offered; Schenkel, however, with much tact kept back the demonstration. I said merely, that Merle ought to make an explanation in the newspaper. Never mind!

To-day was the close; God be thanked! all in peace. The Prince of Prussia stayed also to the end, and came afterwards to me (I was with Ernest in the royal seat), and took my hand in sight of the assembly, and spoke to me for five minutes. As I went out, there stood ladies and men on both sides of the way, bowing and greeting me. I was much moved and abashed when Ernest made me observe this.

To-morrow I dine with the Minister Von der Heydt, to whom I prophesied his triumph, which yesterday splendidly took place. I planted, at the request of Lepsius, a young oak in his beautiful garden. I held the tree, while the earth was thrown over its vigorous roots, in the cradle of soil prepared for its reception. Then a motto was demanded (without which the tree would not grow, according to German fancy), and I said, in giving the name:—

Oak! I plant thee—grow in beauty;
Straight and firm and vigorous stand!
Bunsen is the name I give thee—
Flourish in the German land!

For the House of Lepsius blooming,
Through the storm grow fair and free!
And a shelter in the noon-day
To his children's children be!

George then planted a Weymouth pine; motto, *Wonnemuth* ('Joyful courage'). To-day Ernest will plant *his* (a Thorn of Christ) on the way to the train—homewards.

[Translation.]

The Miller's House, Sans Souci (dwelling of the late Count Stolberg): Wednesday, early, 23rd September.

The last day was grand and fine, not to be forgotten. I had an audience,—'a beautifully calm and yet troubled hour' (as the King afterwards termed it), from a quarter past one till three o'clock. The statement I had to make I had written down in the morning, between nine and eleven o'clock, that there might be a minute of what had been proposed and debated. The King was quite as in former times, in the best sense—all his former openness and his own peculiar animation. I had brought everything into clear and distinct form, and such were also his replies: we understand each other fully. We had just finished, when three o'clock, his dinner-hour, struck.

To-day the General Superintendent Hofmann is to be here: and I shall not, till after the dinner, be finally dismissed.

To-morrow I wind up everything; George accompanies me to Frankfort. He pleased the King greatly. On Friday the Emperor and Empress (of Russia) are to arrive. I, however, set out at seven o'clock in the morning on my journey home.

You can form no idea of the beauty of these gardens; the system of sprinkling showers of water upon them (as from the rose of a watering-pot) keeps everything in freshness of verdure and growth. When one ascends the nearly-finished buildings on the hills, to the highest landing-place in the tower, 100 feet above the level ground, one is astonished by the prospect; a fruitful plain with gardens, dwellings, churches, lakes, on the one side, and on the other, behind elevations of ground, the wide-spread city of Berlin. The sand is fast disappearing. What best pleases me is the Church of Peace, in memory of the time from 1848 to 1850, with the inscription, 'Christ is our Peace.' It is San Clemente in every particular, with the atrium—all full of

meaning and in good taste; an arcade goes all round, with views, between the columns, of the mirror of water, with splendid groups of trees—(which you would directly draw) —two side buildings join on, the one the abode of the Princess Alexandrine, the other the dwelling of the pastor with the school-house. In a recess is a Pietà by Rietschl, the finest I know; the mother is kneeling over the body of the Lord, which is the principal figure; the light falls on the countenance, divine in death.

In the Pompeian house of Charlottenhof is a beautiful group by the late Henschen of Cassel—a maiden bearing water, and a youth who would willingly help her under her burden. The Castellan has named them Hermann and Dorothea.

To-morrow I shall go again into the Picture-gallery, and the gallery of Casts. You are right in saying, we need from time to time the refreshment of the sight of works of art. Next spring you must take me to Nürnberg and Munich.

[Translation.]

The Palace, Berlin: early, Thursday, 24th September, 1857.

(I have obtained, at my earnest request, a room on the ground-floor—next to the apothecary's! There was no other.) You know me, and you know Berlin,—and you will in the first place believe my word, that I had good reason for writing so positively of my departure even this morning; and now again to announce, that I shall remain at least this week! So it is. The King had understood (from a letter of mine, in which there was nothing of the sort) that I wished to be gone—and he met me on Monday with the question, 'Will you indeed leave us already?' I replied, 'If your Majesty has no further commands for me—yes.' Whereupon, when the King after dinner dismissed me, he added that 'it would give him great pleasure to find me still here on his return on Friday.' Therefore I made my visits of leave-taking:—and at Gröben's in the evening

(whither I had received a kind invitation) he said to me, the King had charged him with a message to me, that 'if my business was not too pressing, he wished I should await his return, for that he must speak to me.' I answered Gröben with an explanation; and observed to him that the King had not yet granted me an audience. 'That he will do,' replied Gröben, 'on Saturday or Sunday; at any rate, when the Grand Duchess Maria is gone.'

I have been well all the time, and enjoying the number of fine and grand works, and the company of men of art and science, which I have so long been without, and from which I had been almost weaned. George is delighted that I give way to this impulse of the spirit. The friends outdo each other in kindness. *Employment* I have, more than I can master, in the Library; most of the Museum has yet to be seen, and many distinguished men are yet to be visited. I have been to see Marcus Niebuhr—in a ruined condition of nerves; he has a chronic low fever. Abeken's kindness is indescribable; the house of Lepsius is of all spots here the one I like best. He and I have worked much together, and I think to the profit of both.

[Translation.]

The Palace, Berlin: Sunday morning, seven o'clock, 27th September, 1857.

To-day, beloved, I was to have been with you, at latest: and as that is refused to me, I must make myself amends by sending you, to-day as yesterday, and henceforth daily, a greeting in writing, short or long, clear or unintelligible, but always true and warm. Yesterday I have indeed spoken with the King for the first time; and the requested audience is to take place on Tuesday, the day after to-morrow. It is possible, but not probable, that that audience will be the last; but, if not, certainly the last but one; and I shall go away before the arrival of the Emperor, on the 2nd October.

The dinner party at Charlottenberg had been arranged by the King himself, the Queen not having yet returned from Saxony. Humboldt and Gröben sat at each side of him, opposite to him myself, with Abeken on the right and George on the left: the remainder were the aides-de-camp; next to George was the son of the late Minister Count Stolberg. When the dinner was over, then came the great moment. The King went into the recess of a window, and let Gröben relate something to him—then he came towards me, and (following good advice) I seized the initiative, and reminded His Majesty that I had petitioned for one audience. 'I have every day thought of it,' he said; 'but it was never possible.' 'Perhaps to-day?' I enquired. 'Yes, truly,' said he, 'were it not that I must go with the Queen to the jubilee of an old actor, who to-day makes his last appearance. But it might be on Tuesday, at Sans Souci.' 'Might it take place before dinner?' I enquired. 'That would be best,' said he; 'we will try to make it possible.' With a few words I now indicated the subjects I desired to treat —and thus the ice was broken; I had an important preparatory audience in the window recess. The King's heart met mine again; and I think I now comprehend how things stand. Thus did six o'clock come upon us, when I with George drove to the Grimms and Bekker who dwell on the same floor. Bekker, was at first not visible; and at Grimm's I succeeded in evoking the soul of the house,—the wife; she is full of life, and life-giving, though advanced in years. She told me that she had made Bekker not only speak, but laugh. He had once said, 'This is the first time I have spoken these three years.' Soon the group divided, and she talked to George, while I drew close to the two brothers, and we entered upon our favourite learned discussions. That was a pleasure! With the Grimms one is *ever* grasping into a copious treasure-store. Presently we came to Luther, and the translation of the Bible—and probably we should still be sitting there, had not Bekker

let me know that he was come home. His wife (showing her Spanish blood) keeps as handsome as ever; the son has grown up finely, and studies law at Greifswalde. Bekker himself has recovered the heavy loss of the savings of his life, and works again with spirit; his conversation dwelt upon you, and your never-to-be-forgotten mother. Nine o'clock struck, and I drove with George to Von der Heydt's. We passed an agreeable evening there. You will receive the 'Kladderadatsch,' and understand the allusions. Merlin and Christian Josias, parodied from Göthe's Faust, is witty. Arthur Stanley is here, and we must catch him to take him with us to Lepsius. I work daily in the Library —which is a great pleasure. Altogether, it would be delightful to live at Berlin, if one could only pass the winter in Italy, and the summer in the country; not otherwise, and therefore not at all! I fail not to take rest, and let them take care of me.

[Translation.]

The Palace, Berlin: Monday, 28th September, 1857.
Three o'clock, afternoon.

My intercourse with you to-day takes place later than usual! Yesterday, I had a fine afternoon: with Lepsius I worked (after we had been to church) two hours before dinner at Egyptian chronology, after which we had a cheerful meal, Arthur Stanley (who was delightful) being of the party, and also Abeken. Then we went to Strauss, and later to the admirable Hofmann: then to Olfers, till half-past ten. To-day, Bökh has brought me the diploma as an actual Member of the Academy, on the strength of which I may give lectures in every Prussian University. In the Library I worked for two hours: then went to the excellent Nitsch. . . . All things are ready for my journey on Friday. To-morrow is the decisive day. I made my solemn determination yesterday in church, absolutely to give over into the hands of God whether I should now act in the great concern or not. 'If it be good, so let it be; if

not, tear Thou the web!' What I have to say—what I can offer to do, and what not—I know; but whether it be God's will that now, under the present ruling circumstances and persons, the great work should be undertaken,—that God alone knows, and He will show me the way. I remain in reflection and doubt.

My travelling plan remains as before. Saturday early, 9.40, at Frankfort, there to rest, and see Schopenhauer, the Städler Museum, the Ariadne, and the Maine. Could you not come to meet me at Frankfort, and we could see all this together? Now I commend you to God! . . .

[Translation.]

The Palace, Berlin: Tuesday, early, quarter past seven, Michaelmas-day, 1857.

The day is come! I am invited to Sans Souci, to come by the twelve o'clock train, because His Majesty wishes to speak to me before dinner. There is much to be considered yet; from eight to nine, Trendelenburg will be with me for that purpose. I can therefore only give you a sign of life, beloved! I go to my work fresh, and firm in heart to my Sunday's vow. . . .

Extract from a letter of the same day, from George Bunsen.

MY DEAREST MOTHER,—One must give over one's hopes and fears into the Almighty's hands, and just rest there. One of two things may be feared,—either that my father should be entangled again in the belief that something will be done; or else, that he should break off in a manner which would leave a sting. The former fear is countenanced by the general experience of all who have entered that magic circle; the latter apprehension springs with me from observing the independence of mind and hatred of incoherence which are now predominant. My dear father is now sketching out what he wishes to say to the King; it has all been well matured in thought and conversation. Of course, latitude is left as regards the main point, viz.

the Constitution of the Church, there to say and do what the spirit bids at the moment. Truly glad I am of all these days having intervened; they have given time for the weighty consideration,—does he really mean to do it?

On my dear father's health I say nothing that can surprise you when I speak of his constant difficulty in walking, and of the evil consequences in this respect of every meal, especially dinner. His general appearance is to me that of mental fatigue; and I would fain hope that this stay at Berlin, in spite of its many excitements, may have acted as a rest to the over-strained mind. He certainly needs and seeks physical rest a great deal more than he used to do this summer. His disposition is invariably cheerful and kind.

Bunsen to his Wife.

[Translation.]

The Palace, Berlin: Thursday, early, 1st October, 1857.

The anchor is lifted, my beloved, and the vessel of my life is directed longingly to you and Charlottenberg.

The King yesterday afternoon, after a long and affectionate embrace, dismissed me in the most gracious manner. This whole day, however, is devoted to his affairs. To-morrow, at seven in the morning, we steam off towards Leipzig; the rest remains as settled. We shall arrive at Frankfort just at the time of Olympia's wedding. God bless the dear child!

I part from the King and from Berlin as I wish and pray to depart from this earth—as on the calm still evening of a long beautiful summer's day.

This day we have a leave-taking dinner at Abeken's, the loving and amiable friend. I think he will come to pay us a visit. . . .

Leave-taking from Berlin.

[Translation.]

The Palace, Berlin: Friday morning, five o'clock, 2nd October, 1857.

Praised be Thou, Eternal God, the God of faithfulness and truth, Thou that art All-merciful and All-wise, that Thou

hast stilled the struggle of my heart, and quenched its bitterness: that Thou hast led me hither against my will; and that Thou hast wrought great things, contrary to expectation, and beyond all wish. Thy congregation in Christ will be planted amid this people, that general freedom may flourish on the consecrated soil;—this Royal House and this nation will be reconciled. 'Christ is our peace,' in truth. The period of Thy kingdom, as the kingdom of the Spirit, of love, and of freedom, will come near, and Thy everlasting Gospel will be preached through all the earth. 'The yoke of the oppressor is broken, and Thy eye of love shines into all lands. Hallelujah!'

My tent Thou wilt place for me near my children, in the country of my choice, where my bones may rest beside those of Niebuhr—should it be Thy will that Thy work should prosper by my hands.

But do Thou, O Lord, remain my succour and defence, and Thy will alone be done, to Thy glory, and to the forwarding of Thy holy kingdom, Thou that livest in eternity! Amen!

Present position of the matter.

[Translation.]

The Palace, Berlin: Friday morning, 2nd October, 1857.

1. The foundation is laid—the bridge is constructed—the seed is sown—the spur is applied. *But no more.*

2. That which has been proposed can alone become reality under an unalterable and firm will and rule.

3. This must now be worked out, agreed upon, and considered with the heir to the throne.

4. Meanwhile, will Easter, 1858, come round?

5. The beginning of execution must be made in 1858 in the Rhine province, or at least prepared there. There alone is the rod of Aaron which has blossomed.

6. Before hand is laid on the work, each article must be paragraphed.

7. (Concerns persons to be placed in office.) . . .

8. I must undertake no office, but seek a firm place in the Rhine-land, *cum otio et dignitate*, compatible with the Bible-work.

9. If it be God's will that this now be accomplished, *this is the way*—His will be done!

The notes made by Bunsen on the subjects treated and on the observations uttered by the King, during that remarkable interview of two hours which he obtained on the last day of September 1857, shall be withheld, as not essential to the purpose of conveying an image of his life and character; as neither communicating a new feature of the singular relation subsisting between those two men, nor materially strengthening impressions already given. The two extracts, just given, of devotional effusion and of sober reflection, will show that Bunsen had not relinquished his life's habit of hoping, and yet that he had, at the same time, an instinctive perception that the measure upon which he had set his heart—the independent self-government of Evangelical communities—was not intended to be granted by the King, although he might, in affectionate indulgence to the convictions of Bunsen, refrain from summing up decisively the result of the sentiments which he suffered to transpire.

Two subjects, apparently distinct, had been emphatically commended to Bunsen's conscientious contemplation by the King, not only often and urgently in earlier years, but with peculiar energy on the repeated though short occasions of conference during this last occasion of cordial intercourse—the proper style of architecture for the national and metropolitan

church, so long a favourite design with the King, and the form of government for the community of living intelligence, or the Church in the spiritual sense. These two subjects Bunsen, in his own commentary upon the King's expressed intentions, studiously interwove into one—arguing that a congregation constituted on a free and rational, and therefore Christian, system, would itself expand into the form best suited to its public worship, and, unshackled by any architectural forms merely traditional, would assemble from all sides to meet round the central altar-table, or table of communion, there to offer the one only sacrifice of the Christian—his reasonable soul and free will—when partaking of the symbols commemorative of the death and of the ever-living presence of Christ.

Bunsen having returned home after this period of deep interest, on the 3rd October (the very day of the King's mortal seizure, which was not publicly known till later), had not long rested from the manifold fatigues and excitement of the three weeks at Berlin, when he was called upon to set out towards Coblentz on 31st October.

The reasons which caused this interview at Coblentz with their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Prussia to be desired and commanded, belong to that *under* or rather *upper* current of thought and labour, which accompanied, broke into, and overruled Bunsen's literary occupations after his retirement from public business. The high interest and gratification, as well as distinction, of being invited for the purpose of confidential conversation with the present King

and Queen of Prussia, whether at Baden or Coblentz, occurred in the course of every year spent at Heidelberg: but the last-mentioned journey and visit at the Palace of Coblentz, at a time and season so inconvenient, are probably to be explained by the desire of the Prince of Prussia to be informed in detail of the subject-matter of Bunsen's last important intercourse with the King at Berlin. The foregoing extracts, insignificant in themselves, are inserted for the purpose of completing the picture of a life so full of variety of strain on the mental faculties. The interruption of literary labours seriously retarded the publication of a large portion, long since nearly ready, of each of the works in hand; but interruption more serious resulted from the large proportion of days of illness in the following winter. The lengthening out of a fine autumn continued the possibility of air and exercise, so as to carry Bunsen in a tolerable state of health and in full activity of occupation through December and into the new year; but the winter severity of January laid him low with one of the too well-known attacks of gastric disorders and harassing cough, which hung upon him until relief was brought by the warm air of spring. It will be seen in the extracts of letters, that visions of removal to the coast of the Mediterranean cheered the days of darkness; and by the end of March, the long-desired commencement of the publication of the '*Bibelwerk*' brought with it the means, which were essential, to allow of his indulging in a journey to the South and in a six months' residence there, without giving up Charlottenberg.

CHAPTER XIX.

JOURNEYS TO BERLIN AND SOUTH OF FRANCE.

ELEVATION OF BUNSEN TO THE PEERAGE—RENAN—LORD DERBY'S ADMINISTRATION—INDIA BILL—DEATH OF NEUKOMM—BUNSEN'S RELIGIOUS OPINIONS—VISIT TO BADEN—AFFAIR OF RASTADT—BUNSEN'S OPINIONS ON CLAIRVOYANCE—VISIT TO BERLIN—THE PRINCE REGENT—BUNSEN TAKES HIS SEAT IN THE PRUSSIAN HOUSE OF PEERS—JOURNEY TO GENEVA AND THE SOUTH OF FRANCE—CANNES—DEATH OF TOCQUEVILLE—'THE LIFE OF JESUS'—CAMPAIGN OF 1859—PRUSSIA AND AUSTRIA—SYMPATHY WITH ITALY—IRRITATION IN SOUTHERN GERMANY—VISIT TO PARIS—RETURN TO CANNES—COMMERCIAL TREATY OF FRANCE AND ENGLAND.

Bunsen to a Son.

[Translation.]

Charlottenberg: Wednesday, 7th October, 1857.

I HAD only just placed my books and papers in order, and had set my own work and that of my expectant fellow-labourers a-going, when your much longed-for letter came to hand; and thus I reply at the moment.

First, be assured, that among all things good and desirable that the journey has brought me, your cherishing love and cheerful devotedness to me, even in the midst of your own sorrow, has formed the culminating point of brightness during the whole of this late remarkable portion of my life. Your faithful affection is the strong arm upon which I lean and find support, now and in future: for which, may God's richest blessing attend you!

My general impression with respect to the condition of things is—

1st—No singleness of purpose, and therefore no clearness.

2nd—No chance of success, except by miracle.

To these observations belongs 'Never mind!' in English, and 'Sursum corda' in a Christian sense; and both, with God's help, can my heart furnish.

At the moment of writing the above, Bunsen was not aware of the serious character of the attack from which Frederick William IV. never recovered. His remarks, therefore, apply to a state of affairs which, in fact, had passed away. It will be remembered that the real condition of the King was not fully stated at once to the public after the stroke of the 3rd October.

Bunsen to a Friend.

[Translation.] 21st October, 1857.

What a melancholy complication at Berlin! and how consolatory for me, to have seen the King once more in entire affection and cheerfulness! No one at Berlin believes in the possibility of his recovery, or that he can ever again sustain the weight of government. The public amuses itself with reports as to my future position at Berlin; but I know of nothing on the subject, except that I shall never again accept office. At Berlin I saw almost all my theological friends and acquaintances, and made many valuable new acquaintances. It would have done your heart good to have seen how much kindness and respect was shown to me on all sides, and particularly by the people of Berlin. I am now again deep in my work—the publication of the first volume of the '*Bibelwerk*' has been retarded one month by my Berlin journey. At Leipzig I saw the first sheets struck off (stereotyped).

2nd December.—The King is physically better, but his memory returns only occasionally for short intervals; not in the most distant manner can they speak to him on business; the cord once snapped cannot be restored. This condition has only so far affected my outward condition, that the King, without my knowledge, on 3rd October (the very

last day of his reigning, and giving his signature) commanded and executed my elevation to the Peerage. The matter was an object of long negotiation and correspondence, ever since 1844, when I, in commission from the King, made out a system as to the increase of the order of nobles. Since then, I have declined to accept any proposal which should stand in contradiction to the principles therein set down, in all essential points answering to the English system. Again, in 1856, did the King make me a proposal, which again I declined. I have the proofs in hand, that the King, on the 3rd October, desired to do something, which, according to those principles, I could accept, and therefore under given circumstances must have accepted. But the Minister with whom the affair rested knew nothing of that. All this has cost me much writing, and some vexation. . . .

6th December.—I rejoice to hear of the high position of your house of business, because I ever hold in honour the name of Schwabe, the founder, and because I expected no less. If I mistake not, England is already well over the crisis, and its consequences will be beneficial. On the Continent it is just beginning. What a consolation to perceive the good feeling between labourers and employers! and how changed since 1845!

The business of the Peerage as regarding myself is at a stand-still. I cannot refuse, but also I cannot accept, without some security for not being drawn into contradiction with my own political principles. The King alone could remove my doubt, and he is not in possession of his faculties! What a depth of suffering for a man of high intelligence and of the best intentions!

30th December.—We have passed cheerful and tranquil Christmas-days. What a Christmas-gift of God was the Relief of Lucknow!

The patent of nobility referred to in the preceding letter was granted by King Frederick William IV. on the 3rd October, 1857, a few hours before the seizure

which deprived him of his faculties. Thus, by a remarkable coincidence, the last act of his reign was to confer this merited honour and reward upon his attached Minister and faithful friend. The following passage occurs in a letter addressed by Bunsen to Arthur Schopenhauer, in reply to the congratulations addressed to him on this occasion :—

[Translation.] Charlottenberg : 13th January, 1858.

I have endured the elevation in rank, as I endured my birth into the world ; having, however, fought it off, according to my long declared principles, in so far as submission thereto might imply want of respect towards my own proper condition, which is that of the cultivated middle class ; or because an absurdity of pretension might be attributed to myself.

Bunsen to a Son.

[Translation.] Charlottenberg: 29th January, 1858.

The course of events is dragging down Napoleon III. He has thrown himself into the military-clerical-police direction, and has declared war against 'ideas,' on account of an abominable attempt at assassination. The whole of France divided among five commanders, and declared under continuous martial law, in case of any movement, *ipso facto*, without awaiting telegrams ! All so-called *impiété* to be persecuted by the police ! What a curse is annexed to imperial despotism ! The Emperor's real danger lay not in the attack of the 14th, but in his speech on the 18th. Will no one in Germany utter the truth ?

31*st March.*—The saying of Schulze Bödmer (which originated at Heidelberg) is going the round of Paris:—'*L'attentat a parfaitement réussi ; l'Empereur a perdu la tête.*'

How I rejoice that you courageously start with writing ! That is the only way. Whether the first cast succeeds or not, it must, if the spirit urges, have its way. *Medias in res !*

One cannot make research to good purpose, without having first placed a forming hand upon the object.

Bunsen to a Friend.

[Translation.] 30th January.

Surely you will have guessed that I have been laid up by the influenza. I can only to-day write two lines, that you may not first learn from the newspaper that the King has made me a Peer of Prussia, with seat in the Upper House as Baron (*Freiherr*). This is a triumph of progress in the English direction. The Court party wanted to make me pass through a preparatory stage of ordinary *noblesse* (*Junkerthum*)—but I insisted on giving up the whole, or that a creation should take place, as was done by Queen Victoria in the case of Macaulay, and that I should be a member of the House of Lords. This was the King's intention in October, but his illness made its execution impossible, until fourteen days ago, when the Prince Regent himself made some enquiry on the subject. The King interrupted the Prince with these words, 'Just that, and nothing less, did I intend;' and he then went through the whole transaction with great clearness, and remembered further that he had desired to grant my son Ernest ('on account of his services to the Royal Legation in London') the rank of a Counsellor of Legation. He showed himself cheerful and pleased that the thing should now be brought in order by the Prince.

31*st March*.—The accounts of Neukomm are sad. Pray send the enclosed lines to him. That dear, high-minded friend!

Sunday after Easter, April, 1858.—I know not for what treasure I would give up the satisfaction of knowing that my last proof of friendship—the letter of farewell to Neukomm—which an inward voice urged me to write and send on that day, should, by your kind care and quickness of despatch, have arrived just in time. It is soothing to

think that a dying friend should have departed with the consciousness of the affection expressed for him, and perhaps also impressed by the serious and tranquillising reflections and aspirations after the rest in God, which accompanied those expressions. The deep and high meaning of those three last words uttered by him will ever remain in my mind. A fine and rare specimen of humanity has in him vanished away from among us. Much is required to work out a real human character—cultivation outward and inward, of the mind and faculties, knowledge of the world, the understanding of himself and his position; but not less to form the real artist. The mere artistical training is difficult, and the inward still more than the outward; and how many of the professors of the art, more especially of feeling—the *art of music*—remain stationary half-way! Yet the thorough artist ought to possess a thoroughly cultivated understanding, he ought to be a thinker, and a self-conscious human being, which is most uncommon. Such was he who has just departed; and such was Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy. And how did Neukomm, like Göthe, keep up the energy of striving after further development and acquisition, and endeavour, even in his advanced age, to preserve his powers of composition! and all that he was resulted from his own struggles and endeavours, and that often amid circumstances of extreme difficulty. I could fill pages with outpourings of my heart about this deceased friend.

Bunsen's reply to a Letter from Rudolph W., in Magdeburg (personally unknown to him), enquiring into his religious opinions.

[Translation.] Tuesday in Whitsuntide: 25th May, 1858.

Dear Christian Brother,—Your call, of the 20th of last month, went to my heart—as how should it not? but as I had much to finish before the Festival which did not admit of delay, I have reserved for a Whitsuntide pleasure

the answering of your question as a Christian—that is, sincerely and openly. Yes, my fellow-believer, the Lord taught me early that I am a sinner, and that only in Christ I can become well-pleasing to God, and a child of God. He, the same Lord (as you may read it stated shortly in my '*Bibelwerk*'), has preserved me by His Spirit in the same path, and given me strength to search His Word, in humble, sincere enquiry. For it is said, 'The truth shall make you free;' how then should the enquiry after truth lead those into error, who, for the glory of God and not for their own, seek it where it is to be found? and where that is I have said, in terms not to be misunderstood, to yourself and all those who are willing to read before they judge or condemn me—in the 'Address to the Christian Reader,' at the opening of my book 'God in History,'—in the Word of God, the Bible, as reason and conscience explain it to us, and the whole history of the world confirms it,—as the 'power of God unto salvation to all those that believe.'

That I have not been hasty to address the congregation, you will see from that short history of my guidance in the beginning of the '*Bibelwerk*.' That this endeavour of mine,—dedicated to the entire congregation of Christ, and particularly to that portion of it dwelling in the German fatherland, with disregard of every other consideration,—is not well-pleasing to those theologians who place their own or their predecessors' decrees, or the reiteration of the same, by the side of the Bible (therefore, in fact, above the Bible), must not surprise you, any more than it disturbs my inward peace. Hengstenberg, Leo, Nathusius, and those who echo their sentiments, are resolved to place the congregation under the Church; and protest against every free utterance, even while complaining of the folly and absurdity by which the free Word of God is placed in shackles (as by the ancient Scribes and Pharisees), and the light of the Spirit which 'will guide into all truth,' and 'searcheth all things, yea, the deep things of God,' is

'hidden under a bushel.' Every true history of the Bible-translation is a heavy accusation and conviction of such theologians; for who but these, not the disciples of Luther, but of Lutheranism, have obscured the Bible of Luther, and hindered the completion of the work begun in the Spirit of God by that great and holy man, in the spirit in which he began it, for the service of the Lord's congregation? If the facts I have stated in this matter are not true, let them be disproved; but just because that cannot be done, railing accusations are being multiplied, where there is nobody to answer them. . . .

Those who preach the curse and wrath of God against sin, are in the right; but if they do not at the same time preach the love of God, the eternal love of God in Christ, with which He has loved us all from the beginning—if they preach not that the Spirit makes known the love of God to all who reckon themselves to be, not much, nor little, but nothing, and God to be All in All—then they preach not the Gospel, nor the doctrine of the great Apostle of the heathen, who calls himself the 'chief of sinners,' although conscious that by the grace of God he had become a chosen instrument for the work of God. To this point may the Lord conduct us all, and in this faith may He preserve us all!

Do you go on faithfully searching the Scriptures, and He will give you the zeal of the Spirit in your heart, and preserve it to you to the day of death; and let no authoritative declarations disturb you. In my writings you will not, I hope, find any such declarations, for I seek to lay before the congregation the reasons for my assertions, as they have become clear to me through the labour of forty years; and in this I am only doing my duty.

In a few months you will receive the next volume of my '*Bibelwerk*;' and if you will but go on studying with me, you will discern in the Law the first burst of that light, which in the Gospel, in the person of Christ the Son of God, shone forth in full clearness and brightness.

Again thanking you for your confidence, I remain in Christian affection and esteem, &c., BUNSEN.

Extract from Dr. M'Cosh's work, entitled 'The Supernatural in relation to the Natural,' &c.

. . . . The last day I passed with him was a Sabbath—a Sabbath indeed: for I never in all my life spent a more profitable day. In the forenoon I sat with him in the University Church of Heidelberg, where we had the privilege of listening to a powerful Gospel sermon from Dr. Schenkel. I spent the afternoon in his house, where he read to us in German, or in English translations, out of the fine devotional works of his country, interspersing remarks of his own, evidently springing from the depths of his heart, and breathing towards heaven—whither, I firmly believe, he has now been carried.

The living picture contained in the work above-mentioned is one instance of the kind of memorial so delightful to surviving affection, and is almost unique of its kind. The objections made by the excellent Dr. M'Cosh to opinions uttered by Bunsen shall only be so far commented upon as to remind the reader of these lines, that Dr. M'Cosh witnessed the oscillations of a pendulum, by which it was often borne far away from the centre of gravity, to which it returned, and in which it rested:—and that she who had longest watched and witnessed the oscillations, has most reason to know and mark the fact, and the point of repose.

On the opinion held by Bunsen as to mesmerism, Dr. M'Cosh is believed to have misunderstood the distinction which he endeavoured to mark between total disbelief in a natural gift of the human animal, and the over-estimate of the gift which prevails

among those who exalt its operations into sublimity and spirituality: whereas he believed that second sight, or clairvoyance, was only the product of a morbid state of body, a disturbance of health or of the nervous equipoise, and therefore a degraded and unsound condition. He would not close his eyes to the evidence of facts which he had had peculiar opportunity of ascertaining, but only endeavoured to divest them of the immense amount of deception and unfounded conjecture and false imaginings, which encompass the existence of a healing power in the human system depending on the human will. He was deeply grateful to the vigorous hand, the firm resolve, and untiring perseverance of Count Szapary in restoring the long-paralysed limbs of his beloved daughter to full activity and her frame to its natural health, and thanked God for the good gift granted to man; protesting against the view which would attribute the work of healing to evil powers. The two sets of facts (belonging to the magnetic gift, only because that gift may be the producing cause)—one, the faculty of second sight (whether spontaneous or the result of magnetism) to perceive transactions far removed in time and space; the other, the possibility of healing disturbances in the physical system by the inherent power of a human hand and will,—he held fast as realities which he had been allowed the means of recognising as such: and, that being the case, he felt it to be not irreverent, in his historical investigations of the Bible, to assert the possibility of the use of powers inherent in man to produce results often classed with the preternatural: most certainly

not intending to confound the direct action of the Holy Spirit (for which he ever so especially contended) with effects of essentially human origin. This is said in reference to Dr. M'Cosh's observation, that 'Bunsen was apt to connect mesmerism and clairvoyance with the inspiration of the writers in the Bible:' where the expression 'connect' must be declined as incorrect.

At so early a date as 1820, Bunsen wrote his opinion and explanation on this much-engrossing, but then little argued, subject, to the late Dr. Brandis (father of his friend, C. A. Brandis, Professor at Bonn), in the form of a dialogue: requesting his confirmation or rejection of the theory. This dialogue met with approbation, but was mislaid among the papers of the correspondent, and has never been found again, though sought before and since his death. In the opinion of the only survivor of the few who had cognisance of its contents, the matter was treated convincingly and with much spirit and power, and it is difficult to believe that the dialogue can have been destroyed as waste paper by any hands into which it may have fallen at Copenhagen. The view of the subject therein unfolded and exemplified agreed with that which has been just stated. The strong protest which he never failed to make against the misuse of magnetism shall only be mentioned in addition. He considered as misuse all prying into the unknown for the gratification of idle curiosity, and all tampering with the nervous system and all acting upon faculties in a condition of morbid excite-

ment, as worse than misuse of a power granted for good—as an actual offence against our fellow-creatures. Thus he only considered the exercise of the gift to be lawful as a branch of the art of healing.

Bunsen to a Friend.

[Translation.]

31*st August.* — The dear King has thought of me at Tegernsee! When a photograph was shown him of the statue of Hippolytus at Rome, of which a cast has been made for the Museum, lately arrived at Berlin, he said, 'Olfers must have a second cast made *for Bunsen*, and have it sent to Bunsen.' I am inexpressibly moved by this! The thought can only be his own.

4*th September.*—I look upon the system of persecution by the Emperor Napoleon against the Protestants of Maubeuge (which case, alas! is not an isolated one), and the prohibition of the sale of the Bible, even among Protestants, as a sign of an approaching judgment. A solemn promise was made to Lord Cowley, in 1853, to withdraw both the Ordinances. The pretended reason for the persecution in Maubeuge is, that 'formerly no Protestant worship had existed there.' This form is a mockery, even among this class of laws, just in the manner of those in the period preceding the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. The Romish clergy of 1858 demands much more than that of 1680. The abominations in the inner parts of France, in the application of 'La loi des suspects,' exceed all belief. A colporteur in St. Rémy, Normandy, was threatened with Cayenne, because he had visited a sick woman and spoken words of Christian consolation to her. The only safe advice to give the man was to escape to England. 'Ma mission n'est pas encore terminée,' signifies in biblical terms, 'La coupe de la colère de Dieu n'est pas encore remplie.' There is a judgment impending! But God only knows the time

and the hour. I say the same of the tyrant of Geneva: there the clouds ever grow more threatening.

Bunsen to a Son.

[Translation.] Charlottenberg: 16th September, 1858.

I have always found that the entrance through which I was called upon to penetrate opened spontaneously: it has never answered to me to press through by force.

Your visit did my inmost heart good. The proof was that I wrote that last day, and the day after, the best that has yet come into my pen—upon the 'Consciousness of God' in Jesus, and in the Apostles: often before had it vaguely floated before me in spirit.

Bunsen to his Wife.

[Translation.]

Hôtel d'Angleterre, Berlin: 18th October, 1858.

Here I am, happily arrived, accompanied from St. Elizabeth's at Marburg by Lang, the architect of the restoration in this royal city, favoured by the finest weather and received at the station by the two guides of your recent journey. I entered this best of hotels at ten o'clock, conveyed in Lepsius' carriage. We talked over our tea till midnight; and when I left the quiet adjoining bed-chamber this morning at seven, I saw the prospect, from my sitting-room, of the green square with flowers and a fountain playing, the river beyond, and above it the new high cupola of the Palace; on the left, the bridge with the eight colossal marble groups (the young warrior instructed by Pallas Athênê in the use of arms—guided in combat, in attack, in defence, in victory, in death—and the palm of triumph), and, behind all, that splendid Museum. Before breakfast I looked over some printed slips relating to the Edda, and read some of the papers, so well packed and arranged by my dear Frances—then breakfast and conversation with Stockmar and Usedom. Then I drove to the Prince (all absent at Babelsberg); then a suffocation came on, and I

hastened back, and recovered soon, to have a conversation with Cyril Graham (whom we knew as a boy), and who will set out to-morrow towards the Hauran, where last year he discovered eighty-seven cities in good preservation. Then did I talk long with our admirable friend, Abeken, and afterwards I was able, with the help of Charles's arm, to walk, without consciousness of effort, to the Museum and through all the antiquities and pictures, and back again.

In the night at Marburg, towards morning, I designed a great plan for an Academy with an Ethnological Institute, of which Egyptian lore would form a branch: the whole to be connected with the German Oriental Society. Lepsius would work out the particulars—a pittance of 20,000 thalers yearly would be sufficient!

To the Same.

[Translation.] Wednesday, early, 20th October, 1858.
(Before the opening of Parliament.)

Soft, rainy weather—one knows not whether this day will clear into sunshine, or whether that will not yet be granted; this expresses nearly the condition of the general temper of mind. No one knows anything, in fact; but the feeling is general that the Prince Regent's will is for the right and the good, and that he will bring it into execution at the time that he judges right. The confidence of the nation in the personal character and integrity of the Regent is indeed the anchor of security within and without—and it is certainly deserved. The two Houses will to-day, at twelve o'clock, await the Prince in the 'White Hall' of the Palace, then separate, to meet each other apart to-morrow; and on Monday will be the taking of oaths, after which the new Ministry will be announced.

To the Same.

[Translation.] Thursday, 21st October, 1858.

I am just returned from the second sitting—all passed off with dignity. So far, so good! God be thanked! There is an elevating effect in the consciousness of an universally-spread feeling of the sacredness of constitutional forms. The members of each House are quite at home—form groups and discuss, as the masters in their own domain, until the President opens the Session. The Prince Regent has worked with the Ministers, but has seen nobody but the Prince his son, and the Princess. For to-morrow, Friday, I am invited to dinner, with Charles. As the dear old Magician * says, the Prince has displayed the great quality of silence, and is to be hailed as 'William the Silent II.'—as which, I suppose, he will continue. . . .

Friday, 22nd October, three o'clock.—My neighbour in the House to-day was Daniel von der Heydt, a really Christian spirit, although theological. He did not recognise me at first, and spoke in commonplace terms; but presently, having refreshed his memory of 1825 in Rome, he met me with warmth, and related to me the death of his wife and her dying words. She sank under the small-pox; her death was pronounced imminent three days before the spirit departed. Her husband asked whether she had any wishes or requests to express; she answered, 'No wish—the blessing of God rests upon our children; as to yourself, you are *I*—I am *you*. For our Lord I have no prayer nor petition, but only praise and thanksgiving.' Then he repeated the first verse of a favourite hymn; she pronounced the second, he continued with the third; in the fourth was the expression, 'The Lord can save,' which she altered into 'The Lord *has* saved;' and thus she proceeded, retaining consciousness to the very last, and saying ever and again, 'I *am* dead, *I live in God.*' Not a single complaint

* Baron Stockmar.

was uttered by her. I said to him, 'Those are the utterances *not* of a soul departing, but of one already entered into life eternal, yet returning for a moment.'* From all sides, members, whose names I know not, have come up to me to express thanks for attentions and kindness shown to them in one place or other. The expressions of surprise of those to whom I was a stranger are said to be remarkable: one had supposed me *morose*; another, *worn-out*; a Pomeranian, who spoke to Usedom, had fancied me as '*knackselig*' (done for). 'But,' added he, 'the appearance is not so; on the contrary, that of a sunshiny countenance.'

The journey to Berlin, to which the preceding extracts refer, was considered necessary for the purpose of Bunsen's taking his seat in the Chamber of Peers. The last token of kindness towards him, evidenced by the command to make out a Patent of Peerage, which was also the last act of Frederick William IV. before the disabling seizure that ended two years later in death, had been confirmed and executed in the most gracious manner by the Prince Regent; and not to have availed himself of the favour, by taking possession of his seat, would have seemed ungrateful as the Prince had personally expressed a wish to see him on the occasion referred to. Bunsen was moreover to all appearance no less able this year than he had been the year before, to undertake the journey. He summoned his son Charles from Turin to accompany him to Berlin. The interest of the journey to him was extreme as well as varied; and it is impossible to regret his having made the effort, as the abundance of impressions received, the inspection

* This blessed departure sank deep into Bunsen's mind, and occurred to him again on his own deathbed.

in person of a scene of things which so continually occupied his thoughts, the opportunity of intercourse with friends, and the renewed sense of the value in which he was held by those whose sentiments were prized by him, were all causes of satisfaction and refreshment of mind to be thankfully contemplated, even in a retrospect which brings to mind the grievous fact, that these autumnal days, this month of October, were to recur but once more in what could be reckoned life!—for the October of 1860 found him in the struggle of dissolution;—and in so short a term as in reality remained, any expenditure of time and strength for a purpose alien to that which had ruled his whole existence might be deplored as a waste. But neither he nor others could then have supposed that life so vivid and intense was yet so nearly expended, even though the attacks of suffocation, always brought on by emotion and the irregularities unavoidable in travelling, were frequent, and alarming to his companion, unused as he was to the painful spectacle. The lateness of the meeting of the Chambers rendered unavoidable the exposure of Bunsen to a violent change of temperature in the sudden setting in of winter, early in November; and as a great deal of necessary work for the press remained to be done after his return home, the long-planned journey to the South was reserved for the severest period of the year, when days were shortest and gloom deepest, instead of its having been, as it would have been if undertaken during the latter end of a fine autumn, an expedition of pleasure and refreshment.

In a letter written at the beginning of November, he mentions that 'Humboldt is seriously ill—Schönlein, however, still hopes to be able to preserve his life. I have just received a line from him, written from his bed. I am to see him at one o'clock.' This is the notification of the last interview that took place between Bunsen and the distinguished man to whose kindness and encouraging appreciation he had felt himself much indebted during many years of his earlier life, and whose demonstrations of esteem and mutual understanding he never would have known or suspected to be otherwise than genuine, had he not survived just long enough to witness that unfortunate publication of letters to Varnhagen, which has had such a wide-spread influence in lowering the estimation in which the cultivated society of all nations had delighted to hold Alexander von Humboldt.

Bunsen's habitual hopefulness of spirit created for him a vision, very cheering while it lasted, of the possibility of influencing and persuading the newly appointed Prussian Government and its much-honoured Head to begin their administration by such a disposal of moderate portions of the revenue as might raise the condition of art and science and classical lore; endeavouring to meet the standing objection of 'want of funds for every avoidable purpose,' by referring to the high-mindedness of the Sovereign of the last generation (Frederick William III.), who created the University of Berlin at a time of most crushing pressure, by the French occupation of his dominions. Bunsen's letters contain many passages indicative of the plans which he delighted to organise,

and his friends will not have forgotten the enthusiasm with which he reckoned on their execution in the year 1860, so near at hand—which would bring the fifty years' jubilee of the foundation of the University, and, as he deemed, a new era of prosperity. He had not given up the hope of success, when, in August 1859, he, for the last time, enjoyed personal intercourse with the Prince Regent at Baden. Besides the endowment desired for the Academy of Arts and the Academy of Sciences, he was urgent for the granting of requisite funds for the publication of the much-needed Polyglot Bible, which he would have had a Tetraglot, to contain the original versions in the three ancient languages—the Hebrew and Septuagint (including the Greek New Testament), and the Vulgate or Latin version of St. Jerome: to which should be added the German version of Luther, revised. This publication he would have superintended himself, and he might be said to have had all the materials in hand, having at his own expense caused an admirable collation to be made (by Dr. Heyse) of the celebrated MS. of the Vulgate preserved at Florence; and for the comparatively mechanical labour further needed, he would have found competent and zealous assistants. This classical monument will probably some day come into being; and then, let it not be forgotten that, as far as thought and will could go, Bunsen had framed the design, worked out all its parts, and indicated all its details.

Bunsen to a Friend.

[Translation.] 12th November, 1858.

I arrived at home (from Berlin) two days ago, after a journey in a temperature of from 5 deg. to 9 deg. Réaumur of cold. I witnessed a grand spectacle—the change of Ministry is a change of Government; men both capable of office and true to the Constitution are filling the places of the late Ministers; all are my political, and many my personal, friends. I have had the great good fortune of being acknowledged worthy of a Ministerial post, on the one hand, and, on the other, of being left at liberty to remain faithful to what I consider my especial mission and my higher calling. The Prince Regent showed me from first to last the kindest and most gracious confidence. . . .

Having accomplished his return to Charlottenberg under the care of his son Charles, Bunsen had yet indispensable work to do for the press, which detained him another month before the journey southwards could be undertaken; and not till the 9th December did the party set out towards Basle, where an agreeable evening at the house of Professor Gelzer, and the company of that valued friend during the next day as far as Biel, helped effectually to keep up that cheerfulness, so indispensable as a counterpoise to the unceasing consciousness of bodily discomfort, and the increasing susceptibility of actual or apprehended annoyances, belonging to the harassing disorder which was making continual and resistless progress. Comfortless was the transit, in those days, by help of two steamers, from Biel to Yverdun,—the walk from the landing-place to the station, the long waiting for the train, the arrival long after dark at Geneva, the

ascent of the long staircase at the hotel,—all trifles unnoticed, or converted into causes of mirth, where health and spirit exist to meet the smaller as well as the greater rubs of life; but falling heavily upon an invalid. It is both affecting and consolatory to observe in the ensuing extracts from letters, that he calls his journey an 'agreeable one'—thus proving that his judgment had duly weighed all existing causes of thankfulness, and appreciated on reflection the degree of success which had attended the watchful care by which evil was warded off wherever it was possible. Two days at Geneva were much enjoyed by all the party—in particular, the hours spent among friends in the house of Mdlle. Vernet Pictet. They had left Heidelberg under that solid sea of vapour, spread from one extremity of the horizon to the other, which cannot be called cloud, as it admits of no variety of form or thickness, but which is inseparable from the greater part of the winter in the central continent of Europe, and which was found on the present occasion to extend as far as Orange, south of Lyons, where first the tent broke into clouds, between which the sun came forth to renew the face of the earth. When travellers speak of winter, its storms or splendours are treated of, which are the rare exception; whereas this total abrogation of sunshine and of life and beauty is the rule—alluded to here, as unavoidably oppressive and depressing to the traveller, who seemed to imbibe new life on reaching Marseilles and the sea breezes, with so many signs of the desired South in evergreens and in temperature. As at that time the railway

terminated at Marseilles, four-and-twenty hours of diligence-conveyance had to be encountered between that place and Cannes,—favoured by the full moon and fine weather; but all unpleasantness was cast into oblivion on being hailed at the entrance of Cannes by lights and voices which guided the travellers into a house, the Maison Pinchinat, so much liked from the very first.

Bunsen to a Friend.

[Translation.] Cannes: New Year's Day, 1859.

I cannot begin the new year, any more than I could last night close the old one, without thinking of you, and wishing to give you intelligence of our progress. We have had a most prosperous and agreeable journey, beginning with the 9th December. Arrived at length here at Cannes, we found ourselves in a lodging on the sea-shore, engaged and arranged for us (Maison Pinchinat), which at once seemed to me the best and most beautiful that we could anywhere obtain. I can only compare the situation to Mola di Gaeta, and the Villa di Cicerone there; but in this place, the mountains that half enclose the bay are much finer. Yet we judged it right to see Nice before we fixed; and there the long-threatened influenza burst out, and kept me imprisoned for ten days. Nice is a bad Brighton. We gave up going to see Mentone, and returned here the day before yesterday to the former spot—to remain here, please God, till April. . . .

In the course of the following month, Bunsen had the satisfaction of being allowed to pay a few short visits to M. de Tocqueville, and would gladly have gone oftener and stayed longer, but the precarious state of the invalid (evident to every one but himself) made it necessary to take extreme precautions against

his being over-fatigued or excited. The conversation of M. Gustave de Beaumont (the friend and afterwards the biographer of Tocqueville) often came in to supply the place to Bunsen of an anticipated interview with his dying friend, when it happened that the drive to Montfleuri proved ineffectual. He was of the number of those present at the funeral, which took place at Cannes, 20th April.

Bunsen to a Son.

[Translation.] Cannes: 3rd January, 1859.

We are living here in Paradise; the ancients tell of the Islands of the Blessed, and they must have had Cannes in view. Beyond the sea, on the edge of which we dwell, to behold each day the morning-star and the sun on first emerging; again to see the sun disappear in splendour behind the *Siebengebirge* (here called Estérel); to have a pier extending 200 yards into the sea, like a petrified vessel, the lighthouse as its prow; 12° of Réaumur in the shade; our rooms all towards this southern magnificence, and my study having a terrace on one side, on which I can pace up and down as often as I desire more air than my open window admits!

I write, each morning, at the 'Life of Jesus,' as it shall be printed, God willing. The principal matter is, however, to carry out boldly the idea which, in 1850, I timidly touched upon,—that the *historical Christ* has a history only lasting *thirty months*, but the *spiritual* (Christ in the congregation) a history of 1800 years; and that when you have exhausted the purely historical, the more general and spiritual side of the subject demands just acknowledgment. Thus, after sifting the histories of His birth and parentage, and, I hope, fully explaining them, the Introduction closes with 'the eternal (ever-renewed) birth of Christ in the

Soul and in Humanity,' — or the Incarnation; which, hitherto, was treated mystically (that is, without clear perception) or sentimentally; and which must be brought into view as a solemn reality from the innermost consciousness of what constitutes life in Christ, and what is craved by the universal conscience of the nations of the world— 'Christ yesterday, to-day, and for ever.' . . .

Bunsen to a Friend.

[Translation.] Cannes: 31st January, 1859.

We are all improving, but till the 20th my wife and I have both had to contend with the consequences of influenza. Having at last dismissed the enemy, we experience the full blessing of this incomparable climate, of our exquisite tranquillity, and of sea-prospect from the Maison Pinchinat. I can already walk quickly for half an hour at a time without pausing, and I walk out daily three or four times, or drive to Ernest's *Villa Ripère*, on a height not far from Lord Brougham's. Our house is the last of the town, towards France, or the first of villas; for most people seem to be afraid of the close neighbourhood of the sea, which is immediately under our window, or cannot bear the ceaseless roar or murmur of the waves, which is, after light and sunshine, to me the greatest of enjoyments. We have obtained this abode comparatively cheap—ten rooms, and a terrace to the south, on which my study opens. Then I find my work so successful here that I have accomplished more already than would have been possible in the whole winter at Heidelberg. I shall try to remain here as long as possible, therefore, till Easter Tuesday, 26th April. . . .

Bunsen to a Son.

[Translation.] Cannes: 5th March, 1859.

We had a delightful day (yesterday). Charles had arrived the day before. We drove to Napoule (Neapolis),

and climbed the path among the rocks, in which your mother and I were not among the last. To-morrow we shall drive to see the popular festivity—an hour's drive from hence, on the Golfe de Jouan, towards Antibes—held on the first Sunday after the 1st March, the day of Napoleon's landing from Elba, originating with the people.

My political views are the same as before—the Austrian Government in Italy, and the military occupation and continual interference in countries not belonging to it, is no concern of Germany; and the sooner the abomination ceases the better for Austria herself. England and Germany are strong enough to prevent Italy from becoming a province of France. Palmerston's speech utters serious facts, not the less true for the ironical form. *Vetter Michel** is seized with madness (by his misconception of the drift of the belligerents), after a poisoning-process of years, by the infusion of Austrian and Ultramontane falsehoods. . . .

Extract from a Journal.

Cannes: 5th March, 1859.

We were early fetched from our hotel to breakfast at the Maison Pinchinat, standing on the very edge of the beautiful bay. All the party are bright and thankful in seeing Bunsen so much better, and able to work again and to enjoy visits from his friends. He took us out on the balcony overhanging the bright silvery sea, and seemed to drink in all its beauty;—its calm seemed to be reflected on his face, which never looked more radiant or more full of satisfaction. He has his own home-circle around him, and Ernest and Elizabeth and their children near. He is full of hope for Italy, repeated passages from Lord Palmerston's speech, and gave us a little insight into French and Austrian politics; he is sure that war must come. . . .

* A nickname for Germans.

To the Same.

[Translation.] Cannes: Friday, 25th March, 1859.

By the 4th March I had so far finished the 'Life of Jesus' that, besides general revision, only a few chapters of the earlier period of teaching remained to be completed, for which completion I have need first to see how the explanation of the Gospels shapes itself under my hands, in order to know what I have still, critically or demonstratively, to treat in the 'Life.' . . .

The thing essential is to hold fast the eternal, which is beyond the conditions of time. When one has arrived at the conviction that the Kingdom of God does not begin beyond this earth, but is to be founded and perfected upon this earth, as far as the earthly can attain perfection; then one enquires, 'Where is Eternity?' To which the Gospel gives the same answer as to the question, 'Where is the Eternal?'—viz. Where the bottom of the sea is when we contemplate its billows and tides, its smooth surface and breaking waves—invisible, and yet necessarily presupposed! No one ever perceived this more clearly, no one had a more vivid and enduring present consciousness of it, than Jesus—whether as represented by the Evangelists or by St. John. All this appears clearly to lie before me. I utter my belief in the notes, courageously and unreservedly, as the spirit prompts me; and, on the whole, I am sure that I have been successful. . . .

Bunsen to a Friend.

[Translation.] April, 1859.

Heavy times are coming, as I have long anticipated, yet I hope nothing will come in the way of my return to Cannes by November 1. It is a hermit family life that we lead, not without stimulating and instructive communication from without.

15*th April.*—Tocqueville still breathed yesterday evening, but unconscious, or at least speechless.

20th April.—The steamer from Marseilles is not yet in sight—the faithful Ampère, if he arrives, will be too late for the funeral solemnity.

30th April. — Ampère was informed of the death of Tocqueville at Marseilles, and arrived here the next day in time for the funeral. I had replied immediately to his telegraphic enquiry. He must now have long since reached Rome again.

Bunsen to ——.

[Translation.] Cannes: Easter Tuesday, 26th April, 1859.

You ought (as the King said of myself) to come out once more into the genuine Prussian vital air, and to confer with friends and the (real) men of the day about the actual present. The air of the Rhine-valley is impregnated with priestly intrigue and agitation, and engrossed by that Austro-Germanic phantom, which in 1848–49 inveigled Gagern and Frankfort and Radowitz and Germany into the abyss, there to perish.

That Prussia should (by the Peace of Basle) get out of that madly-undertaken war of political infatuation was felt as a necessity, by Pitt equally with ourselves; and that we, seven years later, in 1805, stood aloof in the hour of conflict, was as much the fault of Austrian arrogance and faithlessness, as of our own irresolution. But *then*, a portion of Germany was actually invaded, whereas *now* Germany is not even threatened, but more secure than ever, under the guardianship and protection of Prussia. Now we have before us an European question, in short the essential question which has demanded solution ever since 1832, not to say since 1817—the Papal and Jesuit rule, and the Austrian tyranny in Italy, against all treaties, not merely without the sanction of treaties.

Has not every effort been made, on all sides, for thirty-six years to bring Austria to reason? Have not all the faithful and sagacious among European statesmen, including Canning, foretold to them what now has happened? namely,

that Austria would irresistibly provoke the power of France (as the history of half a century shows) to dislodge her from her brutal supremacy over Italy. Has not Austria slighted all warnings, persecuted and stigmatised all those diviners of truth, as well as all the moderate and earnest patriots of Italy. Has she not been continually imposing on her stronger chains and heavier burdens? But it is said, 'Who could think that Austria would be so obstinate?' Nay, who could expect any other conduct? Only those who expect the Pope to become Gallican, Anglican, or Lutheran! Should Austria *to-morrow* evacuate Central Italy, the day after to-morrow it will be in the hands of the national party, which is now monarchical, not republican —conservative, not revolutionary. Then the system of that arrogant House will be struck down, and what more could be the result, even of an unsuccessful war?

And now, what cause will be served by the agitation of these furious foes of France? 1. That of the Pope and the Jesuits. 2. That of the prolongation of Austrian tyranny. Therefore, its tendency is against our essential life, against Protestantism and confessional freedom, against Prussia, against the German Federal State! France and Russia are opponents of a German Federal State, but the House of Austria alone is directly antagonistic to Germany herself. I will not conjure up the shades of Olmütz and Dresden, but I must be spared the argument of Basle!

This I utter, as a statesman grown gray, and as one who has endeavoured to take a lesson from the sufferings of the period from 1848 to 1850; but what I feel most heavy upon my heart is this:—It is the first time that the ruling public opinion of the moment in Germany contemptibly and pitilessly renounces a great and noble cause, rebels against the providential agency of God in favour of a hardly-tried people, and that Protestants not only kiss the political but also the spiritual fetters, and lastly, that the organs of this public opinion either ignore, or wilfully distort, the reality

of facts. Retribution is infallibly in store for this; as surely as the levity of unripe politicians in 1848 met with its punishment and more deservedly. Is there no protecting *instinct* left against direct falsehood and childish misrepresentation? Is there no Protestant instinct left, for or against? And is this wrath an ebullition of spirit? Alas! too many are actuated by fear alone. 'Germany cannot defend itself against France but by the aid of Austria,' was written in the 'Edinburgh Review,' of April last. Without *Austria!* who herself gave notice, after 1815, that she could and would no longer defend Germany beyond the Danube—and, therefore, ridiculed the idea of fortifying Rastadt! Austria! who in 1815 sent not a man to fight in Belgium for the common cause against Napoleon! In the policy of France and Russia may well be comprised the necessity of resisting a monster of seventy millions horse-power, such as the entire German Empire; but the same danger exists not in a Federal collective State when once released by the Cesarean operation from the strangling navel-string of the House of Lorraine. The word uttered at Kremsier is the only solution.*

Now all has burst forth, all that I had on my mind, not against you, but against the air of the Rhine, to say nothing of that of Southern Germany. On this account I must give up going to the banks of the Rhine, where I should scandalise others, and be vexed myself. At Heidelberg I could not remain two days, were it not for necessary work, for I have no inclination to dispute on first principles with G. and M.

4th May.—This time I shall not enter into the question

* This refers to a remarkable speech by the late Prince Schwartzenberg, then Prime Minister, before the Austrian Parliament assembled at Kremsier, in 1848: 'Let Austria consolidate herself into one body politic,—let Germany consolidate herself into another,—and on the day when both these processes shall have been completed, let both agree on a form of good understanding and close union.' Austria and Prince Schwartzenberg himself soon abandoned this saving thought,—with what results the year 1866 has shown.

which of the many dangers is the most threatening to our beloved German fatherland—my joy is almost too great, I mean the joy of beholding another nation, at least, and that the one which *Germany* and *France* have oppressed, the one for 800, and the other for 300 years, rising from prostration, and brave not in words only but in deeds of arms, going forth not in the anarchy of despair, but in the legality of hope and faith in the future, under the visible protection of Providence, to set free the first-born daughter of Christian civilisation.

Contemporary Letter to a Daughter-in-Law, who had written to explain that she could not visit Heidelberg.

Charlottenberg: 26th May, 1859.

I comfort myself that your not coming is providential. You can form no idea of the discomfort of the state of public feeling. There is a complex of nonsense brewed together into a poison, producing intoxication and a cloud over the intellect, in the case of almost every one you speak to; only Herr von Dusch, as an old statesman and diplomatist, upon whom Bunsen first called, looked upon things in the same light as himself; as does also Gervinus, who latterly could hardly venture to go out but in the dusk, lest stones should have been thrown at him! The public mind has been worked upon (certainly by agitators) to such a pitch that Prussian travellers have been warned to keep out of sight, and not appear at the table d'hôte, lest they should be insulted! because Prussia, though well prepared and ready for war, intends to keep out of it, if she can; whereas the Southern States are, in fact, calling upon others to enter into the war which they presuppose and are endeavouring to kindle, not being themselves in any way prepared—having neither fortresses provided, nor regiments equipped. But enough, and too much! I tremble at every conversation, lest Bunsen should not put a guard upon his expressions, and pain those who are bound by their material interests to Austria. It is fear-

ful to discover how many are entangled financially in the Austrian losses. . . .

Bunsen to a Friend.

[Translation.] Charlottenberg: Whitsuntide, 1859.

We arrived on the 20th May, in the finest sunshine, after days of heavy rain in Switzerland. In Geneva and Basle I had conversations both literary and political; the latter turned upon the great point which now occupies all heads and many hearts. On my journey to the South, in the beginning of December, I had to urge upon the unbelieving, deep sunk in the slumber of peace, the fact that war in Italy was at hand; this time I had to endeavour to persuade the thoroughly disturbed that peace was near, particularly in case of Palmerston's return to the Ministry. From the state of delirium into which the South of Germany is plunged, I was fortunate in recalling my friends in Switzerland, but not my friends here! With the exception of Gervinus and Schenkel, all desire to rush into a war with France, in order to help Austria—some, however, would rather wait till the immediate necessity shall have actually appeared. Those who, with Austria, endeavour to kindle a war, are,—*a*, the Priests; *b*, the Dynasties, which prop themselves up by means of Austria; *c*, the holders of Austrian State bonds; *d*, the Ultramontanes of 1848. They may be classed as —reactionary and actionary, Ultra*montane* and Ultra-*Montagne*. All that will not signify, if only (as I firmly hope) Prussia will go forward with the declaration that Germany shall not be dragged into war! . . .

Bunsen's departure from the beloved South, on the 14th May, 1859, took place in a happy consciousness of improved health, and with the hope of returning before the close of the year. The journey by voiturier, as far as Aix in Provence (where the railway could first be joined), was attended by the unwonted

spectacle of a succession of French regiments, cheerful, well appointed, and orderly, on their way to the fields of Magenta and Solferino. Bunsen had followed the development of events during the last winter with his accustomed fervour of anticipation, and, with his usual hopefulness, reckoned upon success more complete to the Italian cause than was at once to be granted; but having gone deeper than most of his contemporaries into the causes of the abasement of Italy, and estimating her capacity and her deserts at a rate not usually admitted among Germans, he considered that to rejoice in the prospect of her freedom and independence, and to believe in a high career of distinction among nations as reserved for her, were things of course. He was therefore not prepared for the state of universal feeling against Italy, and for the frantic enthusiasm in the cause of Austrian preponderance, which he found first in Switzerland on his way, and in yet greater intensity in the South of Germany. It was a new and painful experience to him to be expatriated in the midst of his own country, by the necessity of closing up in silence opinions that glowed with the heart's fire, and were rooted in the convictions of his life. For few indeed were those who would attend with patience to his attempts, by reason and argument, to stem the current of convictions, the harder to be dealt with, as not being grounded in any tangible reality of fact, but resting on catchwords, 'jealousies and fears.' The prevailing sequence of argument would seem to have been 'Italy is not an object for which the French Emperor would pour forth his hundreds of

thousands, *therefore* it is the conquest of Germany that he intends; and *therefore* Germany must rise, and march to Paris to dictate a peace.' Let it not be thought that such sentiments or expressions have been fabricated by subsequent fancy. On the contrary, every variety of cadence and variation was framed and reiterated on the tone that sounds through them: and individuals, whether insignificant or of weight, who risked ever so mild a dissonance, were subjected, in Heidelberg and elsewhere, to one form or other of proscription. The circumstance that Prussians were at this time not merely railed at, but exposed to insult when venturing as single travellers into a mixed company of Southern Germans, is a clue to the origin of the volcanic explosion of 1859, and perhaps the only one, until the time shall come for bringing to light the documentary history of the present day,—as has been done with that of the Seven Years' War* now known to have been both roused and kept up by the universal efforts of the Romanist clergy, bound by authoritative commands to effect the destruction of the one only Protestant power of the Continent.

In the extracts given from letters, a few hints may be observed of the discomfort experienced by Bunsen in contemplating the state of the public mind. Had health and life been granted, much on this subject would have entered into those additional comments on the 'Signs of the Times,' which he promised himself to add to that work on the 'Life of Luther,' which now only exists in the compressed sketch forming the article in the 'Encyclopædia Britannica.'

* See Wutke, Geschichte Schlesiens.

This experience of life sunk deep with Bunsen, and caused a momentary longing for removal to a scene of different interest and activity. It would seem that his friends had supposed that when he was in Berlin in the preceding autumn, he would have applied for the appointment of Envoy to the Swiss Cantons, resident at Berne, as a post of repose in his latter years: it could hardly be offered to him, after the higher position that he had held, but would have been granted at his request. During a short absence of his wife in 1859, at Wildbad, she was surprised by a letter, stating the prospect as follows:—

[Translation.] Charlottenberg: Monday, 25th July, 1859.

A thought having occurred to me, beloved, without seeking it, which was yesterday (Sunday) morning as new as it will now be to you, I will now talk it over with you, before I mention it to the children. If nothing should come of it, there would equally be a reply to the inquiry that we address to Providence.

May not the moment be come for applying for the Legation in Switzerland for myself? There is no Court, no representation! As Rochow said, 'Cattle and nature, beautiful,'—to which *we* add, 'Country and inhabitants good and free.' In the German and in the French Switzerland we have valued friends right and left. The vexed question of Neufchâtel is happily settled; the Prince will in all sincerity maintain friendship with the country, whose goodwill is courted by powerful rivals, with the two Emperors at their head: the nearest future will not alter this state of things, but will probably throw more light upon it. I can in Switzerland continue, and, please God, finish, the work of my life quite as well as here: indeed, as I have often thought and said, Switzerland is the proper soil of German tongue and evangelical spirit for my '*Bibelwerk*' and 'God-Con-

sciousness' to take root in. Professor Schweizer, at Zurich, —Rillet, at Geneva,—Edgar Quinet, at Montreux! In case of need I could pass the winter at Montreux, instead of at Cannes; and to Cannes we should be two days' journey nearer than from hence. Political concerns would not cost me more time there than they do here, with writing and speaking. And here all becomes intolerable! The hatred against Prussia is daily growing worse. Gervinus was a few days ago cast out of the Club, for having spoken in defence of Prussia! The Concordat with Rome, and bitter railings against Prussia, is the order of the day in the Carlsruhe newspaper. Vexation at all this has made me restless.

His next letter, dated 30th July, begins as follows:—

[Translation.]

What a comfort and joy, that you accept the idea of Berne so entirely and so joyfully, new and unprepared as it came to you! I have thereupon written to ——, and his reply to the confidential communication leaves nothing to be desired. Now that this has been done, I think no more of the matter, and I have not the feeling as if anything would come of it. . . .

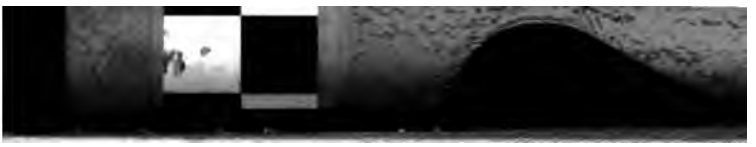
Bunsen to his Wife. (*At Wildbad.*)

[Translation.] 2nd August, 1859.

My last letter contained significant words which will have prepared you for what might else be incomprehensible. Switzerland is given up. I felt that my inward spirit was never satisfied or tranquillised in the resolution to leave Germany. Soon after I had written to you, it knocked so loud that I was obliged to hear. I cannot, because I ought not to leave Germany: that would not be to remain on the height of my determination in 1854. It would be emigration: for I should never return!

Here, *or* at Berlin to close my life—that I feel to be my calling, and for that I feel courage and strength. Should I have no call, I remain where I am. '*Wo du bist, da bleib*,' as Luther says. . . .

The plan of removal was given up, but the restlessness remained, which prompted removal; and never was the fulness of conscious life and power more observable in Bunsen or the belief in his own ability to meet the demands of public interests that might be confided to him, than in this, the closing year of actual buoyant life. The position originally held by Leibnitz at the head of the Academy of Sciences at Berlin was at one time about to be offered to him; but the project remained unexecuted for want of the funds necessary for a new endowment, and for placing the institution upon an improved system. It will be observed that the virulent hatred against Prussia, existing throughout Germany, is commented upon in the very same letter which speaks of the sums disbursed to place the Prussian army on a war-footing for the defence of the common fatherland against an aggression which was supposed to be imminent,—for which act of patriotism no thanks were considered due; on the contrary irritation was increased by the very spectacle of the power and preponderance of the *one* Protestant State, the one only rival of Austria, to whom the all-pervading, inostensible dictators of public feeling would give the undivided leadership of Germany. The fact of power and preponderance alone, *without* the existence of injuries to resent, is shown to be quite sufficient ground for the unsparing national hatred entertained



by a great proportion of Germans (whether Protestant or Romanist) against England; but the confessional ground of proscription takes in a far greater number of minds in Germany than that of jealousy of greatness. The power and preponderance of Prussia, less in degree, gives more umbrage in fact than that of England, by being close at hand, within measurement, and supposed capable of being crushed. Which consummation may God avert! and that *He* will avert it, let others believe, with as firm a faith as Bunsen ever held!*

Bunsen to a Son.

[Translation.] Charlottenberg: 23rd October, 1859.

. . . *2nd November.*—Next winter, if I live, I shall not leave home; I suffer too much by being separated from my library. My departure is fixed, please God, for Friday, the 11th, right through to Paris.

Bunsen to his Wife. (*From Paris.*)

[Translation.] Paris: 24th November, 1859.

I have just rejoiced over your letter from Basle. I think you will be soonest found at Charlotte Kestner's, and therefore shall recommend this letter to her kindness. That amiable image of our never-to-be-forgotten Kestner combines, as he did, the heart full of loving-kindness with an ever-lively and fresh intelligence.

I run up and down stairs daily at the Louvre and the Bibliothèque; and in the evening am very often occupied in conversation until eleven o'clock. In the morning, friends call from nine to twelve o'clock. I am imbibing a new

* All the above passages were written before 1866. The events of that year have, indeed, confirmed the views and the hopes here expressed.

world, and enjoy speaking to persons who think and know much. . . . Cobden is here, still laid low by fever: yet it is believed that the danger of a more serious illness is past. His sojourn at Paris, and his life altogether, are of the greatest importance.

My assertions as to the continuance of peace, and the Emperor's pacific sentiments, met with universal opposition at first; but now people begin to find out that I was right. The weather is incomparable; sunshine and a mild temperature.

Bunsen to a Friend.

[Translation.]

Hôtel de l'Univers, Lyons: Sunday, 4th December, 1859.

Last night, having happily arrived, I found my dear family arrived before me after a cold journey; and after a somewhat lengthened rest, I feel refreshed in the rooms, which want nothing but the presence of the kind friend who awaited us here in May last. My head and heart are so full, that I can write but a few poor lines. I have the entire fortnight of a whole life-period before me, and I long for the rest and stillness of my earthly paradise, to be able to arrange and put in order my impressions before I can write them down. But first of all I must express my thankful affection in return for your inexhaustible kindness and care—upon which my thoughts were for ever dwelling, during the somewhat too long, but agreeable drive of eleven hours. . . .

Bunsen to a Son.

[Translation.] Cannes: Friday, 9th December, 1859.

In spite of remains of a cold, I am better than I ever was last year. With all the excitement and fatigue I went through at Paris, I was yet strengthened and refreshed there, bodily and mentally. I was received with the greatest distinction—and found all my powers called forth enjoyably in a congenial circle of independent minds belong-

ing to various parties, who had been drawn to a point of union by my researches, or felt an attraction towards myself; and I felt on my side an inward experience of that in which the French are before us, and of that in which we have the superiority over them;—*we*, in research,—*they*, in the power of combining research and its results with the consciousness of the cultivated classes and the needs of the present time. They had supposed me personally more of an anchorite than they found me, and my books more learned than myself: and what they in reality encountered proved acceptable from first to last. I lived there as in a dream; conversation-hours, from nine o'clock to twelve, and again from three to five: from twelve to three, sights and visits: from five to six, sleeping, before the social campaign from seven to twelve. Speech and thought became unloosed, which before had seemed bound, in the society of such men as Mignet, Villemain, Cousin, Laboulaye, Renan, Milsand, Saisset, Pressensé, Bersier, Parieu, Michel Chevalier. The last-named insists upon my being presented to the Emperor (on my *supposed* return by Paris in May)—in order to speak to him of the mode of constituting self-government in cities. The great work of peace is quietly progressing between the Emperor and Cobden, and will have wonderful results; Cobden makes full use of the 'franc parler' allowed him; and he assures me he can only confirm what both Lord Palmerston and Lord John had said to him beforehand—that there has never been before upon the French throne a Monarch and Ally so trustworthy and desirous of peace as Louis Napoleon. Gladstone has behaved admirably. We shall therefore have peace! And Non-intervention! That is all that is needed by the noble-minded, brave, wise, and moderate individuals and people of Italy. The Jesuits and their patrons will *not* return.

I have contended much with Legitimists and Orleanists,—the spirit was moved in me to utter my convictions of truth. There is a want of political wisdom among them:

they are influenced by hatred and vexation,—vexation, when *He* does what they dislike, and yet greater, when *He* does that which they would have reserved for themselves to do.

Bunsen to a Son.

[Translation.]

Cannes: Saturday morning, 10th December, 1859.

Theodore's appointment to the Japanese Expedition removes a weight from my heart. God be thanked! . . . He will enter with one leap into the midst of a fine career, without the senseless, time-killing, ultra-Chinese examinations; without fagging in the business of provincial Courts or a government office—*mediam in rem*—as if we lived under a rational system, based upon division of labour, resting and reckoning upon intellectual cultivation, and not upon the training of a 'maid of all work.' After the present fashion our diplomatic body must sink to the lowest ebb. The fundamental error is supposing that the State is bound to find a position for every man who has passed his examination. Here our national infirmity—I mean, poverty—is in fault; but still more the system which draws off the strength of the nation into military and government offices.

Nothing pleases me more than that you should have resolved thoroughly to study the great practical science of the century—National Economy. Should you fall into the German sin, of bringing forward matter to which the last *rédaction* is yet wanting—take it not too much to heart. Other nations consider this the principal point of importance—as I clearly saw more than ever when present at the meetings of the French Institute. Everyone must learn to know what his own nature requires; I never make out the right *rédaction* in what I write, without having had my first well-worked draft transcribed, so that I can with ease read it to myself; and often does it happen to me to consider that first sketch as the work of the pedant (*Philister*)

in me, and after having made beginning and end clear to my mind, I make a new thing of it, writing it out fair, with a new pen, wholly or in part. To address other minds is an art that must be learnt and exercised,—like every other, including elocution, which in our schools ought to be more practised than singing: the latter is for a few, the former for all; the one is an ornament, the other a want and a necessity.

To judge from my own experience, I should say you would never enter well into National Economy but by studying the thing from its very beginning. That truly great man, the Kepler and Copernicus of the science,—Adam Smith, seems to me still to be the best guide in that subject. All subsequent writers, more or less consciously, base their arguments on Adam Smith, presupposing the student to be already possessed of his reasonings and results; and pass lightly over that, which with him is in the act of struggling into life. Of these the most thorough-going, but also the most tiresome, is Stuart Mill. He works out all speculative questions by the four rules of logic, instead of employing higher methods; which to us Germans is intolerable, though it may be a wholesome discipline. The work of Minghetti is of its kind the most justly constructed on the basis of universal humanity, because he ranks National Economy below the moral-political, without distorting or falsely conceiving (like Atkinson) the fundamental truths of the science. Among the English Ministers, Palmerston and Gladstone understand the thing thoroughly; the former was a pupil of the great man.

Bunsen to a Friend.

[Translation.] Cannes: 30th December, 1859.

A blessed New Year, and peace, be to our hearts, to the world, to this deeply diseased and confused humanity! I must send these words before I seat myself in the carriage which is waiting to take us for the rest of this year to Nice,

where I shall this day and to-morrow visit the Grand Duchess Stéphanie and the Dowager Countess Bernstorff. . .

2*nd January*, 1860, *six o'clock, morning.*—The manifesto pamphlet of the Emperor Napoleon is the greatest event of this century; for it announces the decisive resolution of the one man of power of the time, to execute with wisdom at the right moment what Napoleon I. undertook in the spirit of conquest and achieved by violence. However, the writing has its weak parts; the logical proof goes only so far as to make out that neither the Pope nor any other can or ought to reconquer the Romagna, and that the diplomatic form of Walewski is the right one: 'The Pope loses nothing, he retains all that he really possessed.' . . .

To the Same.

[Translation.] 14th January, 1860.

The day before yesterday I received the noble publication of Azeglio. Nothing could be better! I am preaching it up in Germany, where the lazy spirits will not catch fire! . . .

Bunsen to a Friend.

[Translation.] Cannes: 26th January, 1860.

Early to-day I received, by your kindness, a great piece of intelligence, for France, for the peace of Europe, for the freedom of Italy. Cobden is become the first diplomatist of the world. He has stimulated the Emperor to the boldest of deeds, to attack the most hateful prejudices, just in that part of the population where he used to have many friends. May God bless the work! . . .

Bunsen to a Son.

[Translation.] Cannes: Sunday, 29th January, 1860.

I reckon upon not spending the two next winters in the South. At this moment, placed upon the Alps, my heart calls out, 'Italia! Italia!' beholding Rome before my feet. But, my calling is—personal teaching and influencing others. I feel so greatly revived as not to give up this hope. . . .

I am composing with spirit and success; if it please God, I may, in the spring of 1861, be able to give a course of lectures 'on the Theory and History of the Consciousness of God,' in the Aula at Bonn.

Bunsen to a Friend.

[Translation.] Cannes: 8th February, 1860.

It were to be wished that some Member of Parliament, interested in the Italian question, should ask for the papers relating to the European Conferences at Rome on the Reform of the Papal States in 1832. They have never been laid before Parliament, and they could not be refused now, whereas the current negotiations will at present be withheld. And even if they should be in part communicated, the question of 1859 cannot be understood without a knowledge of the proceedings and results of 1832, and of some documents of Pio Nono (by Rossi), from 1848 to 1850. Lord Palmerston, as a true statesman, mastering the domain of diplomacy as no one else does, *in Europe*, has expressly pointed to those conferences of 1832, and whoever has read the documents of that period will subscribe to every word that he has said.

Bunsen to a Son.

[Translation.] Cannes: Saturday, 11th February, 1860.

. . . . We have all been touched by your observations. Yes, indeed! the Lord brings us to rest, after an agitated and yet happy life, and after the wanderings of forty years, not in the desert, but in the early paradise of life, whether beyond or on this side of the Alps. And now 'is the lot fallen to us in a fair place'—on the Rhine, on the western boundary-land of Germany, within a day's journey of England—among friends and the graves of friends (Niebuhr, and now again Arndt!) and in an University which has a high calling. The house prepared for us, a family-house, spacious and as if contrived on purpose for us, with the Kiosk looking on the Rhine and the Seven Hills. Yes, my

beloved son, how often do I think of my entrance into Rome on 30th Otcober, 1816 (the festival of the Reformation), when I had hastened on before the voiturier, on foot and with a staff crossing the Tiber,—not without the consciousness of a Future before me; and with a cheerful spirit advancing to the conflict with Rome and with the world,—the deep saying of your inspired grandfather, about 'the blue sky of God ever above me' (which you so feelingly mention) strong on my mind. . . .

I am longing for personal intercourse with the nation, such as I can only have by assuming the office of an academical teacher. Laboulaye, in his three remarkable articles upon Saisset ('Essais de Philosophie religieuse,' '*Journal des Débats*,' 1–5 February), has treated of my position relative to the abstract systems of philosophy from Descartes and Spinosa down to Schelling and Hegel, as well as to the empirical endeavours to prove the being of God; and has made a representation, such as I can, according to my objects and ideal conceptions, accept as my thought. You must read those articles; they are somewhat too individually directed against Vacherot; but in the main points are just. To me, the theory has been clear before my soul, ever since January 1816, when I wrote it in that little book which has ever since accompanied me. But I need to speak on these subjects; thereby to find the final, definite form for the *Organon Reale*. Soon, I hope, we shall have at Bonn two Universities—for the Polytechnic Institute must not be placed at Cologne, but at Bonn! . . .

Bunsen to a Friend.

[Translation.] Cannes: Wednesday, 17th February, 1860.

Should a biographical sketch of the life of Neukomm be made out, I would gladly (in Bonn, that is, in July or August) give, by way of an appendix, a life-picture of him according to the impressions of many years of domestic intercourse with him. . . .

Bunsen to a Son.

[Translation.] Cannes: February, 1860.

A matter which I have much at heart concerns Mr. Birch, who wrote to me on the 25th October of last year, in answer to the expression of my wishes for him—'It is just this day sixteen years that I obtained through your kindness my present post; let me thank you again for it.' He has an invalid wife—must himself watch over the education of his three younger sons; and is so worn by excess of labour as to say, 'The work that I have undertaken for your supplementary volume (which, however, will appear with both our names) will be the *last*. I have no more strength left. I dread change, or even promotion, because we are all (at the British Museum) nothing but storekeepers of a national magazine, and the head of the establishment is only *chief* storekeeper. All is as it was settled 100 years ago; the English nation is too materialistic to think of *men*; *things* are wanted, and *machines* for doing the daily business.' Alas! this is but too true; but there is a better element in the nation, only one must call it forth by an outcry. Birch is a member of the 'Institut de France' (which even Grote is not yet); de Rougé in his admirable commentary of 1858 upon a *Stele* in the Louvre (of Rameses X.) calls Birch '*le maître*,' and Lepsius declares, that Birch *alone* was capable of *such* a review, as he has made of the 'Book of the Dead.' And how was that work accomplished?—In the midst of family cares and sufferings, and laborious, monotonous business—(every Saturday must each individual article of the collections pass under inspection, in order to attest their being all safe)—and of what importance is not this explanation? 'The Book of the Dead' is the most ancient Document of Religion on earth—the text being found on monuments of the eleventh dynasty, about 2,800 years before Christ, and already at that time held sacred!—and the sole genuine ancient document of mankind regarding

the development of the consciousness of God in mythology, which began to unfold towards 11,000 years before Christ, and which up to about 4,000 or 3,500 years before our era was evolved amid that race of men. In my 'Preface' I have only reckoned up facts, and then declared the results.

Have they not a right at Paris and Berlin to wonder how such a man can be suffered to wear himself out in mechanical business? The means and leisure should long since have been granted to him to collect the materials still wanting for a critical collation of all portions of the 'Book of the Dead,' by a journey through France, Italy, and Germany, in order to accomplish a complete edition.

To the Same.

[Translation.] Cannes: 8th March, 1860.

The malicious diary of Varnhagen has given sufficient scandal. I am glad that the suppression of the book was rescinded; society ought spontaneously to carry out its sentence against the woman who published it. As far as I am concerned, all my letters to Humboldt, and his to me, might be published; his are as far as mine from containing anything disrespectful towards the Royal friend of each. . . . But you all make too much uproar about the gossip of Varnhagen; before twenty years have passed, *very different* things will have been revealed. I must, however, have the book sent to me.

16*th March.*—Varnhagen's outpouring is the revenge of a 'barbarian tamed in courts,' as he styled himself, with his own signature, in Mrs. Schwabe's album; systematically giving way to a malicious spirit, wounded by ill-usage experienced in 1820, and who hated *me* because I had never sought his acquaintance, and because he could not comprehend me. We never met but at the table of Prince Augustus. The man was uncongenial to me as an egotist and a negation; and men like Niebuhr, Stein, Schleiermacher, kept aloof from him. But the terrible part

of the book, to my feeling, is the maxim of Humboldt, prefixed as a motto: 'One owes the truth only to those whom one deeply esteems.' That is as bad as the worst utterances of Jesuitism. I am of opinion that Varnhagen, and, through him, Ludmilla Assing, is completely empowered by Humboldt to publish the whole; but not, therefore, justified in doing so while the King is alive. That is inhuman and immoral.

It is very difficult with dignity and truth to say anything about what concerns myself. It were mean to remark upon trifles: and to declare the whole truth without exposing the King to animadversion is scarcely possible. The nonsense about the two Archbishops is a proof of Varnhagen's half comprehension; Humboldt must have alluded to a letter which the King desired me to write to *the* Archbishop, that is, of *Canterbury*; and he must have made at the same time a witticism upon my always getting into archiepiscopal complications (Freiburg, Maintz), and thus the absurdity must have originated. In short, I shall leave the thing to ripen with me—meanwhile I finish 'Egypt,' and then it will be time enough to know what to do. Pray give a kind message from me to the excellent Lange!

The Ides of March, in the year of salvation 1860, are come and gone, and never did they bring to humanity a finer gift than in the *Scrutinium* yesterday closed in Central Italy, when almost three millions of men have declared that they will live and die for one united Italy. At the utmost ten per cent. minority in Tuscany, in Romagna but one per cent. The demeanour of all has been dignified, and edifying to contemplate. The peace of the world will be preserved, in spite of the spirit of evil. God be thanked! . . .

Bunsen to a Friend.

[Translation.] Cannes: 11th May, 1860.

You know what a hard blow has fallen upon us!—but here again has the love and providence of God shown itself—helping and saving.

A fall, utterly without fault or heedlessness,—from an ill-secured wooden flight of steps, which fell upon her while lying on a stone staircase, more than twenty feet below, might have caused death. The consequence must be a shortening of the limb, but, it may be hoped, not very considerably. Thus our fifth daughter may be again restored to us, as the second was! Matilda has shown all the clearness and strength of mind, resignation and resolution, which we believed her to be possessed of; and all admire her. We may hope by the 20th August to be again united in our home. I have been in a suffering state latterly—much troubled by symptoms which deprive me of nightly repose. I have received all your kind communications about Paris, and regret having given you so much trouble on account of a sojourn there, which now cannot take place. My wife has been wonderfully supported through this heavy time. Frances is our helper in all things: we can hardly comprehend how we are to live without her. Meanwhile, Emilia, with George, has unpacked and arranged everything in our new house at Bonn. I have, on account of illness, not been able to finish everything—still much has been sent off. I continue firm in my assertion, that there will be no war in Europe. Yet the Emperor has made great mistakes.

Bunsen to a Son.

[Translation.] Monday, 8th May, 1860.

We are borne as on angel's wings by the love and care of our children. Theodore is as ready as love itself for any possible sacrifice; but his embarkation from Trieste is fixed for the evening of the 26th,—and so our days here are numbered.

I have finished a piece of hard work, which was a weight on my conscience, *a retrospective view of the chronological system* for the period between Moses and Joseph,—from the nineteenth dynasty to the twelfth. That the method I

have pursued is the best of all as yet tried, and the only one justifiable, is confirmed to me: and it has also the recommendation of revealing the real result of the chronology of Manetho. But for the time of the Hyksos, all control is wanting, if Manetho is to be our guide. Therefore, after justifying with new arguments the method which I have hitherto followed, I declare myself in favour of the *simple restoration of the reckoning of Eratosthenes and of Apollodorus*. The Bible-history is hereby touched only so far as regards the date of Joseph, that is of the entrance into Egypt, and therefore, also, that of Abraham. The whole frame of history remains as it is; neither the Asiatic nor the Egyptian histories are concerned in the alteration, only the number of years taken away from the period between Menes and Amos is transferred to the more considerable period of political development immediately before Menes. According to this view, the Jews were only eight centuries and a half in Egypt, from the entrance to the Exodus, of which 215 years formed the time of servitude, beginning under Thutmoses II.

The matter of Schleswig-Holstein might have been brought forward more diplomatically than has been the case with reference to the rest of Europe; the difficulty can only be met with this syllogism:—Holstein belongs to the German Confederation; Holstein is connected by privileges and duties with Schleswig; Holstein has claimed protection from the Confederation, wherefore for these privileges also.

RESIDENCE OF BUNSEN AT BONN.

CHAPTER XX.

THE LAST YEAR OF LIFE.—NOVEMBER 1859 TO NOVEMBER 1860.

CENTENARY OF SCHILLER'S BIRTH—BUNSEN FINALLY LEAVES HEIDELBERG—JOURNEY TO PARIS AND CANNES—FAMILY TROUBLES—JOURNEY TO BONN—PURCHASE OF A HOUSE THERE—VISITS FROM HIS CHILDREN AND THEIR FAMILIES—HIS LAST BIRTHDAY, AUGUST 25, 1860—INCREASE OF SUFFERING—TAKES TO HIS BED, OCTOBER 28, 1860—RALLIES AGAIN—HIS DEATH, NOVEMBER 28, 1860—HIS FUNERAL, DECEMBER 1, 1860—CLOSING REMARKS.

THE month of November 1859 found Bunsen, as we have seen, still in Heidelberg, earnestly labouring to

finish and send off the promised portion of his '*Bibelwerk*,' that he might feel free for the journey by Paris to Cannes, where the experience of the preceding year had been encouraging as to the effect of sea air and a southern climate in alleviating his habitual suffering. He was eager and impatient to be gone, dreading the winter which had set in early and with an unusual degree of gloom and inclemency; but he was also full of solemn emotion at the prospect of leaving the beautiful spot in which he had dwelt many years, and the cheerful room filled as it were with his thoughts, in which he had worked with so much energy and satisfaction. The vision of being ultimately settled at Bonn, and of entering there on a new course of mental activity and influence over the young, also occupied him much, although as yet no suitable house had been found; but he entertained no doubt that this difficulty would eventually be removed, and he grasped in idea the *home of his own*, which was to be the last he should occupy on earth, and not far from which was the spot destined for his grave.

The celebration of the centenary festival of Schiller's birth was partly witnessed by Bunsen and with peculiar interest, for he had the most truly German heart, and gloried in every thing and every person who did honour to Germany. On the morning of that celebration he drove into Heidelberg to see the procession of the dignitaries of the University and of the Town-Corporation, with a portion of the students and all the trades; and he heard some of the speeches in the hall of the University. But this was the last time in

which he was able to take part in a national demonstration. As it was, the agitation caused by his sympathy with the universal emotion produced much immediate suffering. That day was, however, singularly bright, and the night cloudless with a full moon, which showed the shadowy masses of the hills and the forms of the Castle, the bridge and the church, while the torches of the students glared along the streets and were reflected in the Neckar, contrasting with the Bengal lights which coruscated in front of the Castle,—the whole forming a spectacle not to be forgotten, as beheld from Bunsen's study at Charlottenberg.

A few days later he issued forth, for the last time, from the abode of five years, turning back at the door of his study to gaze around mournfully at the familiar scene to which he would never return, and then hastening to the carriage. He suffered much on the way to the railroad station. On the journey to Paris, Professor Charles Waddington of Strasburg (well known as a philosophical writer) performed a much-valued act of friendship by meeting him at Kehl, and seeing him safely into the train at Strasburg. Bunsen reached Paris at five o'clock the next morning, and was met at the station by his son Ernest, and conveyed to a comfortable abode in the Hôtel du Louvre. This arrangement was made in execution of a long-formed project of visiting Paris, in order at once to give him an opportunity of conversing with his numerous friends there, and to spare him the comfortless and depressing spectacle of the breaking up of his home at Heidelberg,—while to his wife and daughters

that trial was lessened by his not being there to share it. After completing their task, they travelled by Basle and Geneva to Lyons, where Bunsen joined them in the evening of the 3rd December.

His time at Paris had been divided between his son Ernest at the Hôtel du Louvre and his friend Mrs. Schwabe at her house. Sometimes, but rarely, he was able to share in the high gratification afforded by those well-selected dinner-parties, for which Paris has been ever celebrated—one of which, in the house of M. and Madame Edouard Laboulaye, and another with M. and Madame Rosseuw de St. Hilaire, he remembered with peculiar pleasure.

Kind friends were always ready to come and see him on the evenings when he could not leave his room; and one such evening remained particularly engraved on his memory, when M. Renan discussed at length with him the matter of a commentary of the 'Song of Solomon,' which he soon after published, and dedicated to Bunsen. The Comtesse de St.-Aulaire, and the venerable Chanoine Martin de Noirlieu, were among those whom he more especially rejoiced to meet again.

The temptation is strong to dwell longer than would be reasonable upon days so gilded by intellectual and social enjoyments, that they heightened the feeling of life and vigour which was ever strong in him, and enabled him to forget for the moment the progress of that insidious disease which was gradually laying hold of him. The well-known haunts at Cannes were hailed with pleasure, but not enjoyed as much as the year before, because the unaccustomed frost of November

1859 had left its traces upon the vegetation even in that favoured spot, and the weather was chill and wintry. The last two days of the year were spent at Nice, principally for the sake of renewing his intercourse with the venerable Countess Bernstorff, the widow of Bunsen's patron and friend at Berlin in the early years of his diplomatic career. In January 1860 they who loved and watched him were still allowed to entertain the hope of a possible recovery. During that month and the greater part of February, besides working with his usual vigour and zest at the Bible-translation and commentary and at the last finishing touches and additions to the English edition of his work on Egypt, he was able occasionally to take more exercise in the open air than had for a long time been possible, and to enjoy much intellectual conversation with several welcome visitors, among whom were M. Prosper Mérimée, M. Jean Reynaud, Mrs. Cobden, and the Marquis and Marquise de Lillers. But among the most precious and enjoyable recollectioms of this period was the visit of his son Charles and his wife from Turin, with their lovely boy, then in flourishing health, who, however, was only 'lent, not given,' to his parents.*

In the night of the 25th of February the actual stroke of approaching death was first experienced in a more than usually severe attack of suffocation, accompanied by pain in the region of the heart, which differed only in degree, not in kind, from those to which he had been liable ever since his stay at Stolz-

* He died at Turin, a few months before his grandfather, on 26th June, 1860.

enfels on the Rhine, in August 1845, on the occasion of Queen Victoria's visit to King Frederick William IV. The hour of intense suffering which he had to endure from this last-mentioned attack proved, one may say, to be the beginning of the end. On no previous occasion had he supposed himself to be dying—distressing as his condition often was to the eyes of others, as well as agonising to himself. Now, however, he did not expect to survive, and uttered expressions of solemn leave-taking, the names of children and friends, with prayer for a blessing upon them,—declared his faith in God through Christ,—in broken syllables, gasping for what seemed to be his last breath.

Not then, however, was he to be released. And though it would hardly seem possible to conceive, that, after such an attack as the last, he should have flattered himself with the vain hope of a final recovery to health and strength, yet it is certain, that the consciousness of possessing in its fullest vigour the power to give utterance to, and to condense into written words, the stored-up treasures of a long life's meditation, led him to hope on for intervals of time, sufficiently free from pain, to enable him to bring his great work, the '*Bibelwerk*,' somewhat nearer its completion. The requisite preliminary studies had been made,—it remained but to cast the well-prepared metal. Moreover, he indulged his fancy with a long-cherished plan of delivering lectures at Bonn, from which he anticipated a species of relief, instead of considering it an effort; and his natural hopefulness cheered him with the prospect of his exercising even

greater influence over the minds of his youthful audience than he had been able to do by his writings over those of his contemporaries.

A week after the seizure just described, he had, as usual, risen early, and sent to his wife, while she was dressing, a large letter, directed in full, as if it came from a distance, and marked 'By Air-Telegraph.'

Air-Telegram.

[Translation.]

From the Rhine Quay at Bonn: Sunday morning, 4th March, 1860, one minute past eight.

My beloved Fanny,—I arrived here two hours ago, and hasten to inform you that George has succeeded in purchasing the house for us at the price settled. I shall write by the commoner medium of communication the particulars to *my duplicate* self in the land of prose (*Philisterland*),—the Privy Councillor, I mean, whom I left fast asleep this morning at five o'clock.

I am sitting here, looking out of the window, in sight of the Seven Mountains, after having completed my sketch for a course of public lectures on the history of world-contemplation (Weltanschauung), from a preliminary plan made on the 18th of last month, and written out for you. I send it to you,—for the Air-Telegraph conveys even parcels,—as a birthday greeting from that actual and real young Bunsen, in his character of M.A., who nearly forty-three years ago courted your love in Rome. I have left my duplicate self, the *Philister*, meanwhile with you (he is become a man of importance—a Privy Councillor), and shall come again in my own proper person, very humbly, to fetch you as the wife of a Professor of that very University whither, in 1817, I promised to take you.

I send the prospectus beforehand; in the afternoon, at four o'clock, I shall retrace my way through the air, and be ready to give my first lecture before you.

The violet-mothers announce to you, with their sweetest greeting, that their daughters are still fast asleep, and it is to be apprehended that they will wake quite pale. But E. promises to deliver to them such an instructive course of lectures, that they will soon turn quite *blue*!

All blessing to *you*, who are *my* blessing!

Your, CHRISTIAN CARL.

This 4th of March was his wife's birthday, which he had never failed to greet with a more than ordinary effusion of feeling; and he sought, with an affecting mixture of joke and earnest, to contrive for her a birthday pleasure, on the first of those anniversaries, during a long course of forty-three years, which had found her with a weight of sorrow and apprehension on her mind,—feelings which, though unexpressed, could not but be perceived by him. The acquisition of a house at Bonn, of an abode of his own, and the prospect of executing a desire, long entertained, of giving there a course of lectures to which he knew his wife had looked forward as a species of mental activity which would be in itself inspiriting and a relief from the constant work of composition;—these were both points to dwell upon with satisfaction, and the attempt at pleasantry in pointing them out proved his own consciousness of the need to escape, if possible, from the depression of the present moment. That day, an unexpected visit from Count Pietro Guicciardini and the Baron and Baroness Boris d'Üxküll from Nice was a peculiarly welcome stimulus to the depressed spirits of all; and a kind invitation to return their visit, by coming over to the Villa Potocka, on the Cimier-hill above Nice,

was made and accepted, in the hope of some refreshment from the change. On the 31st March Bunsen undertook the drive, accompanied by his eldest daughter, his wife remaining behind with the youngest and with the beloved grandson, who was so soon to lead the way through the gate of death, to be followed by his grandfather. It was the last time that Bunsen and his wife were separated, even for hours,—before the last earthly parting. The object of obtaining refreshment from change of air, of scenes, and of society, was not, alas! attained—he returned with the same mournful expression of suffering with which he had gone forth,—that expression which the last portrait taken of him by Roeting, of Düsseldorf, has almost too faithfully preserved.

A visit of the youngest son, Theodore, to take leave of his parents on the way to Trieste, where he was to join the diplomatic mission of Prussia to Japan and China, headed by Count Eulenburg,—and the return of his son Charles and daughter-in-law Mary from a tour to Rome and Naples, were events producing in some degree the solace and the variety but too much needed, to help in passing the time, until the northward journey to Bonn could be undertaken without the risk of too sudden a change of temperature. During December and January Bunsen was often making plans for seeing part of his beloved Italy again on his way home under the present more hopeful auspices; and then again he would give up the greater undertaking, and promise himself the easier journey round by Paris, where he might renew the friendly intercourse upon which his mind dwelt

with so much satisfaction, and be enabled to enjoy the Louvre again, and to show his wife the paintings of Ary Scheffer. But since his attack in February these visions had vanished, and an inward consciousness of incapacity to exert or enjoy himself, as in times past, must have taken the place of the sanguine projects in which he had formerly delighted. And now, on 30th April, Bunsen and his family were to be reminded, that there may be much to add to the cup of affliction, even when, to human view, it may already seem full. The sudden fall of a heavy staircase upon his youngest daughter, Matilda, in a moment lamed for life the well-formed, vigorous girl, and rendered her for a long time helpless and suffering. Her restoration to independent power of moving, and the experience that 'sweet are the uses of adversity,' were mercies reserved for a later time, which her father did not live to witness.* The immediate consequence of this blow was the added trial of a family-separation,—for Matilda could not be moved, and the father had need to reach his northern home, before a hotter season should add to the risk and pain of the journey. The parents, therefore, escorted by their

* Matilda was suddenly removed from the sorrows and joys and the restless yearnings of this life into everlasting rest, in the month of February, 1867, at Neuen Dettelsau, near Anspach in Bavaria, where she had sought and undertaken, but a few weeks before, the most arduous duties which the calling of a deaconess can offer, and had performed them humbly, courageously, and efficiently. A bronchial affection had rapidly grown into an inflammation of the lungs, and death ensued—a death of consciousness and peace, on the third day after she had, unwillingly, taken to her bed—almost as soon as danger had been perceived by the devoted friends who attended her. She expressed herself thankful for having been permitted to die in such a sphere of activity.

youngest son, took their departure on the 14th May from Maison Pinchinat, the dwelling inhabited during two successive winters, which they had quitted just a year before with cheerful anticipations of returning, and now finally quitted with the anguish of leaving their youngest daughter to lengthened suffering, and the eldest under a weight of anxious care. That each would bravely bear up under the dispensation, and that a blessing would attend it, they doubted not; but it was truly a complexity of afflictions and anxieties in which the travellers set forth, still escorted by a son, from whom they were to part four days later, 'it must be for years, and it might be for ever.' At Olten in Switzerland, the place of railway junction, Theodore, after seeing his parents, with a quick farewell, into the train starting for Basle, betook himself to that which conveyed him by Venice to Trieste, to join at the appointed moment the expedition to which his father was thankful he should belong.

This pilgrimage of sorrow had been favoured by a variety of outward circumstances, for the weather and temperature were perfect, and the face of the earth expressed only joy and blessing, presenting fulness of beauty at the moment, and the gladdening promise of plenty for the future. The rocky barrier of the Estérel, between Cannes and Fréjus, clothed in verdure with blooming cistus and golden broom, the varied vegetation and the granite mountains of Provence, could not but soothe and cheer, contemplated at leisure, as the party travelled with post-horses to Toulon. Thence to Basle the railroad was not

quitted, except during the necessary pause at Lyons, and for a night at Geneva and at Neufchâtel. On arriving at Basle, the 19th May, a few hours after parting from one son, a telegram was found announcing that another was expecting his parents at Baden Baden, where they had hoped to wait upon the Princess of Prussia on their way to Bonn. But Bunsen did not feel equal to that exertion and pleasure : and Ernest was sent for by telegram to join his parents at Basle, where his father desired to rest and to seek relief at the hands of Dr. Jung. The conversation and personal character of that eminent physician, however, had a more reviving effect than his medical treatment. The concluding advice received was that Bunsen should try the effect of days, or weeks, at Baden-Weiler, to which beautiful spot he proceeded, the fourth day after reaching Basle. He had been there once before, and was willing to anticipate a renewal of the refreshment then experienced. The sunshine, the spring-temperature, the rich vegetation, the abundance of blossom,—all these circumstances combined to grace Bunsen's return to his native country. He hailed with delight the many pleasing characteristics of a German and Protestant village, more especially the part-singing of a numerous assembly of youths, under a tree after night-fall, guided by the schoolmaster of the place, who was discovered on inquiry to be one of those persons of education far above his condition in life, often found in Germany, who are not vulgarised by the struggle with each day's necessities. Bunsen enjoyed the performance, and yet more did he delight in its origin. One song more

especially gave him particular pleasure. It was one which contained the often-repeated lines: '*Wo ist mein Haus? Im Himmel ist mein Haus!*' ('Where is my home? In heaven is my home!') His kind notice and encouragement may probably be still remembered there. He rode in the oak-woods, drove in the charming valley, and enjoyed his son's soothing attention,—but after three days he became impatient to reach his home, feeling, only too well, that what he wanted was not attainable by means of air and scenery, and fixing his hope upon the well-known skill and judgment of Dr. Wolff of Bonn. It was peculiar to Bunsen to look up to a learned physician with that reverential confidence, somewhat akin to the deference usually paid to spiritual advisers—a feeling probably not unlike that with which in his childhood he used to look up to his teachers. He always respected authority.

On the 24th May the party reached Mannheim, where Bunsen was met by his daughter Theodora with her husband Baron von Ungern-Sternberg. On the 25th the Rhine steamer conveyed him to Bonn, taking on board by the way, at Neu Wied, his daughter-in-law, Elizabeth, and her children; and in his own house he was received by his daughter Emilia, his son George and daughter-in-law Emma, who had been indefatigable in their preparations for his comfort. Thus was the last weary journey completed, and the last earthly resting-place attained. Gleams of hope and happiness returned, as Bunsen busied himself with arranging his books, placing his standing desks, and at intervals resuming the works of

his life. On the house arrangements he made neither comment nor suggestion,—quite unlike his wont on all other occasions of a fresh settlement; but expressed satisfaction at seeing that his own portrait had been placed in a recess, so as to look across at the 'Christ' of Leonardo da Vinci: 'This is what I like!—I wish to be thought of as looking to Christ.'

The daily attendance of Dr. Wolff began the second evening after his arrival. By means of his prescriptions an interval of ease from attacks of oppression was obtained, which lasted almost a fortnight: but after the 11th June all trace of amendment vanished, and the downward way was never again interrupted.

The opinion given by Dr. Wolff, after a few days' study of the case, expressed with his accustomed clearness and sincerity to Bunsen's family, was, that a disturbance of the functions of the heart existed, for which the medical art possessed no remedy; that alleviation might be possible, but the disorder would have its course. When asked as to his calculation of the probable duration of life under such circumstances, he replied, 'You, and I, and every one of us, have the germ of our death within us: but the struggle with life in Bunsen's case may be short or long: it is impossible to say. God grant it may be short, and then death will be easy!'

The struggle, however, was to continue six months longer, and each several month was marked by increased suffering through the deepening shadow of death. The beautiful weather which favoured his

homeward journey ceased on the 25th May, and the naturally bright festival of Whitsuntide was ushered in by a chilling storm, which proved the entrance on a series of ungenial months, frowning in succession, and suiting but too well with the mournful temper of the moral atmosphere. However, Bunsen continued daily his beloved occupation, which ought not to be called his *work*, if under the term be understood effort, for with him writing down the results of the meditations and researches of years was not labour, but a pouring out from his fulness. When taking his daily drive, he was anxious not to omit leaving a card to signify a visit, at the door of each of the dignitaries of the University in succession, with a message to explain his inability to ascend stairs; and opportunities of intercourse, when he was able to receive the visits made in return, were always interesting to him, as they will have been to those who recollect the animated flow of intellectual conversation, which betrayed nothing of the presence of a gnawing disease. His chief solace at this time was the presence of sons and daughters; each of whom in succession was near him, occupied in constant and varied offices of love, in their endeavours to soothe the weary hours of continued want of rest. A true and unselfish heart had his been at all times towards his children, and true and unselfish were their hearts towards him.

In the course of July his portrait was painted by Professor Roeting, of Düsseldorf, at the earnest wish of his son Ernest, which he could not resist, although the effort of continuing long in the same position

increased his sufferings. An attempt was made to entertain him by reading aloud some of his favourite passages from the poetry of Göthe; but an emotion, only too strong and too marked, was the consequence, the expression of which unfortunately remains in the picture. Yet the portrait is an invaluable one, because a faithful shadow 'of the time, its form and pressure;' and those only who most frequently saw and most strongly felt the peculiar majesty and solemnity of his appearance during that last period passed in the constant close contemplation of death, can duly estimate the merit of the painting. The representation is inaccurate only in colour, which is too much flushed. The contrast is great between this last likeness and the portrait by Richmond, beaming with joyous consciousness of intellectual life and bodily health, executed fourteen years earlier.

Bunsen was deeply conscious of the sorrows which at this period crowded into this seemingly afflicted portion of a life which had in its previous course been so generally prosperous. The calamitous condition of his youngest daughter, and the trial of care and watching thereby entailed upon his eldest daughter called forth a constant exertion of his sympathy. But, above all, he was affected by the dangerous illness of his son Charles, who at Turin was attacked by the measles, together with his then only child, the lovely boy who in high health had parted from his grandparents at Cannes only six weeks before his death. On the other hand, a gleam of satisfaction and devout thankfulness broke through the habitual gloom, when, in the course of

the summer, each of his two married daughters obtained the wish of her heart in the birth of a son. Early in August, he was comforted by the return of his eldest and youngest daughters from their compulsory banishment at Cannes, and he took an animated interest in securing the opinion of the famous Langenbeck, of Berlin, on his passage through Bonn, as to the possibility of some amends being made for the failure of the treatment by the French surgeon. When, a few weeks later, on the return of Professor Busch, the opinion of Langenbeck was acted upon, too late for the desired result, so great was the change which the progress of disease had wrought upon Bunsen, that the day and hour when the operation was to take place had to be kept secret from him, for fear of causing too great an emotion. And yet he had taken all his life the most lively interest in surgical operations, having evidently a taste for that science. Life was now ebbing away fast, even though his eagerness to hurry on his '*Bibelwerk*' never flagged, any more than the interest he took in passing events. The arrival of the 'Cologne Gazette,' for instance, every evening, was looked forward to with impatience, and even after he had given up reading it himself, parts of it, and other papers, were read aloud to him for some time longer.

Bunsen to his Son Henry (shortly before he joined him at Bonn).

[Translation.] Bonn: 22nd June, 1860.

It must seem as though I had forgotten you; but your mother and sisters are my witnesses that it is not so. Never have I thought of you more often, and with more

joy, than in these latter months of suffering. I reckon so fully upon your coming here with wife and children, that I put off all favourite subjects to the time of personal intercourse; besides which, I cannot conceal from you that till very lately writing has cost me a severe effort. God be thanked! to-day, yesterday, and the day before, I have again been able to compose. I took in hand my 'Epilogue' to the English edition of 'Egypt,' &c. &c.. I am now recovering from the effects of the treatment, which has shaken me more than the disorder: it was a real poisoning, against which my digestion rebelled. The nights are more tolerable, in proportion to the revival of my strength. In two or three weeks, 'Egypt,' 'Jeremiah,' and 'Ezekiel,' will be out of my hands, and, please God, you will find me when you arrive, there, where I hope to spend the rest of my days, dwelling upon and with Christ the Saviour, not only spiritually, but also as a writer. I am inexpressibly affected by the great kindness of the Duchess of Argyll, that she should remember me in the midst of her own anxieties. I thank God that those are lessened. But the Duke must allow himself rest. The first letter I can write shall be to her.

Your love to me, in the midst of your beneficent activity, rejoices my heart. Farewell! soon to meet.

Bunsen to a Friend.

[Translation.]

Bonn: 25th June, 1860, seven o'clock in the morning.

You already know, dear friend, that I have not written to you, because I could not write at all. The two past months have been very bad, and I have caused my family much trouble and anxiety. Now, however, I am somewhat better; I can again sleep a few hours, without being compelled to rise from a feeling of oppression. God has ordered all things graciously, and I cannot be thankful enough for all the consolation, help, and refreshment that I have found, and daily experience. You know that your

kindness and sympathy I reckon as among not the least of these. . . .

My motto, as I yesterday said to my children, shall be, 'Withdrawal inwards.' All threads with the outward world are already or will be by degrees cut off: but the threads which connect heart with heart belong not to the outer world. From the 1st July I shall read no more political papers.

To the Same.

[Translation.] Bonn: 8th August, 1860.

I cannot let our good Henry's letter go without giving you the sign of life and affection which on account of illness I was prevented doing yesterday. The day after to-morrow, George will bring back to the paternal dwelling, from Paris, the two hardly-tried and nobly-proved sisters.

Fear not that I work too hard; alas! alas! as long as the complication of my disorder with a troublesome cough lasts, I can work only two or three hours in the day. But I have written to you all this, that you may see that God's good Spirit has not forsaken me. Henry's presence here is an hourly blessing.

Bunsen to the Duchess of Argyll.

Bonn: 8th August, 1860.

My dearest Duchess,—Words of kindest affection, like those of your last letter, must draw down a blessing. Thanks! from my dying soul. Yes, my kindest friend, I *have* been supported, and *am* continually supported, by that Eternal Love, in which we live and move and have being, and which manifested itself in Christ Jesus. The days have been heavy, and the nights dark, but His light has surrounded and strengthened my soul, and will, I hope and believe, carry me through the gates of death to behold His eternal glory.

My suffering is greater than the immediate danger of

my illness, particularly by transitory complications and aggravations. Still my spirit is not dimmed. I have carried an English and a German volume through the press. The printing of the Gospels begins on the 1st September, and *this* is the centre of my thoughts more than ever.

I am surrounded by the tenderest love and care of wife and children, and enjoy this beautiful place daily, in spite of the incredibly unseasonable weather.

I daily thank God that I have lived to see Italy free, and Garibaldi her hero! Now, twenty-six millions will be able to believe that God governs the world, and to believe in Him!

God bless you! Ever your affectionate friend,

BUNSEN.

The 25th August, his birthday, had been a gladsome festival for a long series of years; but it was this time to be celebrated, under the consciousness of all present, that it must be the last in which it would be permitted to them to behold him; that a prolongation of his life was scarcely possible, and under such circumstances not to be desired by those who most loved him.

A visit to the garden-pavilion made a refreshing and cheering impression upon him. The four portraits, accomplished by the masterly hands of Professors Sohn and Roeting, of Düsseldorf, had arrived, and were hung up, surrounded by all that fulness of tasteful decoration with green branches and wreaths of fresh flowers which is so peculiarly understood in Germany; his own portrait was hung by itself at the one extremity of the room, at the other were the portrait of his wife and those of Ernest and his wife,

one on each side. That they should be all four finished to adorn his birthday he had not anticipated; and this pleasing surprise, together with the preparation for the family dinner party, which Ernest and his wife were making in that same cheerful garden-pavilion, contributed to cause a soothing emotion. One of his daughters remembers his melting into tears after looking for a time at the portrait of her mother—when it so happened that no one but herself stood near him. Throughout the morning his whole being gave the impression of a continued struggle to command the multitude of thoughts and feelings which crowded upon him: but a short slumber somewhat restored him before he was fetched to dinner at one o'clock.

It was determined to avoid as much as possible causing agitation of mind to the beloved object of the day's celebration. Henry, his eldest son, by his well-chosen and impressive words, gave utterance only too fully to the mournful consciousness of the entire company, referring, as he did, to the Scriptural words of the family motto, '*In silentio et spe*' (from Isaiah xxx. 15), which appeared to be particularly appropriate on that solemn occasion, and closing with the benediction of the Old Testament, 'The Eternal bless thee and keep thee—the Eternal make His face to shine upon thee—the Eternal lift up the light of his countenance upon thee, and give thee peace, now and evermore.' While these hallowed words of blessing were uttered, he to whom they were addressed had taken off the black velvet cap from his head, and sat bowing forwards with folded hands.

When after a time he rose to speak, the ever fresh spirit could only by slow degrees cast off the body's shackles, the depressing effect of suffering and emotion, in order to expand into native youthfulness.

'My beloved children and friends,' he began, 'I know one thing clearly and certainly,—that if in the counsel of God it is good for me, *this will not be* my last birthday celebration: and also, that if God calls me, I shall joyfully obey the summons and depart this life.' In allusion to the ornaments on the cake which was placed before him, containing the names of parents, children, and allied families, and in front of all the inscription, 'Bunsen — Waddington, Rome, 1817,' he spoke of the sojourn in the Eternal City by the side of his wife, in connection with those inestimable friends Niebuhr, Brandis, and others, one of whom (Gerhard) was present, surrounded by a memorial of a mighty past, and borne up by hopes of a better and purer future. In an agitated epoch had he left Rome twenty-three years ago, with a heavy heart, and yet with the feeling which he had expressed to his wife, on issuing forth from the door on that memorable morning of departure, 'With God's help we will build another Capitol!' And thus it was! After a bright period of greeting English friends (1838-9), and a short residence at the foot of the Alps, which had furthered and advanced many of his pursuits and researches, a new Capitol was constructed in free England for him (1841), and enjoyed for twelve years and a half. How graciously had God conducted him during this whole time!

During this speech, the emotion of all present had

been with difficulty repressed, such was the peculiar emphasis, as well as the deep meaning expressed; but when the speaker closed with a warm utterance of thankfulness and blessing towards all, collectively and individually, the feeling was that the hearts of all hearers, as well as his own, must burst. But soon his countenance and speech brightened into renewed joyousness.

After a lengthened pause, during which a continued flow of conversation was kept up, Bunsen, raising his voice, addressed another of his sons as follows:—'Dear Ernest, in such times, it were impossible to disregard politics. We are all devoted in heart to our country, and bound in love and loyalty to the King and our dear Regent, and need no peculiar call to arouse that consciousness; but in another direction I am urged to demand of you to join me in wishing joy and prosperity to Italy and to Garibaldi!' And he rose from his seat, and continued, 'We all, dear Gerhard, who have known and loved Italy, have from of old anticipated and foreseen the return to life of that blessed country, no matter whether in our own time, or in fifty or in a hundred years; and now we are actually beholding it in progress, with our astonished eyes, under the mighty shield of God! Italy, the cradle of our modern civilisation, of our intellectual advancement, *is free*. The day has dawned, in which the most intelligent, the most creative nation of Europe, for centuries degraded and oppressed, the sport of foreign Powers, and torn asunder by the violence of contending parties, celebrates its own resurrection, strong in

self-sacrifice, in valour, and (what is highest of all) in moderation. The Hero has arisen to set his country free from thraldom, at once a hero without stain, and a highly gifted military commander. Garibaldi founds his hopes not alone on the sword, or even on negotiation, but upon the moral and spiritual resurrection of the entire nation. This remarkable man wrote not long since, "The best of allies that you can procure for us is the Bible, which will bring us the reality of freedom." Rather than he should be tempted to undertake the least thing inconsistent with the glorious task of saving his country, may his great life find an honoured end!'

The spirits of all present rose in proportion to the evident improvement (however momentary) in Bunsen's own state. One by one the absent were mentioned, who were sure to be present in spirit and in sympathy; and the joyous grandfather himself proposed with fervour the health of the infant, John Charles Harford, who in England was to receive baptism on this festival-day. The universal consciousness of family love and devout aspiration cast a warm glow even over the parting with Ernest and Elizabeth and their children, who, at four o'clock, started on their way to England.

Though nothing in Bunsen's state of health authorised the hope of his eventual recovery, there were yet several hours every morning during which he showed a wonderful capacity for work, and occupied himself with the critical examination and correction of his '*Bibelwerk*.' Besides conferences with his assistant, Dr. Kamphausen, on the Old Testament,

he was able to go through the three first Gospels, with the help of his son Henry, in whose rich fund of biblical knowledge and scholarship he felt cordial delight. Several occasions are remembered, of bright and cheerful conversation with friends from a distance, the pleasure of whose greeting suspended for the moment the sense of habitual suffering: as, for instance, when Abeken made a short but inspiriting visit, and joined with him in a dinner party at Rheindorf (his son George's residence), on the 4th September, The departure of Henry and his family on the 14th of that month (returning home to his parochial duties) made room for his daughter, Mary Harford, who hastened over (with her husband and three of her children) as soon as she was able to travel, that she might once more look into the eyes of her father and feel the present warmth of his affection. But the days were come, in which all felt 'there was no pleasure in them.' Meyer, the friend of long years, stayed for a time, departed and returned, watching for any occasion of usefulness: for many a day, he was the reader of the Cologne paper, until even that was too much for the sufferer.

In the beginning of October, a decided change for the worse took place. On the 11th, a visit from the Princess of Wied was soothing to his feelings, but everything that used to be unmixed pleasure was now a painful effort. Still more was this the case, when the Princess (now the Queen) of Prussia granted him (on the 15th) her gracious and sympathising presence. How had he, on every previous occasion of approaching her, enjoyed the intercourse

to which he was admitted! Standing upright at the top of the stairs, dressed with his peculiar neatness (and looking cheerful, as if unwilling to inflict pain even by his looks), he awaited his royal visitor, whom his wife and Lady Llanover were conducting upstairs. He asked leave to accompany her Royal Highness into his library, where a short but vivid conversation ensued on matters near to the heart and mind of both speakers. At her own desire the Princess was led by Bunsen to a neighbouring room, where Matilda lay on her bed, awaiting the result of Dr. Langenbeck's operation; and he was able, without any *visible* effort, to remain during the visit which her Royal Highness then paid to the rest of the family assembled in the drawing-room.

Two days later, a sudden interval of comparative ease made it possible for Bunsen to receive a visit from Mr. R. B. Morier, which gave an opportunity of expatiating on political subjects, in which the power and rich stores of his mind astonished the hearers. This was almost the last of the long and animated conversations, in which he used to delight to communicate to others his own rich and glowing thoughts, and to call forth the thoughts of others. After the arrival of his son Charles, on the 21st, he was once more enabled to converse on Italian and other public affairs, during the greater part of the afternoon. In the course of that week, he was twice taken to his favourite garden-pavilion, being carried downstairs on a seat borne on poles, then wheeled in a chair—the object being to see the cast of the colossal head

of Jupiter Olympius from the Vatican, which by his desire had been placed in the pavilion. It had been ordered from Berlin six weeks before, and he had been impatient of the delay in its arrival: but now that it was put up in its proper place, he could scarcely look at the much-prized object. The second occasion of being taken thither, on the 24th, he said 'it would be the last time.' Two days later he was taken out for an airing in an easy carriage. It was then that he expressed to his son George his last wishes on various matters—touchingly refraining from orders—but desiring that, *if possible*, his collections (books and engravings) should not be dispersed, and remarked that though the outward air was refreshing, the effort of being brought into and out of the carriage was too great for him. Accordingly the 26th was the date of the last drive. On the 28th, the actual grip of death was upon him for the second time (the first was 25th February)—from morning till night the gasping and the struggle ceased not. The experienced eye of Wolff considered the last hour to be at hand—he uttered in a whisper, 'This is a fearfully prolonged death-struggle!'

On Monday, 22nd October, he made an effort to receive the farewell visit of the venerable Pastor Wiesmann, on his removal as Superintendent-General to Coblentz. The pastor remained some time closeted with him, and when he left him he expressed himself very feelingly on the subject of the solemn impressions which he had received in that interview. Among other things he said that when he remarked to Bunsen that after all it was the personal communion with

Christ, in life as well as in death, which alone could bring us peace at last, Bunsen rejoined 'that many had endeavoured to build all kinds of *bridges* in order to reach this goal, but that he had come to the full conviction that all those bridges must be broken down, nor should they be trusted to for effectual mediation, as there was nothing to hold fast by, except the simple faith in Christ.' Wiesmann then quoted some short passages of Scripture, the last being, 'I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me' (Phil. iv. 13). This passage Bunsen seized on with peculiar animation, and declared emphatically 'how he had felt the truth contained in these words daily more and more, and hoped to experience it yet more fully to the end.'

The Last Month.

To record here some of the words uttered under the present sense of imminent death is due to the memory of him, whose reality of opinion and inmost conviction has been much misunderstood and misconstrued: but it would seem needless to give an account of each and every utterance, precious and consolatory though it might be to surviving love. A selection has been made, such as will give a true indication of the mind which had passed into life eternal even before its release from the poor suffering body: for even before the critical 28th October speaking had become at times difficult, articulation being impeded by the inflamed condition of the throat, and by the gradual progress of the malady.

But the whole of that 28th October will remain, as

long as consciousness lasts, impressed upon the minds of the surviving witnesses. The sufferings were intense, but the spirit remained throughout bright and clear; and its utterances, under the increasing conviction of the near approach of dissolution, bore but one character — that of looking upwards to God, through Christ, and of turning to the past as well as to all around him with love and thankfulness. Many notes were made of the broken sentences uttered on the following day, felt to be very incomplete; yet they who heard them have resolutely refrained from allowing themselves to modify, interpret, or connect the ejaculations, a few of which follow:—'God be praised *for all*! in eternity—Amen.' 'His love is endless, spread over all creatures—nearest to *His own in Christ*.' 'Eternal love—that is the first, the origin. Love that wills—will that loves.'* His wife repeated a verse of a German Hymn, 'In den Auen jener Freuden,' to which he responded, 'Amen! O could I but speak; could I but give utterance to my thoughts.' His wife said, 'God understands you.' He continued, 'I thank Him that He has taught me to understand Him. But God will yet grant to me—God will give'—— (probably meaning the power of utterance).

This (often repeated in various broken words) took place near the close of that terrible day. At one o'clock in the morning of the 29th, he said, with a clear and strong voice, 'During the last quarter of an hour a great change has come over my thoughts—not with reference to my immortal soul, not as to

* 'Wollendes Lieben—liebendes Wollen!'

Christ, the one only Saviour of my soul—but with regard to my body.' For the first time since that seizure on the 25th February, he must have supposed the moment of departure to be at hand, for after a severe struggle, about two a.m., he suddenly and distinctly said, 'My God! into Thy hands I commend my spirit! I bless *you all*, my children. Come, all of you, that I may declare before you all, that everything of which I can dispose I leave to your mother's disposal: she knows all my intentions and wishes. To the Eternal God, the Almighty, the All-merciful, I commend my immortal soul. May He bless you all, and all friends! Blessings upon the fatherland! our dear fatherland!' Having been helped to lie down, he turned his eyes, with an indescribable expression of affection and a long-dwelling smile, towards his wife—'Most precious Fanny, my first, my only love! In you I have loved that which is eternal. No one knows what you have been to me. Thanks, a thousand times, for your love!' Thereupon he addressed, with a beaming look, each of his children present, and named the absent ones, more especially Theodore, the youngest son. Between each name he paused, as if in silent prayer for each individual. He mentioned the wives of each of his sons, and the husbands of his daughters.

'Prussia, Germany, England, Italy, and her freedom, hail!' 'The Gospel over the whole world! may it rule the world!' 'All blessings on the Prince and Princess of Prussia!' 'God bless the Prince and Princess of Wied!' 'Thanks be to Niebuhr—Stein!'

After a long pause he addressed his servant, 'Thanks, dear Jacob, for all your love and faithful-

ness, which you have so constantly shown me! Remain and hold fast by all mine, and they will stand by you.'

'*It is sweet to die*!'—he uttered these words with an unspeakably fine expression of countenance. 'It is sweet to die!' 'With all feebleness and imperfection I have ever lived, striven after, and willed the best and noblest only. But the best and highest is to have known Jesus Christ. I depart from this world without any feeling of uncharitableness towards any one. No uncharitableness, no! that is sin' (speaking with a kind of inward shuddering).

On the morning of the 28th, George had telegraphed to Ernest in London, that he *believed* he might yet see his father in life, if he could come immediately. This seemed to all others to be answering for too much; but the summons procured to Ernest for nearly a month the mournful satisfaction of seeing and ministering to his father, and receiving his benediction in person. In the course of the 29th, the alteration of bright moments with longer times of unutterable distress, gasping and struggling for breath, went on regularly. The sufferer was pleased to be told that Ernest was expected; and he continued to utter ejaculations of farewell and benediction, as before, interspersed with earnest declarations of his faith *in* and *through* Christ.

On the morning of the 29th, about ten o'clock, after contending for a long time against confusion, he called each of the sorrowing party close to him, and gave to each words of tenderness. Extending both arms towards his wife, he said, 'We shall meet again before

the throne of God. If I have walked towards it, it was by your help.' Then he said to all, 'Watch well to keep up activity of life! Let life be evermore living! Forget not the light!' 'Good night—now shut the blinds—and close my eyes to eternal rest.' He closed his eyes; the slumber of an infant came over him, but the final rest was not yet; and he awoke soon after, asking after Ernest. Seeing Brandis, he exclaimed, 'Dearest Brandis!' adding to the bystanding family something indistinct, signifying that they should hold fast by Brandis. An affectionate greeting to Meyer, with the words, 'You stand between my German and my English world.' One of his children pointed out to him the bright evening sky, and he exclaimed, 'Glorious! love in all!' (many times reiterated) 'God's life—the life of God—lives in all!'

He recognised his son Ernest instantaneously on his arrival. Late that night he began, clear in thought, but not in utterance, *in English*:—'May I not say a word? My strength is going, but among my children and friends I wish to say a few words. Is it too hard a thing even to say a parting word to the world? It is some time since I have given up fulfilling any public duties. It is my wish, therefore, to disappear entirely. I die in perfect peace with all men. I have entirely the feeling of a man who has desired to live at peace with all men, at the same time to speak the truth, and to say what he thought. So likewise, I wish all men, if they think of me, to think of me with benevolence, as of one who wished and strove to do good to all. I offer my blessing—the

blessing of an old man—to all who wish to have it.' 'I thank all for their kindness to me.' 'I see Christ, and I see, through Christ, God.' 'Christ is seeing us,—is creating us. Christ must become all in all.'

On the 31st October he stretched out his hand, with a smile, on seeing Lady Llanover, and said, 'God be with you!—I have always felt for you, and with you, more than you ever knew.'

'Where is mamma?—hasten to call her—I am dying, my time is come, and I must have a few words with her alone. I am quite clear, we are all sinners! There is only one—Christ in God.' Turning round to those present, he said, 'Have you any doubts? I have none.' Then addressing his wife, 'We only exist in so far as we are in God; we are all sinners, but in God we exist and shall be in life eternal. We have lived in it, partly, already in so far as we have lived in God. All the rest is nothing. We only *are*, in so far as we exist in love to God. You know that I love you, but my love to you is far greater than I could ever tell you. We have loved each other in God, and in God we shall see one another again.' Looking fixedly at her, '*We shall meet again, of that I am sure*—in the presence of God. I have assured you of my love—is there anything more? Do you expect anything more of me?' 'Christ is the Son of God, and we are only then His sons if the Spirit of love which was in Christ is also in us.'

During the night following the 11th November he was for the last time *quite himself*, overflowing with affection in word and look, when, between two

and three o'clock on the morning of the 12th, he took solemn leave of his wife, with a last kiss, and a flood of light beaming from his eyes, which 'looked their last,' for they never had their own full expression again. He repeated as though he had not made impression enough before, 'Love, love—we have loved each other—live in the love of God, and we shall be united again! In the love of God we shall live on, for ever and ever! we shall meet again, I am *sure of that!* Love—God is love—love eternal!'

Taking food of any kind had for many days been impossible; when the last attempt was made he said distinctly, 'God sees it is no longer needful for me.' So frequently had death seemed to be at hand and the continuance of *such a life* to be impossible, that no one supposed the release about to take place, when it was actually imminent. The 26th and 27th November were days of misery indescribable; a degree of composure, with a mournful gaze and smile, was only obtained on two occasions, when Emilia played on the *orgue expressif*, just beyond the door of the next room, while Ernest sung several favourite hymns, 'Jesus, meine Zuversicht!' 'Wachet auf, ruft uns die Stimme!' 'Jerusalem, du hochgebaute Stadt!' and others.* But only a little while did this endeavour to tranquillise him prove availing. He recognised, on the evening of the 27th, Lady Llanover, who had glided into the room and seated herself noiselessly at a little distance. He stretched out his hand to her, 'Very kind, very glad,' were the only

* These will be found incomparably translated by Miss Catherine Winkworth in that beautiful book, entitled '*Lyra Germanica.*'

words intelligible. Later, he sent for his eldest daughter, but what he eagerly endeavoured to utter could not be understood. Possibly the beautiful words of the Psalmist, 'Oh that I had wings like a dove, for then would I fly away, and be at rest!' may have been 'the cry of the soul that goeth home.'

The watchers round this bed of death had found it right and necessary to divide the night-time, and relieve each other, too many bystanders at once having plainly a disturbing effect. Emilia remained by her father's side the first part of the last night, November 27th to 28th, till relieved by George about one o'clock in the morning. George retired between three and four o'clock, when Ernest took his place, and their mother came in at four o'clock, as had regularly been the case; the sufferer had plainly indicated for some time that she should not sit up late, but in her approach early in the dark morning hour he was satisfied. Emilia had left the usual charge to George 'to let his father feel him near, but not *see* him,' as she had remarked that the uneasiness, which she could not relieve, was increased when she looked at him. When his wife came in, she found him with closed eyes, and in perfect repose of body and limbs; but the hand, of which she took hold, answered not to the touch as usual with a strong grasp; there was a continued sound as of clearing of the throat, but that had been noticed the evening before, and notified at his last visit to Wolff, who said, 'That embarrassment of the throat is not surprising, after a cough has lasted so long—that may increase.' Thus everything contributed to prevent

the idea of the common sign of approaching dissolution from occurring to her any more than to her sons. Soon, however, the fact became evident. As the clock struck five, a loud convulsive cough was followed instantaneously by a sudden stoppage of his breathing, which till then had been painfully loud. The two watchers, his wife and son, were going to raise him higher in his bed, but the head had already dropped upon her shoulder, and the last breath had fled! The family party came in haste, and remained some time round the beloved dead. The eyes continued closed,—the features, however, did not retain a trace of suffering,—the peace was profound: nothing of the ghastliness of death was there. For two whole days the remains continued beautiful, as in the most tranquil sleep: and invaluable was the privilege to the mourners of being enabled thus long to contemplate them, and take in the full conception of the blessing granted in that life which had just closed. The immeasurable privation sustained in the death just witnessed could only be taken in gradually, during the remainder of the survivors' time on earth.

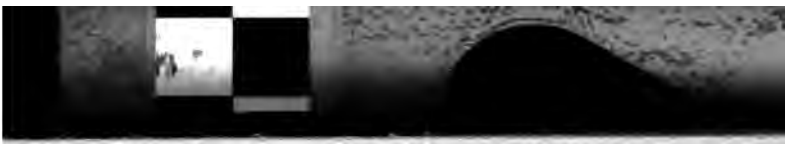
In the afternoon of December 1st, the oaken coffin, containing all that was mortal of Bunsen, was conveyed to the cemetery at Bonn, in the last rays of an unclouded sun. His wish was thus fulfilled; for on quitting Berlin in 1858 he had remarked to his son George, 'On such a day as this should I like to be borne to my grave!'

The sympathy of friends had covered his last earthly resting-place with wreaths of evergreens and flowers; and a large concourse of people from all

classes were waiting, in silence, to testify by their presence to the general respect entertained for the departed.

As the procession of mourners began to move, the coffin was carried down the staircase by his sons,* Ernest, Charles, and George, and his son-in-law, Baron von Ungern-Sternberg, assisted by Drs. Kamphausen and Bleek, who had been Bunsen's fellow-labourers in the '*Bibelwerk*,' and by them it was borne along the streets of Bonn to the cemetery, some of the students taking their turn as bearers. The sounds of a favourite hymn-tune, proceeding from the same *orgue expressif*, to which the departed had been so fond of listening, accompanied the coffin as it was borne down the staircase, and ceased not till it had left the house. And then the strain was taken up by the band of the 7th regiment, or the King's Hussars, which attended by the orders of their colonel, Count von der Goltz, and was stationed outside the house. The procession was then formed, the band heading it, and continuing to play on their wind instruments, all the way, a number of German hymn tunes which, when once heard, can never be forgotten—thus, not only adding to the solemnity of the occasion, but also breaking by soothing sounds the mournful silence of that funeral cortége, which moved on slowly on foot from the house to the grave. Next after the band followed a long line of students, being a deputation from the students of the University of Bonn, headed by their various

* The eldest son, Henry, was unable, through illness, to be present; Theodore, the youngest, was in Japan.



banners, and attending, as a special mark of respect, in their various costumes. Then came the coffin, and, last of all, the friends who were able to attend. There were no hired officials: no outward trappings of funeral pomp. The whole was marked throughout as the work of affection and of friendship—it was a reality, not a ceremonial.

As the procession neared the grave, the boys of the Protestant School at Bonn, who were stationed round it, began with their voices the last service. Then Pastor Wolters spoke a few words of exhortation, directing, with force and feeling, the thoughts of the bystanders from death to immortality, from the grave to heaven, from man to God. Another hymn was sung, and handfuls of earth, thrown into the grave by each relative and friend as they cast a last look on the coffin, soon hid from view the earthly remains now returning as earth to earth, as ashes to ashes, as dust to dust.

'His soul was joyful in God. Nor was this only the case in the latter years of his life: he had long before his death reached that innermost depth of faith, where all doubts cease and faith is lost in sight! He had ever remained unchanged amid the changes of the time, with that true piety of heart, which springs from the deepest recesses of a devout mind, and is for this very reason free from all dogmatic entanglements and from mere ritual service.'

Such were the concluding remarks on Bunsen, in an article written by a friend,* and such was the

* Dr. Schenkel, professor at Heidelberg, in the '*Allgemeine kirchliche Zeitschrift*,' Elberfeld, 1861.

close of a life on earth, whose course had been one of love to man and of aspiration after God. Wherever his lot had been cast,—whether in his native fatherland, or in his beautiful Italy, or in that no less beloved England, the fatherland of his wife,—there he attracted all with whom he came into contact by his sympathy and benevolence, by the brilliancy of his wonderful mind, not less than by the depth of his genuine humility,—loving all and beloved by all,—his beaming countenance reflecting, however imperfectly, a soul filled with the love of God. Thus, though dead to the world, he yet lives, and will continue to speak to his fellow-men through that heaven-born spirit, which is the offspring of Him in whom we all 'live and move and have our being,' the Spirit of Truth and the Spirit of Wisdom, whose outgoings have been, and will ever continue to be, in Love, and in Truth, unto all eternity.

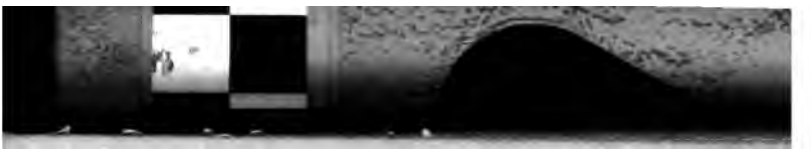
In this spirit he now addresses all the readers of this book, in the words of that exhortation of the Prophet engraved on the monument which marks his last earthly resting-place at Bonn:—

Laßt uns wandeln im Lichte des Ewigen!

'LET US WALK IN THE LIGHT OF THE ETERNAL.'*

* Isaiah ii. 5.

BUNSEN'S MONUMENT AT BONN.



APPENDIX.

An Arnold.*

Du haſt mit uns gekämpfet des Glaubens heil'gen Kampf,
Für alle tief empfunden der bittren Leiden Krampf:
Du ſahſt der Menſchheit nahen Gericht und blut'gen Streit,
Klar ſtand vor deinem Auge der Jammer dieſer Zeit.

Da traf dich jenes Sehnen, das ſtillt der Erden Schmerz,
Es löſte ſich in Liebe das milde Streiterherz,
Begrüßteſt, Held, als Boten, geſandt vom Vaterland,
Den Engel, der dich führte ins ew'ge Heimathland.

Verſtummt iſt nun am Grabe des Zorns und Haſſes Wuth,
Ein Leuchtthurm ragſt du ſtrahlend aus nächt'ger Sturmes Fluth,
Es ſproſſet heil'ger Samen in mancher jungen Bruſt,
Ein Volk voll edlen Stolzes blickt auf zu dir mit Luſt.

Du ſelbſt biſt weggerücket aus der Verwirrung Noth,
Das ſchwerſte Seelenleiden hat dir erſpart der Tod:
Es liegt vor dir enthüllet das Räthſel dieſer Welt,
Schauſt nun, was du geglaubet, von Gottes Licht erhellt.

Wir aber wollen kämpfen, wie du es vorgethan,
In Hoffnung und in Liebe, mit Glauben angethan,
Die Ewigkeit vor Augen, Wahrhaftigkeit im Sinn,
Und geben für die Wahrheit das Leben willig hin!

* Prefixed to vol. ii. of *Christianity and Mankind*. The translation of these lines is given at p. 11 of this volume.

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